College Education
A Waste for Your Child?

An American Hero
One Man's Crusade in Laos

The Saturday Evening POST

June 2, 1962

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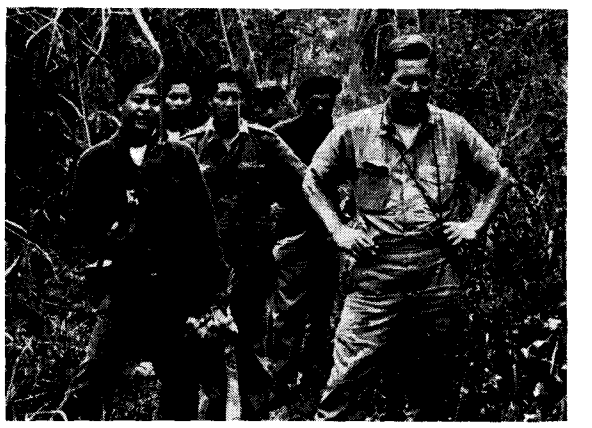
Pop Buell's Biographer. On assignment in Southeast Asia last fall, Contributing Editor **Don A. Schanche** heard that an American named Edgar (Pop) Buell was becoming as great a legend in Laos as the late Dr. Tom Dooley. When Schanche and Pop finally met—in Washington, in March—Schanche sensed a great story. But Pop wouldn't talk. "Come out and see for yourself," he insisted. So Schanche flew the 11,000 miles back to Laos. Because Pop warned that "it isn't safe for too many white men" in beleaguered Xieng Khouang Province, Schanche served as photographer as well as reporter. (Note: Pop Buell is a good illustration for our Speaking Out argument—that one can lead a useful life without going to college.)



Editor Schanche and Laotian village leaders.

Other By-Lines. Speaking Out's **Walter M. Lifton** is a top authority in educational guidance, and father of two precollege children. . . . Florida free-lancer **William M. Stephens** has sold us four fish stories—all true. . . . **Norman Sobel** is a non-cigar-smoking cigar salesman. . . . Assistant Editor **Don Oberdorfer** works in our Washington bureau.... **Dean Jennings,** author of many *Post* productions on Hollywood stars, now turns the spotlight on Red Skelton. . . . **Toni Howard** is a novelist and playwright, a former lady war correspondent, and a former owner of three slightly mixed-up dogs.... Like the young man in his story, **Richard Savage** hails from Minnesota and studied for a year at Edinburgh University... Dublin-born Californian **Leonard Wibberley** is the man behind *The Mouse That Roared.* (The film was based on his *Post* serial.)... Ohio's **Merle Constiner** based his story on testimony before a Massachusetts court which sent four pirates to the gallows in the summer of 1816.

The Cover. Oughtn't there to be a law prohibiting a 5-hp grass clipper from clipping past a 200-hp road clipper? Back in the era of the Stanley Steamer, the flivver owners boasted, "Excuse my dust!" And today? The mower man comes smirking by, wearing an expression that says "Excuse my grass!" But there's a more agonizing aspect to artist Dick Sargent's scene: The auto driver's sinking recollection that there's an ankle-high lawn back home and that he postponed mowing it in order to take this spin on what used to be called the open road.

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LETTERS

They Take Stand on Hargis

Dear Sirs:

I get the impression from your article on Billy James Hargis [DOOMSDAY MERCHANT ON THE FAR, FAR RIGHT, by Harold H. Martin, Apr. 28] that you don't adhere to this man's beliefs and "teachings." However, never once did you come out definitely against him.... I for one don't believe this man's antics and policies are the right way to combat Communism! I believe we should all be made aware of individuals like Hargis, but at the same time you should have taken a firmer stand for or against his methods!

W. J. IDELL
Dayton, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Never have I read a more slanted smear. . . . Give me a "Merchant on the Right" over the liberal leftists any day!!

MRS. CHARLES G. DOWNING
Eagle Pass, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

I would like to correct a statement made (in your article) which is completely false and, I feel, quite damaging to my reputation. You point out that I lost my accreditation as a minister of the Disciples of Christ.... If I have been kicked out of the denomination of my birth, or "defrocked" as a minister, this is the first time I have heard about it....

In our denomination you are ordained by the church of your youth. I was ordained by the Rose Hill Christian Church, Texarkana, Texas. My membership is still there. The officers of that church (of which my parents are still active members) are unaware of any action taken against me.

It is quite apparent that you have been misinformed. . . . I have not been "defrocked" by the denomination that I was raised in and that ordained me. Furthermore, the denominational structure of our church would prohibit any such action by a religious hierarchy, since each individual congregation is self-governed and does not answer to a higher theological body.

BILLY JAMES HARGIS
Tulsa, Okla.

● *Author Martin says, "When I failed to find Doctor Hargis's name in the yearbook put out by the International Convention of Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ), I called its headquarters in Indianapolis. I was told that there had been no charges or trial or anything of that sort, but that Doctor Hargis's name had been quietly dropped in 1957 from the yearbook's list of ministers. I asked why, and was merely told—as I quoted in the article—that 'we are no longer in fellowship, spiritual or otherwise, with Mr. Hargis.'"—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I wish to commend you on the timely, revealing article concerning Billy James Hargis. Not only does such an uneducated, publicity-hunting radical disgrace the high calling of the ministry, but also spreads the seeds of hate and dissension in a nation that needs more than ever to stand united. By viciously slandering all who advocate social progress, these reactionaries do more harm to our country than the Communists. When fellow citizens come to distrust one another and those who are leaders in government and religion, we will have defeated ourselves before the Reds have the chance.

REV. LEON DUFFIELD
First Christian Church
(Disciples of Christ)
Henry, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Your article on Billy James Hargis defamed his reputation, using all manner of innuendos and smears against this great man who is doing a wonderful job in trying to awaken the American people to the most contemptible and cruel conspiracy the world has ever known. . . . You can cancel my subscription.

ALEXANDER MOSELEY
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

You have not shown the proper respect toward that fine American, the Rev. Billy James Hargis! This sort of attitude is typical of Commies and pinkos! I happen to know that *everybody* is a Commie or a pinko except me and Doctor Hargis, and sometimes I worry about him!

D. J. GORDON
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

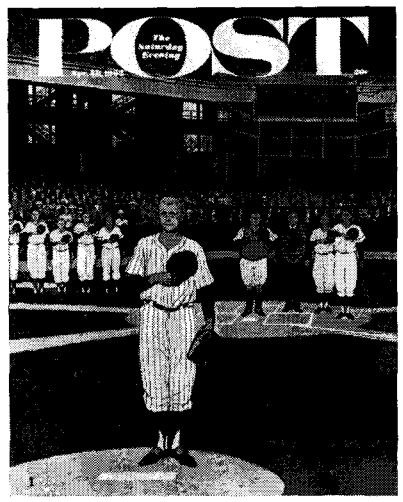
Mr. Martin's prejudiced opinions show through.... At the conclusion of his article he infers that Doctor Hargis believes the only way to fight our enemy, Communism, is to support him and his crusade. This is not so! Doctor Hargis plainly stated in the article that the most important thing for us to do is to write letters to our congressmen, senators and the President. They represent us, and we should make our wishes known.

MRS. RICHARD ELLIOTT
Phoenix, Ariz.

The Yankees Wear Stripes

Dear Sirs:

Your April 28 cover picture [below] shows the team in the "field" wearing striped uniforms while *The Star-Spangled Banner* is being played. The national anthem is played at the beginning of the game and the home team is in the "field." It is customary for the



home team to wear white uniforms and the visitors to wear striped or gray uniforms. So, in your picture the team in the "field" should have on white uniforms.

NEAL STANLEY
Tulsa, Okla.

● *Reader Stanley—and others—is correct about road teams (in the major leagues) wearing gray uniforms, but a number of teams wear striped uniforms at home, including the New York Yankees, whom artist James Williamson used as models for his home team.—ED.*

Hopping on the Bunny Czar

Dear Sirs:

Reading CZAR OF THE BUNNY EMPIRE [by Bill Davidson, Apr. 28] made me feel very sad. It represents what I have observed to be a growing phenomenon among American men today—they love sex, but they don't like women.... Perhaps when Mr. Hefner's dumb "bunnies" are older and wiser, they will realize that what he is purchasing is not merely a display of their physical charms, but their very dignity as females. Reducing the opposite sex to a salable commodity apparently gives him great satisfaction.

HAZEL MULLER
Lake Oswego, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

Perhaps it would be more appropriate to title your magazine *The Saturday Evening Playboy*—for mature adults *only*.

ANN C. BOLINGER
Boulder, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

Are you changing your name to *The Sexy Evening Post?*

EDWARD CLARKE
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Since when does a purveyor of pornographic pictures and articles . . . rate a feature article in *The Post* alongside an article on men like the Menningers of Kansas? Does the fact that he's a millionaire make it any more refined or acceptable?

CAROL GALLAGHER
Brookfield, Wis.

● *No matter what one thinks of Hefner—and the editors of* The Post *don't have a high opinion—he's nevertheless a phenomenon of our times.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Jealous! Jealous! Shame on you! Can't you give another guy credit for a fast, deserved success? Yes, I said "deserved." . . . To paraphrase: The best writers make the best magazine (*Playboy*). And we hope it goes on forever.

MRS. GORDON KUSCHKE
Williamson, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I didn't expect *The Post* . . . to run a story about *Playboy* that didn't include some negative statements. . . . But the one thing that I never anticipated was a story so completely slanted and so filled with inaccuracies and misstatements. . . .

Why no real attempt was made to capture in your piece the actual man behind *Playboy* I'll never understand. And your story misses the real nature of the man so completely . . . that it is impossible to feel that it was all an accident. . . . The entire notion created in your story that I, either personally or through press-agentry, pretend to be anything that I am not is false. . . .

The accurate story is a much more interesting one, since it actually explains something, not only about *Playboy* and its publisher but also about the society in which we live. I hope that someone will write the true story about us soon. The contrast between the two pieces will be considerable.

HUGH M. HEFNER
Editor-Publisher
Playboy
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

It seems to me that the five pages wasted on the CZAR OF THE BUNNY EMPIRE could have been put to better use with more information on the STREET-GANG PEACEMAKERS [PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP, Apr. 28]. May young people always have such women to look to.

NORMA PECK
San Diego, Calif.

Coming . . . in next week's Post

The Final Irony of
JOE McCARTHY

American Hero in Laos
Further Trials of Mr. Pop

●

ALSO:

Speaking Out: Is Speed Reading Bunk?

Manuel Ycaza, Terror on Horseback

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

3–Edgar Buell. • 6–Arnold Roth. • 15–Don Schanche. • 16–Map, Robert N. Taylor; Don Schanche. • 17, 18, 19, 20, 21–Don Schanche. • 22, 23–Joe Bowler. • 24–Jack Fields. • 25–Bill Shrout. • 27–Elliott Erwitt. • 28, 29–Burton McNeely. • 30–California Highway Patrol. • 31, 33–Sid Avery. • 34, 36, 38–Edward Clark. • 42, 43–Austin Briggs. 50–Globe. • 51–Philippe Halsman. • 52, 54–Sid Avery. • 56, 57–Burton McNeely. • 70, 71–George Tscherny. 75–Larry Fried. • 76–Terence Le Goubin; Larry Fried. • 77, 78–Larry Fried. • 79–Terence Le Goubin.

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Open your eyes to beauty and hear a war whoop's echo

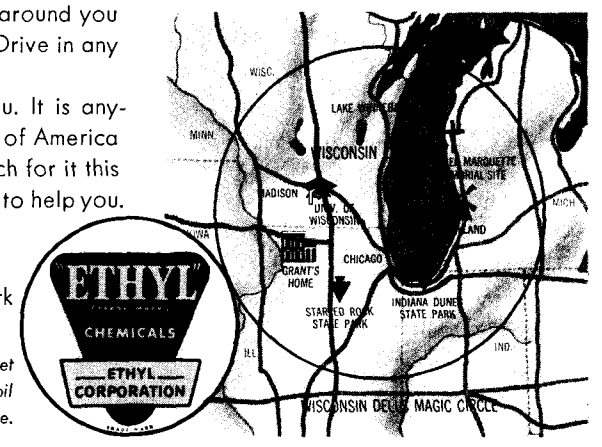
Adventure has four wheels and doors that open up on America. You can park your car in your driveway. Or you can fill it with your family and follow the road to the adventure that waits *wherever* you live.

If you live near the lake country, head for the Wisconsin Dells. A fifteen-mile stretch of nature's imagination. Weird and wild and witty formations etched in rock thousands of years ago, when a glacier lay over Wisconsin. The silence sleeps unshattered now. But once this same soft air cringed with the war cry of the Winnebago.

At the Stand Rock Ceremonial, you can see the Winnebago do their war dance. Colors. Feet. Drums. Primeval poundings beat on the brain till a child's thoughts pierce the pageantry. And Indians wage war in his imagination.

This is one of Wisconsin's wonders. Yours is all around you *wherever* you are. Ethyl calls it your Magic Circle. Drive in any direction and you will find it in less than a day.

It is north and south and east and west of you. It is anyplace where the beauty and tradition and wonder of America live. Come: pack your children in the car and search for it this weekend. Your service station dealer will be happy to help you.



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These Magic Circle advertisements are published to help you get more enjoyment out of your car. Ethyl makes additives used by oil companies to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure.

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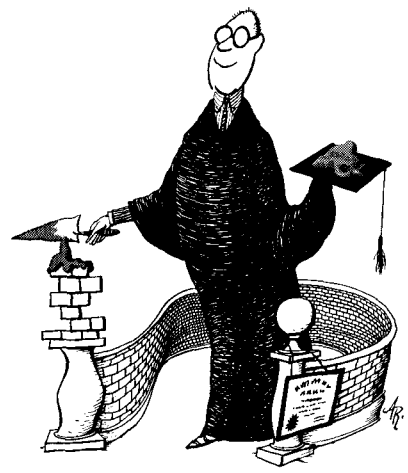
Will College Be Wasted on Your Child?

by WALTER M. LIFTON



One way to panic the father of an American teen-ager these days is to tell him that his son won't be able to get into college. The mere thought of such a calamity conjures up visions of Junior as a bum, a beatnik, a wastrel—condemned to the welfare rolls or the lowest level of sweaty-shirt labor. Rare indeed is the father who pauses to wonder whether his son really belongs in college.

Statistics show that the parents of nearly 70 percent of all children under eighteen expect their youngsters to go to college. Yet the hard fact is that for many boys and girls college is a cruel mirage, a goal they cannot reach. Moreover, many of those who do enter college will learn only the bitterness of failure. Fewer than four out of ten college freshmen are destined to be graduated after four continuous years in the same institution; nearly a third of them will drop out during their first year. Of those who do earn bachelor's degrees, many will find that four years of college has been a waste of time and money.

In the face of these facts, why do so many parents insist that their children go to college? After many years spent in teaching and counseling, I am convinced that the answer may often be found among the following beliefs:

- Tradition must be served. Dad (or Grandpa or Uncle Joe) went to the "right" college, so Johnny must go there too.
- College helps a boy or girl make the "right" contacts—the kind that can "do you some good" in later life (or get you the "right" sort of spouse).
- Mingling with other college students imparts "social ease" and "a sense of belonging."
- College will prepare junior for a "good" job with a "good" income.

All this is nonsense. Even if these beliefs are true in a limited extent, none of them is a valid reason for going to college. Yet many parents risk heartbreak for their children for no better cause and with no regard for a youngster's ability to do college work.

Often the results show up at the high-school level, where pressure from family and friends is sometimes so great that adolescents buckle under the strain. Challenged by parents to get Johnny and Jane into college despite higher entrance standards, high-school principals are making curricula more and more difficult. Instead of teaching pupils how to think, some schools distort the meaning of education into preparation for passing college-admission tests. Teen-agers with aptitudes outside traditional academic areas are the chief victims of this unwarranted emphasis.

Consider one suburban family I know. Day after day mom and dad inspected Barbara's schoolwork, pointing out mistakes and warning that she wouldn't get into college unless she did better. Mom and dad were among the leaders of a clique of parents who constantly complained that the local schoolteachers weren't any good. They would not face the fact that Barbara's ability was limited. Instead they trotted her off to summer-school remedial classes and to private tutors, all with one goal: She had to get into college.

The Price of Pressure

The pushing finally broke Barbara's spirit. One day she ran away rather than face further pressure and rejection at home. Soon discovered working as a waitress in an Eastern city, she returned home. Barbara and her parents were given guidance by a social agency. Now Barbara is happily married—to a college graduate—and is the mother of two boys.

In the case of Kevin, the son of an acquaintance of mine, the problem wasn't so much his family as his friends. Kevin palled around with a bunch who had their sights on college, so getting into college became all-important to him too. Then the day came when the letters from the college admissions office arrived. Kevin's friends were accepted; he wasn't. He had come to think of college as the only road to life. Now that the road was blocked, what else mattered? He drank weed killer and barely escaped losing his life.

One of the dangerous traps in parental thinking about the value of higher education is the belief that a college degree is an automatic ticket to a "good" job and a "good" income. Parents have heard that the average income of college graduates today is $4000 a year more than that of persons who are only high-school graduates. Spread over a working lifetime of forty-three years, that's a difference of $172,000. Thus parents conclude that college is the royal road to success, power, prestige and the high rungs on the business ladder. But there are flaws in this line of reasoning.

Exploding a Myth

Success in later life is not automatically conferred by possession of a sheepskin; it results from the same kind of drive, initiative and application that success in college requires. A man with these qualities, even without a degree, is bound to go further in the world than a man holding the degree but lacking the same character traits.

Moreover, a youngster is unlikely to succeed in a "college-type" job if his abilities and aptitudes don't fit the work. A lot of parents make the mistake of assuming that their children will naturally prefer "college-type" work. Some children have other aims. Jimmy, a boy who grew up in our neighborhood, is typical of thousands of youngsters. As a boy he enjoyed making model airplanes and boats with his dad. He even had displays at the local school and library. Unfortunately his parents saw college as the only road to success. So, though Jimmy's scholastic ability was limited, his parents made him repeat his senior year of high school three times until he finally was admitted to a college. His reward, after four more years, was a college degree and a job as a salesman. His next job was in sales too, as was his next and his next. At one company, however, a capable personnel manager discovered Jimmy's talent for working with his hands and his interest in making mechanical models. He discussed with the young man the possibility of his doing that kind of work. Jimmy tried it—despite frowns from his parents. Now he's happy and successful, after eight needlessly wasted years.

Parents' notions about what is a "nice" job and what isn't also drive their children to be occupational drifters. One young man whom I know enjoyed working in the local garage as a mechanic, but his parents argued that the work was "dirty." Now he has his college degree but he's drifting from one "clean" job to another.

But even the youngster who wants a "college-type" job, and is qualified for it, discovers that there aren't enough such jobs to go around. Only twelve out of 100 jobs are professional or managerial, and more than 125,000 of last year's 400,000 graduates have had to settle for less than "college-type" jobs. In California, for instance, a survey of some 440 industrial concerns indicated that at least half were using engineering graduates in office jobs that required no professional training.

The fear that Junior won't land a "good" job—that he'll wind up a bum—is what makes some parents so pushy. These parents evidently don't know that 43 percent of the nation's business leaders are not college graduates and that 24 percent of them never even went to college. Many persons have achieved success despite the lack of a college degree, among them Thomas A. Edison, George Eastman and Harry S. Truman.

Parental Myopia

These men did not view college as the only road to success. But as parents our myopia on the subject can lead only to catastrophe for our children and our nation. Because we have forgotten about the host of occupations that are going unfilled, we face dangerous shortages of skilled manpower. There are openings today for 25,000 machinists, electronics technicians, tool-and-die workers and

Dr. Walter M. Lifton, formerly an associate professor of education at the University of Illinois, is director of Guidance Publications and Services for Science Research Associates.

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Do you know what to do...before the doctor comes?

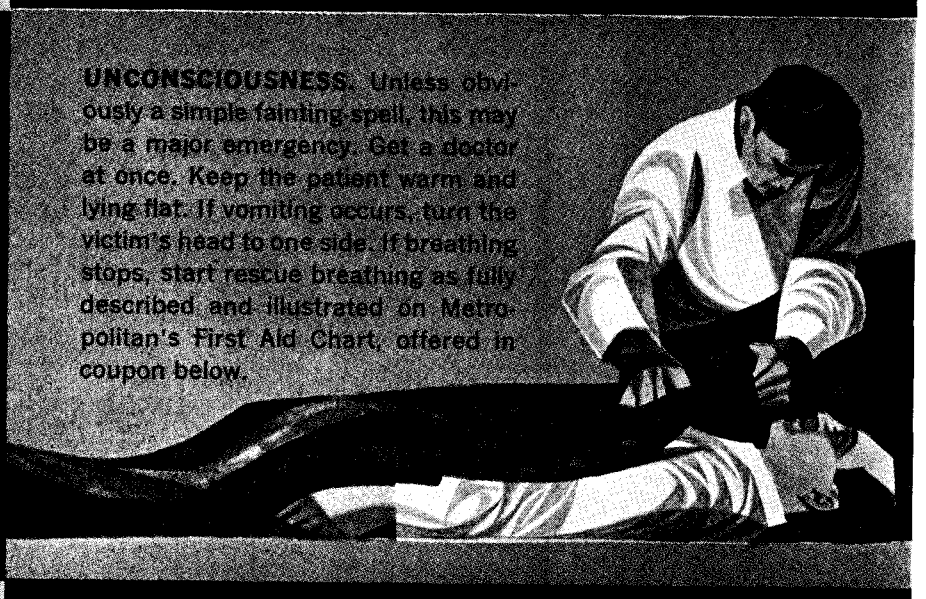
Like most of us, you probably haven't mastered the principles of first aid. You read about them, then forget them.

After an accident, there's no time to lose looking up first aid treatment in a book. Be prepared to act quickly and surely.

Directions to follow in five common emergencies are given here. Study them—fix them in your mind permanently. And always remember this basic fact: When there's any doubt about the seriousness of an injury, call your doctor promptly.

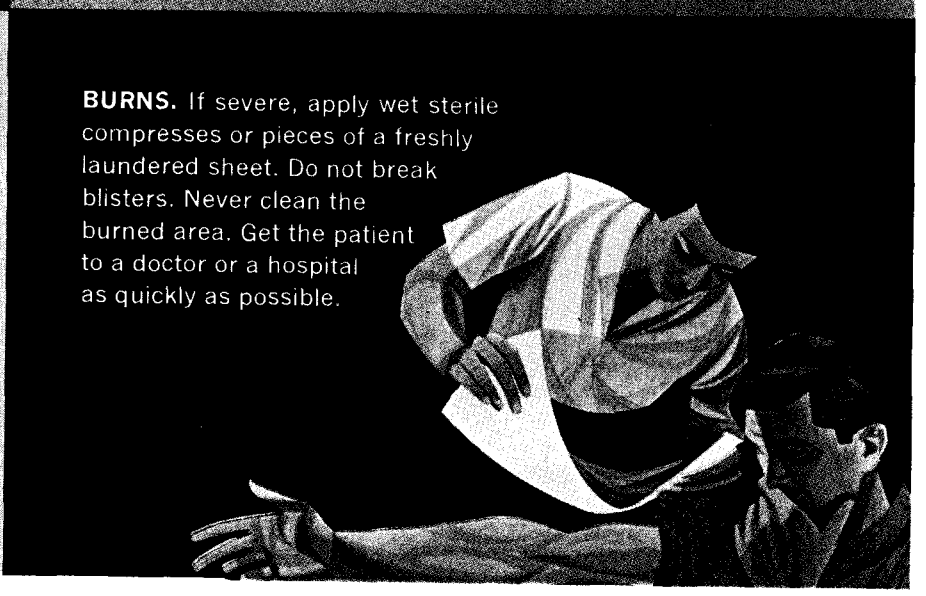
FALLS. If there's continued pain or a possibility of a broken bone, don't move the victim unless it's absolutely necessary. Keep the injured person warm and comfortable.

POISONING. Start first aid at once. If possible, one person should begin treatment while another calls a physician. If the victim is conscious—and there are no burns or stains of the mouth and lips—place your finger at the back end of the patient's throat to induce vomiting. Give the patient milk. Save the poison container for the doctor.



UNCONSCIOUSNESS. Unless obviously a simple fainting spell, this may be a major emergency. Get a doctor at once. Keep the patient warm and lying flat. If vomiting occurs, turn the victim's head to one side. If breathing stops, start rescue breathing as fully described and illustrated on Metropolitan's First Aid Chart, offered in coupon below.

ANIMAL BITES. Wash the wound promptly and thoroughly with soap under running water. Apply sterile bandage and take the victim to a doctor. Have the animal caught alive for rabies tests. The doctor will let you know if anti-rabies treatment is needed.



BURNS. If severe, apply wet sterile compresses or pieces of a freshly laundered sheet. Do not break blisters. Never clean the burned area. Get the patient to a doctor or a hospital as quickly as possible.

CHECK YOUR SUPPLIES. Keep the following fresh and handy: absorbent cotton, adhesive tape and bandages, petroleum jelly or mild burn ointment, antiseptic (ask your doctor which he prefers), aromatic spirits of ammonia (useful when someone faints), bicarbonate of soda to use in solution as an eyewash or gargle, scissors and tweezers.

KEEP ALL MEDICINES OUT OF SIGHT AND OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN . . .

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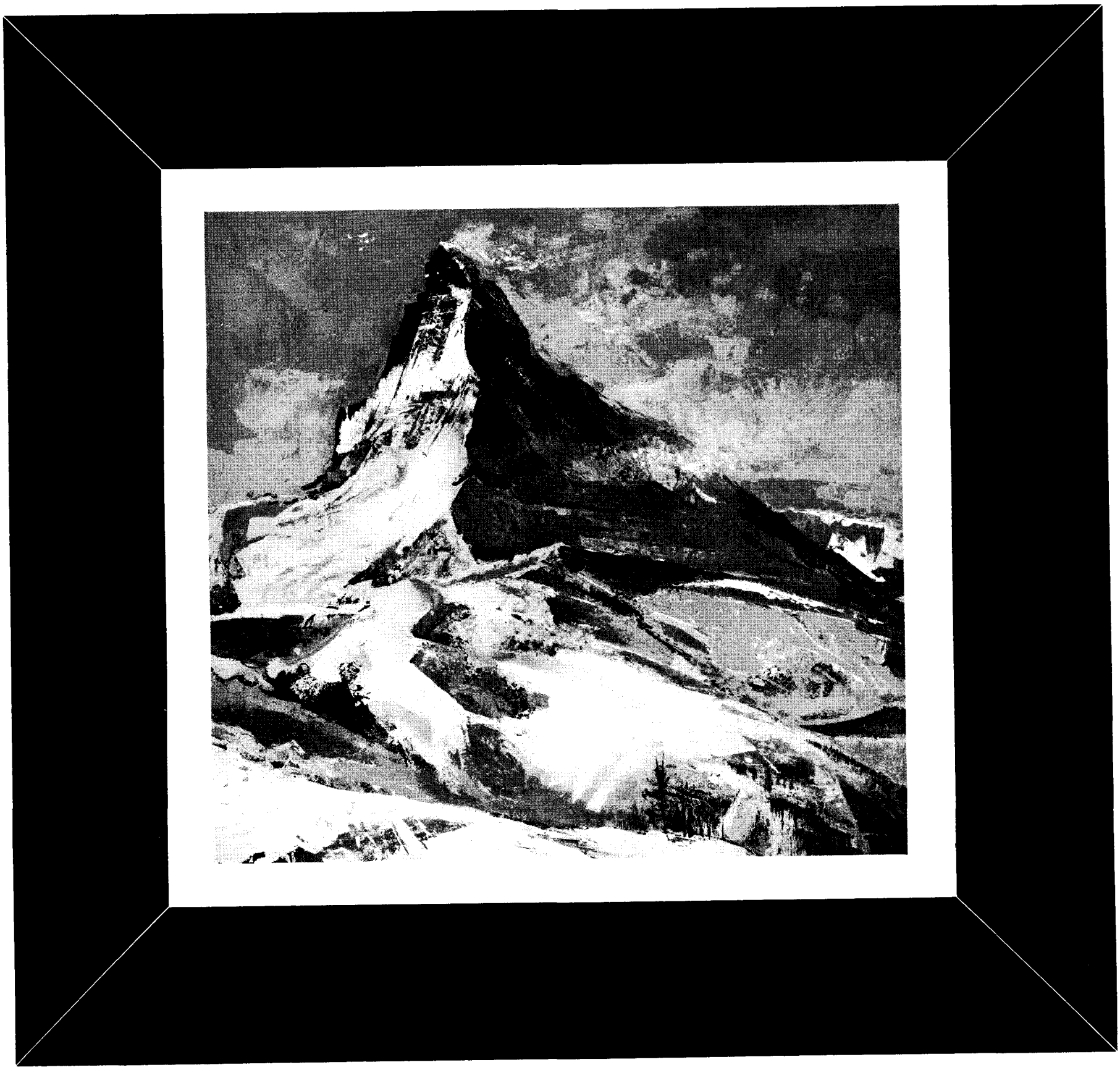

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SPEAKING OUT

machine operators. We have a surplus of people who can design rockets and a shortage of people who can build them. Even our highways are suffering. In 1957 a presidential commission reported a shortage of 46,000 technicians needed to take the mammoth road-building program off the drawing boards and put it on the landscape. Obviously, by sending too many of our kids to college we're not only depriving many of them of profitable livelihoods but also depriving our nation of badly needed technicians.

Our children could choose from more than 23,000 kinds of jobs that exist. Instead they focus on a few. Pressed by his parents to become a doctor, lawyer, engineer or teacher, Junior goes to college. There, faced with the need to make a realistic choice, he frequently changes his plans. A survey last June of more than 33,000 graduating seniors at 135 colleges and universities indicated that 47 percent had switched their career preferences during college. For students who don't change, college can be a fight with boredom; a required course in Restoration Drama seems unrelated to their utilitarian view of a college education.

Some young people today decide to change their careers soon after leaving college. I know six young men who recently were graduated from law school. Now they're working as salesmen for stockbrokers, by choice. A young political scientist who is seeking his doctor's degree recently told me he has become disenchanted with his career: He wants to sell carpets. A recent *summa cum laude* graduate in philosophy is now working as an ink chemist.

If we parents are to prevent this sort of waste, we must widen our own view of the world of work, put aside snobbery and admit that our society needs its share of carpenters, electricians, bakers, bookbinders, and the like. We should help our children see the dignity in crafts, trades and skilled jobs and concede that college is not the only road to respectability.

Next, parents should be prepared to accept a child's ability for what it is—realistically, not just dreaming that Junior is another Einstein. Of students who rank in the lower fifth of their high-school classes, only one in eight is likely to receive a college degree. Some youngsters have vocational objectives that call for other sorts of training.

We should help our children make wise career decisions. At high school, pupils can consult their guidance counselor or librarian and explore occupational literature from a wide variety of sources. Some high schools even offer courses on occupations.

Young people also can explore the kinds of jobs available in their own community. This may mean touring local plants, factories and offices with parents or school groups. It may mean spending a week with dad at his office to find out what he really does for a living. Too many youngsters say they want to be "like dad"—a doctor, broker or insurance agent—without knowing what dad's job is really like. A chance to work side by side with dad will help them get the feel of the job.

And finally we should recognize that a host of post-high-school training opportunities are available to youngsters who do not go to college. This point has been stressed by John W. Gardner, president of the Carnegie Corporation of New York. In his 1960 annual report he noted that "the great prestige that college education has achieved is the source of many false notions, and one of the worst is that it is the only form of continued learning after high school. Most parents, teachers and counselors have given little or no thought to the ways of learning and growing that do not involve college."

What are these alternate roadways that we should keep in mind? One is the terminal junior- or community-college program that prepares young adults for technical and semiprofessional jobs such as office manager, accountant, electrical technologist and hotel manager. Training is available at most of the 4000 vocational schools in business, trade and nursing. Hospitals and some community colleges offer training programs for prospective medical technologists, registered nurses, laboratory technicians and X-ray technicians.

Many youngsters learn to be skilled craftsmen as apprentices and in on-the-job training programs. Brewers, for instance, train for two years, optical technicians or machinists for four years, and photoengravers for up to six years. There also are hundreds of training programs in the armed forces, including the world's largest correspondence school, the Armed Forces Institute.

Who Should Go to College?

In steering away from college those youngsters who should be taking other paths, we must take care that college opportunities are not denied those who should have them. There are the youngsters who plan or hope to enter a profession; who have the intelligence and personality to be successful in executive or administrative positions; who are talented in the arts, sciences and social sciences; or who simply like learning from books.

There are many jobs for which a college education is essential, besides the more generally recognized professions. As parents we should try to make certain, possibly with the help of a high-school guidance counselor, that our children have made realistic career decisions. If they are shooting for careers requiring college training, that is one reason for seeking such training.

But other factors are involved. Is the young adult really motivated to do college-level work? A reflection of motivation may be his high-school scholastic record. Another clue may come from college-admissions tests such as the American College Testing Program. Recently this program developed an index that successfully predicts, two out of three times, the grades in freshman courses that youngsters graduating from certain high schools will get at certain colleges.

A final factor to consider is whether college attendance will put a strain on the family finances. One study shows that 60 percent of parents who expect their children to go to college have made no plans whatever to pay for room, board and tuition, which today can cost more than $2000 a year. For many of these families, the strain of keeping one child in college may be extreme; the strain of two may be unbearable. Finances, however, are not all-important. The young person's desire and determination to get a college education are key factors.

If your child seeks a college education and is properly prepared, the years of study will seldom be wasted. But going to college for the wrong reasons can be disastrous for the youngster—and for our nation. THE END

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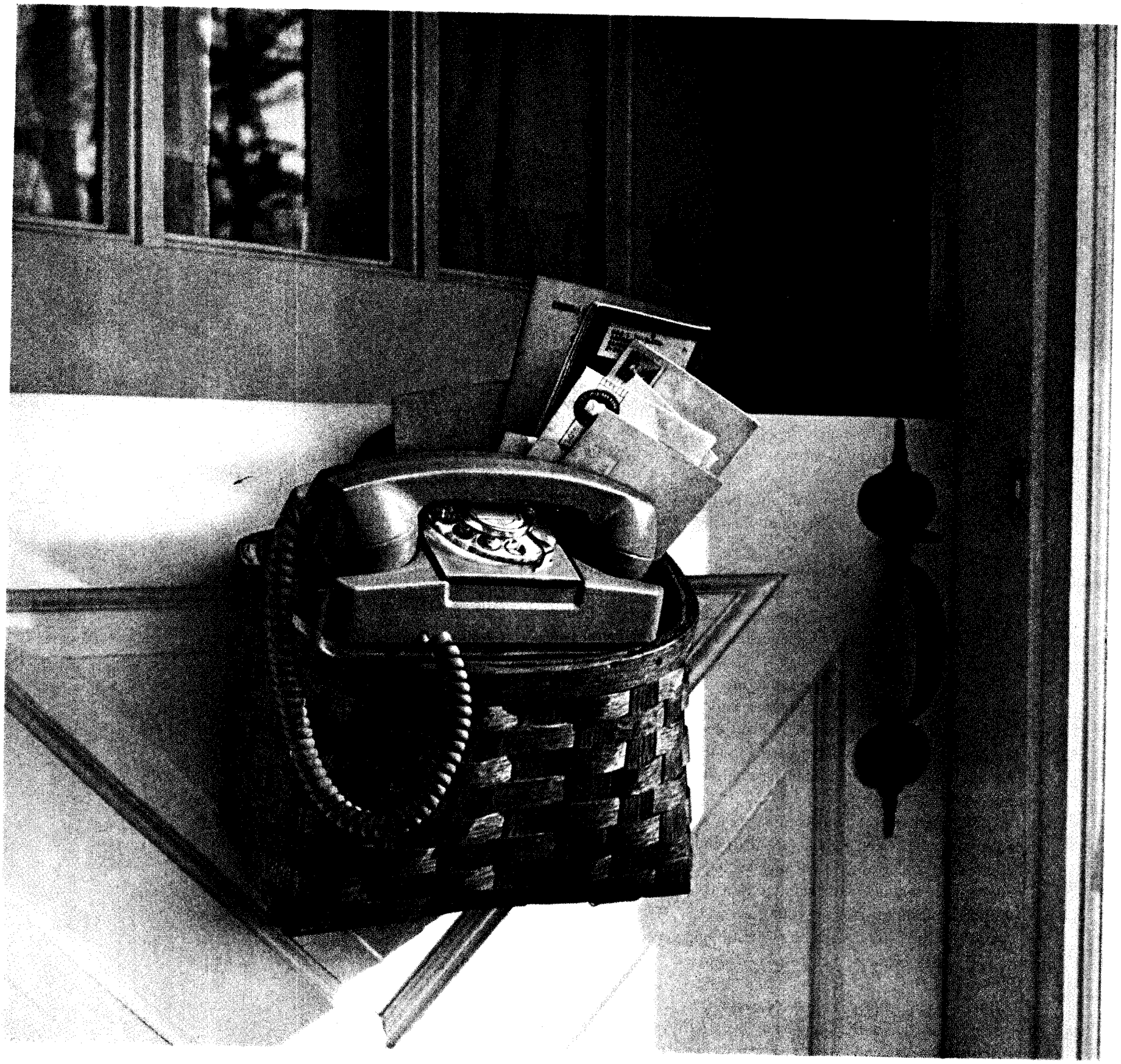

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Why do I hear waves?

● Is it an echo? Is it the wind? What makes the shell roar? It never stops. Why? Why do I hear waves?

By wondering, he discovers wonders. It is the way of a child. And it is the way of some men. Too few, sadly, for in many grown-ups the urge to ask why is often smothered by a belief that all is known.

Yet tomorrow's wonders can only be discovered by men and women who *do* keep wondering and asking why. Their kind, to grow, often needs help.

Toward that end, Shell gives broad support to education. It provides scholarships for outstanding students and makes research grants to colleges and universities. Unique Shell Merit Fellowships are given to encourage science teachers seeking better ways to train young minds.

Out of programs like these come men and women who grow and learn, yet remain as curious as children. We see many of them at work in Shell Research. They know a great deal about atoms, about the depths of the earth, and the far reaches of space. But they keep right on asking new questions, discovering new answers.

A skid-resistant road surface makes highway curves safer because someone asked *why*. Chemicals that help farmers grow better crops are available because someone asked *why*. So are new plastics that can withstand great heat, and, of course, better gasolines and motor oils for your car.

And still the probing, seeking, questioning goes on. Why can't more diseases be fully conquered? Why need any in the world know hunger?

Why is a child. *Why* is Shell Research.

Next time you see the sign of the Shell, let it remind you of the search that never ends. It is the search for excellence, for new ideas, new products and new ways to serve you better.

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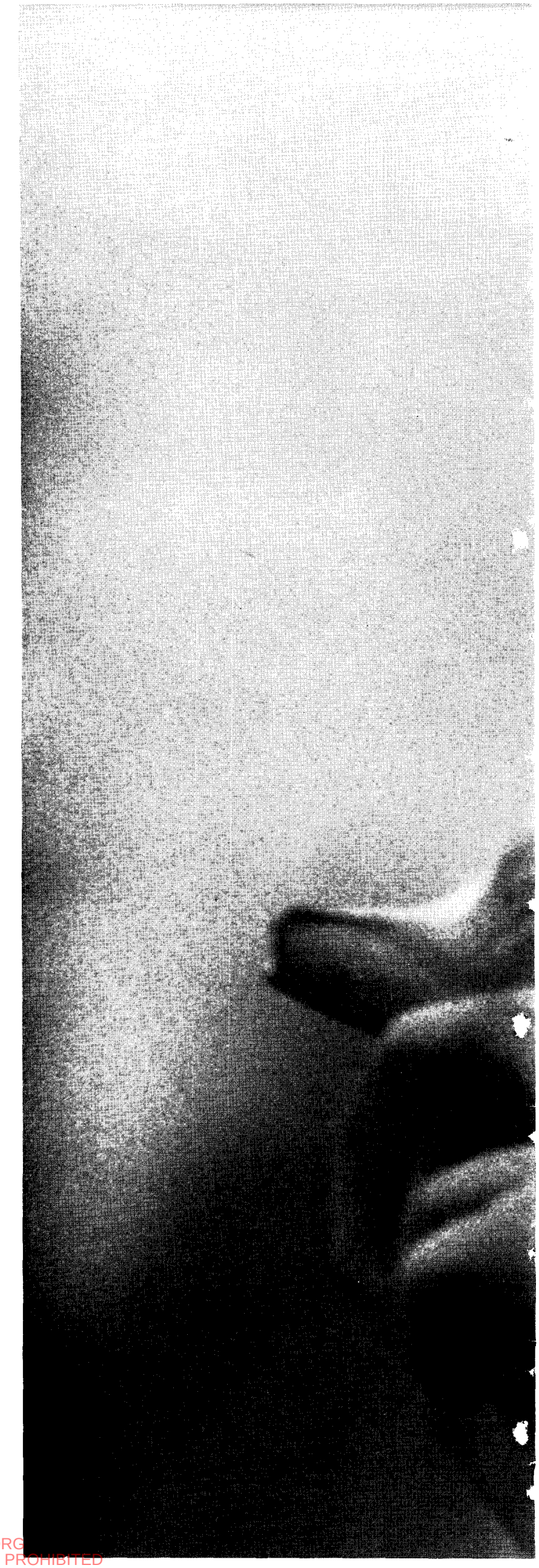

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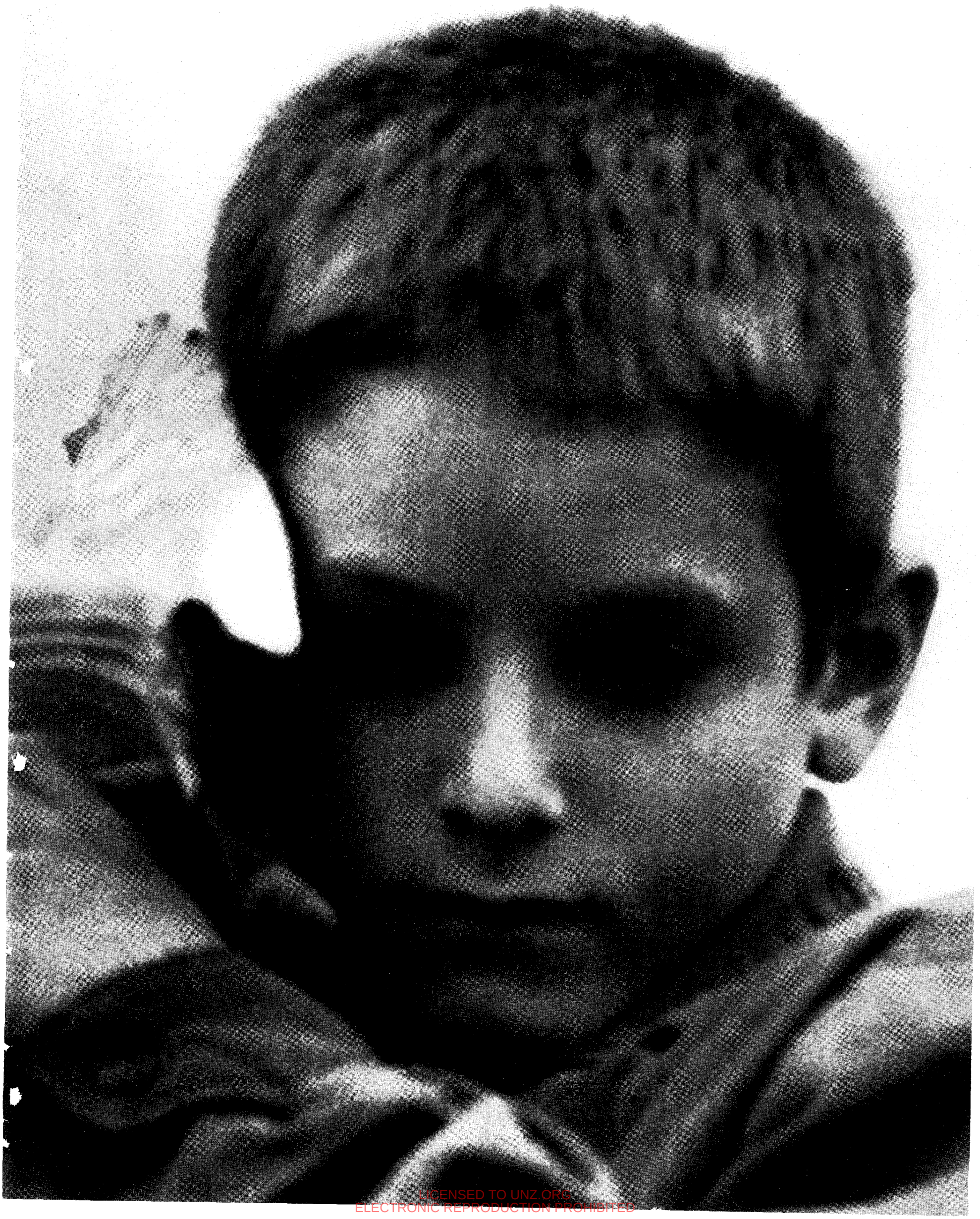

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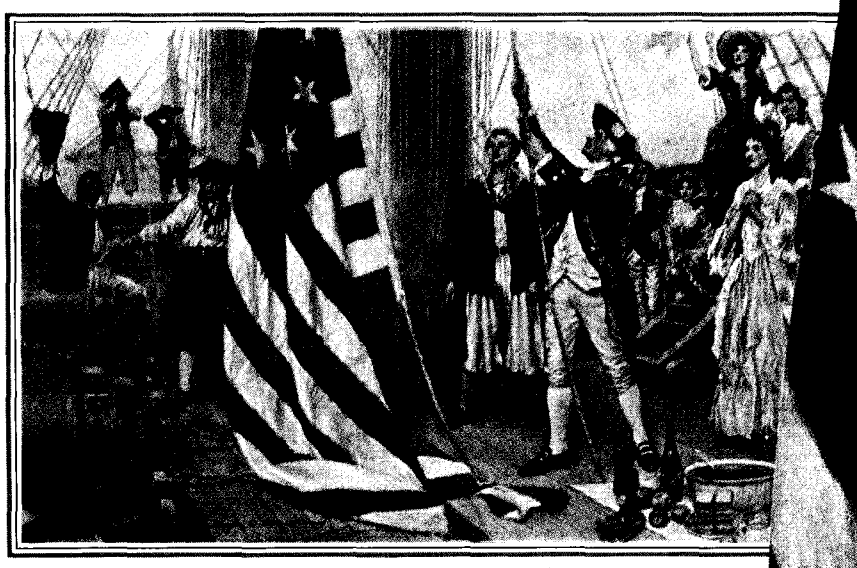
OUR DESTINY IS IN OUR OWN HANDS



Captain John Paul Jones, aboard the *Ranger*, unfurls the first Stars and Stripes to appear on the ocean, 1777. Painting by Clyde O. DeLand.

"A thoughtful mind . . .
sees not the flag alone,
but the nation itself . . .
the principles, the truths, the history."

—Henry Ward Beecher

Many hands have raised this Flag. They have passed it on to us—a symbol of our way of life.

It means the right to worship in the church of our choice, to speak freely, to work where we will, to choose our own leaders. These are the living ideals which are the very fabric of our Flag and Nation.

If each of us holds fast to the ideals it represents, our Flag itself will fly high, come calm or storm. And it will remind us constantly that we owe to our children the blessings of freedom our forefathers gave to us.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
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An American Hero

The exclusive story of how an American farmer has devoted his life to a one-man crusade for freedom and democracy in war-torn, Communist-infiltrated Laos.

By DON A. SCHANCHE

PART ONE

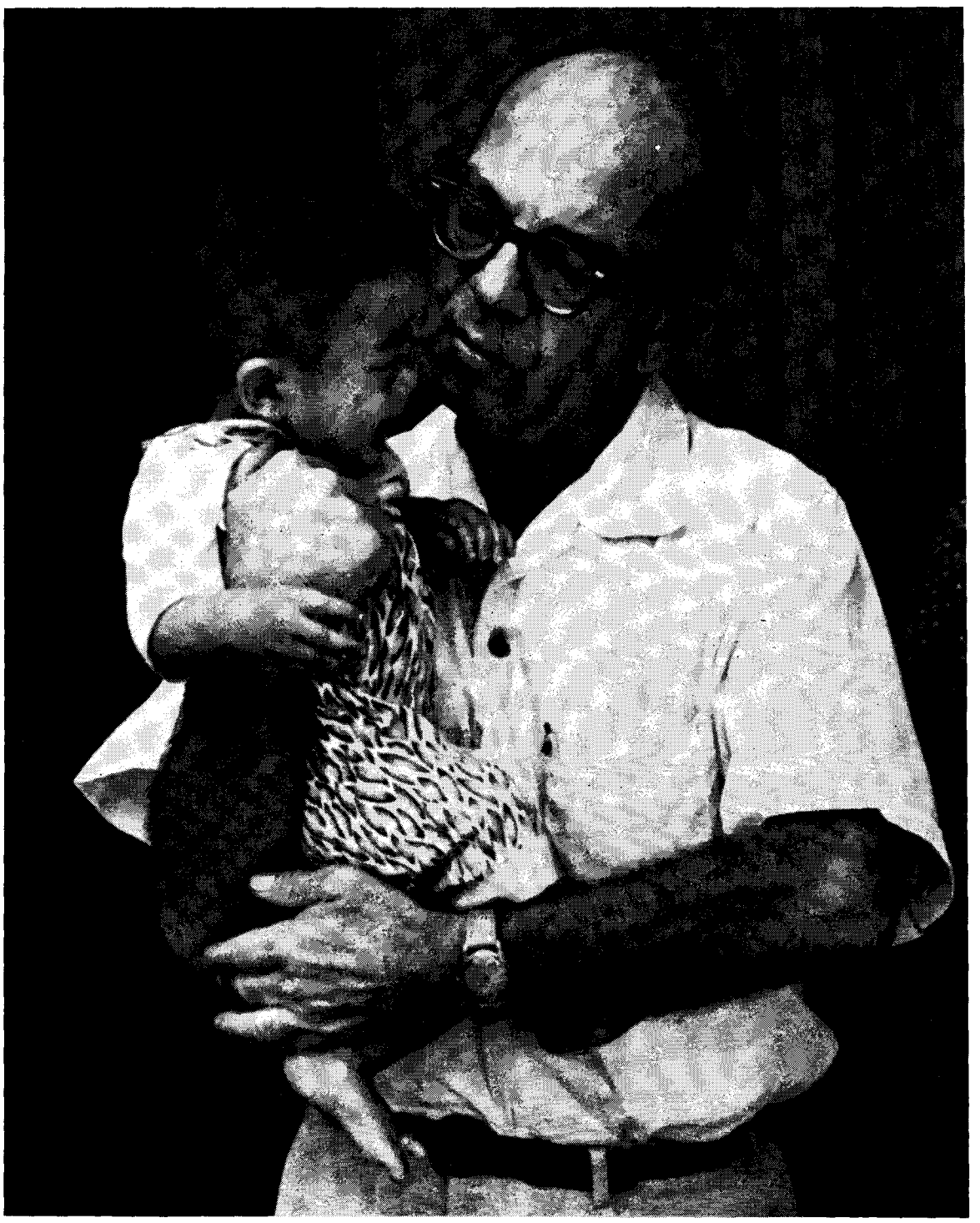
Edgar Buell was squatting, native style, on a dusty path which bordered a worked-out opium field high in the mountains of northern Laos. He is a little runt of a man, and except for his thinning hair and heavy-rimmed spectacles you could mistake him for one of the 200,000 Meo tribesmen who inhabit those jungle-sheathed mountains. His skin is weathered from a lifetime on an Indiana farm and darkened from two years of baking in the tropical sunshine of Laos. His khaki trousers were spotted with the dirt of day-long hikes up mountain trails to the Meo villages we had visited that week, and he was shirtless, warming his bared torso in the afternoon sun.

Buell was discussing the economics of opium with two Meo village leaders, who listened attentively, almost rapturously. He spoke in a mixed vocabulary of tribal Meo and Lao, the national language of Laos. If you listened closely, you could almost hear northern-Indiana colloquialisms buried in the strange monosyllabic words.

Opium, the only exportable cash crop raised in Laos, is a poor crop for the Meo, Buell explained. Harvesting it is hard, painstaking work. Even though the Meo grow the best opium in the world, the farmer's reward for the stuff is abysmally low; a batch that might sell for $100,000 if smuggled into New York brings the Meo farmer about one dollar. In Buell's easygoing but forthright lecture to the tribesmen, there was no hint of moral considerations. The evils of opium's misuse in a civilized western society would be inexplicable to the primitive Meo. Buell stuck to crop economics. Sweet potatoes, he said, would grow beautifully in the rich earth of the hills. They would bring more money, and besides, the farmers and their families could eat them.

As the Meo village leaders nodded in thoughtful agreement, Buell looked up at me. "Americans ought to know," he said, "that diplomacy ain't all white shirts, nice pants and money running out of your pockets. More of us have got to get down with the people. That's where you can do some good for them and for America."

Edgar Buell rarely has occasion to wear a white shirt and nice pants, and when money runs out of his pockets, it is more often his own, earned in years of work raising corn and soybeans on an Indiana farm, than it is Uncle Sam's. The forty-nine-year-old retired farmer is one of that woefully small group of Americans overseas who were extolled by Eugene Burdick and William Lederer in their misnamed book *The Ugly American*, whose hero was not ugly, but splendid. These are the Americans who volunteer to go to



Hero Buell holds a little boy whom he saved from his mother's near-miscarriage. Pop has delivered about 30 babies in Laos. This child's father was captured by the Communists.

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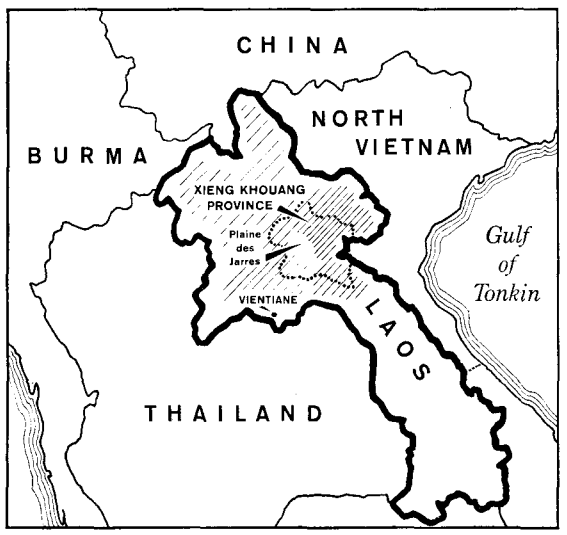
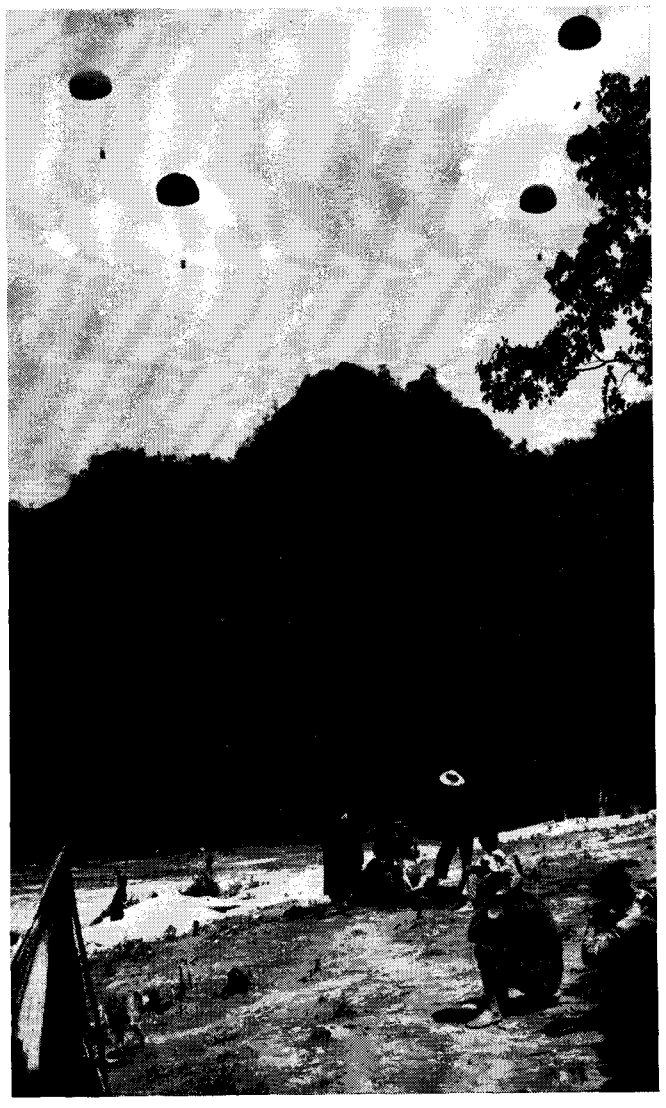
The legend of Edgar Buell is passed from mouth to mouth. They think of him as a god.



Buell has given over his life to the people of northern Laos (shaded). His work is centered in Xieng Khouang Province (in dotted lines), much of which is held by the Communists.



An American air drop, arranged by Buell, brings desperately needed supplies to loyal Laotian tribesmen who have been driven from their rice fields by the Communist forces

remote corners of the world where they can use a lifetime of practical experience in helping the miserable people our leaders euphemistically call the "less fortunate" or "underdeveloped."

Buell went to Laos in June, 1960, as a sixty-dollar-a-month volunteer, an agricultural adviser for International Voluntary Service, a private Peace Corps which contracts the services of its volunteers to various U.S. aid programs abroad. He took this step after a deep personal tragedy, the death of his wife. In the vernacular of northeastern Indiana, and the farm where he spent most of his life, Buell explained what propelled him to Laos. "It ain't so complicated. Maloreen and I was a team. When that one good horse got off the wagon, I couldn't go on alone back home. But here, I don't know why, I can go alone."

As his words indicate, he is a gentle man, tempered by a life that has been both hard and good. Physically he is wiry and tough, hardened by two years of climbing up and down the mountains of Laos. If a word could describe his features, that word would be "homely"; it is a warm kind of homeliness, underlined by alert, curious eyes, that draws other men to Edgar Buell and inspires confidence in people less fortunate than himself.

The Meo people with whom Buell works are among the least fortunate people in the world. Fortune has not smiled on them at all. Even without the recent war, which has torn them from their land, they live at the absolute bedrock of human existence. Their farmland is mostly vertical, climbing up the sides of rugged mountains and cleared by slashing and burning the tangled jungle which chokes it. After a few years of growing hill rice, opium and vegetables in one spot, they pick up their meager possessions and move to another mountain to repeat the process. They live in grass-thatched, bamboo-walled huts. Virtually everything they have is handmade, mostly from bamboo.

A Meo woman is lucky if she survives childbirth. She is luckier still if half of the children she bears survive childhood. And she can count her blessings if she or her husband lives to be more than thirty-five years of age. If she knows Edgar Buell or the legend of Edgar Buell which is passed from mouth to mouth and village to village in northern Laos, she probably thinks of him as some kind of god. To the Meo, he is.

"Pop" Means "Sent From Above"

Buell's name in Meo, the flattering sobriquet of which he is more proud than any award or honor he has received, has a godlike meaning. The Meo call him *Tan Pop*. *Tan* means "mister." *Pop*, in Meo, means "sent from above." To fellow Americans in Laos he is simply Pop Buell, with no spiritual overtones. But the legend of Pop Buell is passed around with awe in the American community too. Already Buell's efforts have eclipsed the record of Dr. Tom Dooley, the young St. Louis physician who established two jungle hospitals in Laos before he died in 1961.

"Sometimes Pop puts the rest of us to shame," said one of the men he works for. "He has more courage, more common sense and more human compassion than any other man I have known."

Pop Buell's job is an emotionally and physically crushing one, on which hang the lives of 50,000 to 60,000 harassed Meo tribesmen who have been driven from their mountain homes by Communist Pathet Lao soldiers bent on conquering all of Laos. Most of these Meo refugees wander the hills or settle in temporary villages in Xieng Khouang Province, bordering the famed Plaine des Jarres where one of the principal battles of the Laotian civil war was fought. They are surrounded by hostile Communist and so-called neutralist forces who are allied in battle against the royal government. Every day the noose of enemy troops closes a little tighter.

The Warlike Cease-Fire in Laos

If you read the news of Southeast Asia regularly, you probably have the impression that there has been a cease-fire in Laos, that the country has been in a more or less quiescent state pending the negotiation of a more permanent peace based on formation of a neutral, coalition government. The impression is misleading, particularly in Xieng Khouang Province. For many months, long before the recent heavy fighting, there has been war every day. Men have been killed. Villages have been burned. People, mostly the uncomprehending but bitterly angry Meo, are tortured. Pop remembers the horrifying ordeal of one village which he visited just after the Pathet Lao had sacked it.

"They wanted to set an example," he explained. The memory of it made him wince. "So they took one of the wives of the village Nhi Khon (leader) and stood her up in front of everybody. One of the Communist soldiers took his gun and shot off one of her breasts, then the other. Then they left her there to die."

Pop and I saw another "example" while visiting some wounded Meo in a neat little hospital run by Filipino volunteers in Vientiane, the administrative capital of Laos. He was a boy about nine years old, perhaps ten, although he was small and frail. Mercifully he was unconscious. He had been hit with shotgun pellets. The entire right side of his body was peppered with ugly little wounds.

"His father was a village leader," Pop sighed. "When the Pathet Lao came, they shot the boy as an example. To the Meo, sons are more precious than anything." The boy died a few days later.

To Pop Buell, the oppressed Meo people are his people, their villages his villages. He spends most of his time living with them in beleaguered Xieng Khouang Province, in the middle of the closing enemy noose. He has learned their language, as well as Lao and Thai, which he also must use. He eats their food, sleeps in their huts, doctors their sick, counsels their elders and keeps flowing the relief supplies on which they depend. He works at the very end of the chain of U.S. aid.

Recently Mr. Pop was elevated from his low-paid volunteer status to a higher-paying post as an employee of the Agency for International Development, the Government agency which administers American economic aid abroad. He works for a branch of AID called Rural Development which, in peaceful countries, assists in the construction of rural roads, trains rural craftsmen and helps to improve agricultural conditions. In Laos the war has paralyzed virtually all these AID functions. Instead, American AID workers have had thrust upon them thousands of war refugees

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who need help to stay alive. More than half of these refugees are Meo tribesmen who depend on Pop Buell for sustenance.

Because of the war, it has been more than a year since these Meo refugees have been able to stop in one place long enough to plant and harvest rice, their basic food. Normally in a war-torn country such refugees would be herded into huge camps where they could be fed and clothed until they could return to their homes. But the Meo, a fiercely independent people, will not leave their beloved mountains, even though the hills are surrounded and shot through with Communist agents. Instead they wander in bands of up to 2000 people, looking for places to settle. It is Pop's job to find these wandering bands, help them locate new village sites, and organize air drops of rice and other essentials until they can get on their feet.

To do this he spends 90 percent of his time living behind enemy lines. Sometimes, while trudging along hidden jungle pathways in the roadless, uncharted mountains, he comes upon villages never before visited by a white man. The lithe, jungle-toughened people he meets on these trails may be friend or enemy; Pop has no way of knowing. Any night while sleeping in a bamboo-and-thatch hut in the hills he may have to jump up and plunge into the jungle to escape the Pathet Lao. Pop has learned to sleep with his clothes on. "It saves time," he says.

Pursued by Reds Before Dawn

In the past year he has had to make such pre-dawn escapes five times. The most recent was three months ago. Pop was asleep in a Meo hut when a scout burst through the low doorway and awakened him.

"Pathet Lao are just down the hill," the scout whispered.

He had barely spoken when the Communists opened fire. Pop rushed from hut to hut in the village, rounding up women and children. While a platoon of village guards—some of them firing flintlock muskets—held off the enemy attack, Pop hoisted a child onto his back and joined the villagers on a trek down a path on the other side of the hill. They spent all the next day hidden in the jungle valley below, then climbed back up to the plundered village that night.

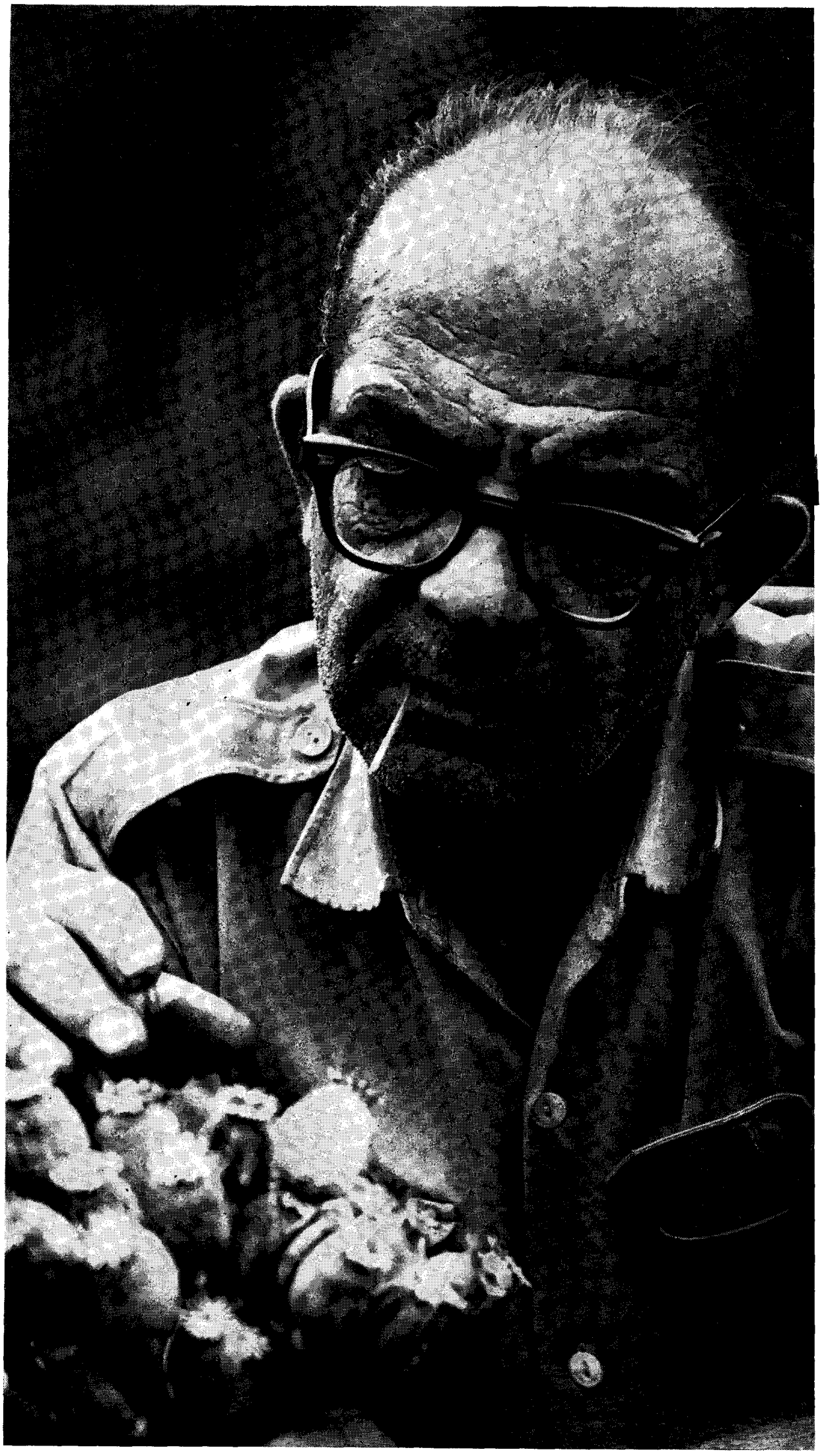
"It's surprising how well you can see to walk on those trails in the moonlight," Pop says.

On another occasion, fleeing from a Pathet Lao attack, Pop walked for eighteen hours with a baby on his back. It was the rainy season and the trails were slippery with greaselike mud. Some of the paths were almost vertical, and descending was less a matter of walking than of skiing.

"It wasn't so bad," he says. "When you get in a situation like that, you do what you have to. Anybody would."

In spite of his seemingly casual attitude, Buell worries about possible capture. Twice in the past year powerful Radio Hanoi, the Communist propaganda voice which broadcasts from North Vietnam to all of Southeast Asia, has mentioned the "notorious, warmongering American imperialist, Tan Pop." Buell has heard that the Communists have offered a $25,000 reward for his capture. He suspects that many of the villages in

Photographs by the Author



Pop examines a cluster of opium poppies—the area's largest crop. He persuaded villagers to grow sweet potatoes instead. His argument: Yams bring a better profit and also can be eaten.

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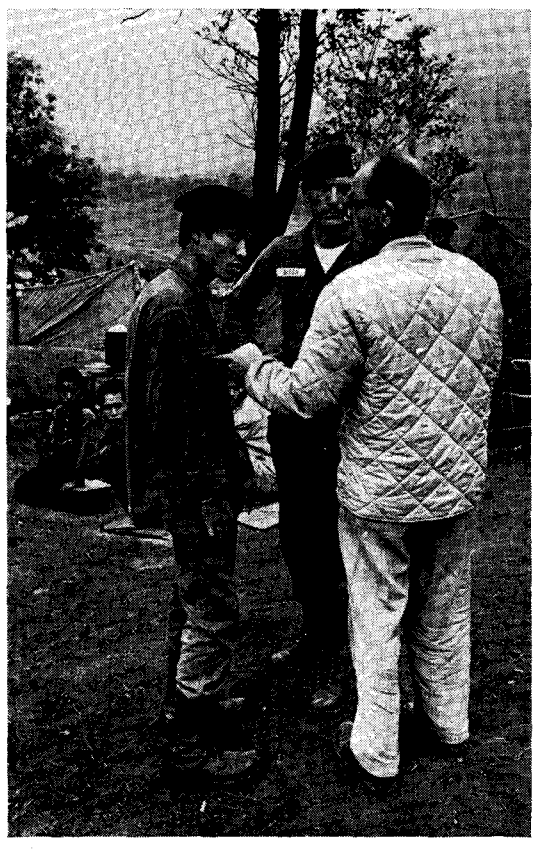
"Diplomacy ain't all white shirts, nice pants and money running out of your pockets."

Whenever he sees a child with eye disease, Pop stops to apply some American-made ointment. Many of the children of this village would go blind eventually if left untreated.



A onetime medical aide of Dr. Tom Dooley, Chanh (left) helps Buell operate a crude hospital. A visiting U. S. Army guerrilla expert gives advice as patients (background) wait.

which he works have been infiltrated by enemy agents.

"Of course I worry about it," he says. "If I didn't there'd be something wrong with me, wouldn't there? But I love these Meo people and I know that damned near every one of them loves me. I have to put all my faith in them because when I am up there with them I have very little contact with anybody else."

Pop's only contact with the outside world is a tiny walkie-talkie radio with which he can converse with the American-piloted drop planes which occasionally fly in with relief supplies. Sometimes a Helio-Courier, a big-winged, light plane capable of landing and taking off on 300-foot strips, drops onto a dirt runway hewn from a mountainside by the Meo. When they are available, Pop uses these planes to lift him from village to village. Otherwise he walks.

The week I spent with Pop Buell in the mountains of Xieng Khouang began with a hair-raising Helio-Courier flight through the mist-shrouded mountains. We had been in Vientiane for almost a week, waiting for the fog to lift from the mountains so we could get in to the village of Lang Tien, about two days' walk from the enemy-held Plaine des Jarres. When the fog thinned a little we took off. Our pilot, Bob Smith, boosted the little plane to 7000 feet to avoid ground fire as we flew over Pathet Lao territory.

"You get shot at every time you fly over here," Pop explained. "I came back in an airplane once that picked up seventeen bullet holes in the wings. Amazing they didn't hit anything that mattered."

Smith, a civilian pilot working for Air America, the subsidiary of Civil Air Transport which flies most of the civil and military air-drop missions in Laos, cut his altitude to duck under the clouds which hugged the mountaintops of Xieng Khouang. From that moment on it was like a roller-coaster ride through a coal mine. Smith's view of the mountains was limited to massive shadows which lurked in the mist ahead of us. But flying on a combination of instinct and intimate knowledge of territory he had covered many times before, he snaked the little plane through narrow passes that left little more than thirty feet of maneuvering room on each wingtip, and across mountain plateaus from which trees rose so high I thought they would brush our undercarriage.

Bouncing Landing in Lang Tien

Suddenly Pop pointed toward a cluster of thatch-roofed huts nestled near a short dirt strip. Smith flipped the light plane into a steep turn, and a minute later we were bouncing along the uneven runway.

"These pilots make a lot of money," Pop said, "sometimes $3000 to $5000 a month if they fly a lot. But they ain't got a very long life expectancy. You got to take your hat off to them. They earn every cent they make."

I looked at Buell in wonderment. His own job involves more hazard and uncertainty than the work of the highly paid pilots, however great their courage.

"It ain't the money or the hazards that matter," Pop explained. "If it was I would have quit long ago. I don't have to work. I just want to get it across to as many people as I can that America is a good place and Americans are good people. At the same time I think I'm doing these people some good."

How much good he is doing was immediately apparent. Lang Tien, more an area than a village, is a cluster of hillside communities overlooking a small plateau inside the ring of mountains. All told, 5000 people live in the area. Most of them are Meo refugees, but about 1000 are Lao Thung, another of the many ethnic groups which inhabit Laos. The Lao Thung are friendly, but tend to be lazy and more careless about cleanliness than the Meo. Many years ago they were slaves, and both Laotians and Meo still tend to consider them as such. When anything is passed out, the Lao Thung are the last to get a share, and it is rarely a fair share.

From America, Provisions by Parachute

That afternoon a C-46, bearing salt, tools and fifty sacks of rice, made a low pass over the plateau and dropped its cargo for the refugees. As the free-falling rice sacks and the parachute-borne tools dropped, Pop talked to the Nhi Khon of the village.

"These supplies do not just drop out of the sky," he said in his mixed Meo and Lao. "They come from America because the Americans want to help you. The supplies are given to the Laotian government, and the Laotian government gives them to me to bring to you. They are for all of you and each man must get his fair share. We consider a man a man, whether he is a Meo or a Lao Thung. He must get the same share."

The Nhi Khon, a progressive leader who probably did not require the lecture, nodded in agreement and withheld distribution of the supplies until representatives of the Lao Thung village arrived to claim an equal share.

That night we were invited to the same Lao Thung village for a celebration honoring Tan Pop. After a long trek along a starlit jungle trail, we climbed the ladderlike stairway into the hut of the village chief. Proudly he boasted that he was seventy years old and had seven wives and thirty children. A half dozen children under five attested to his vigor.

The Nhi Khon of Lang Tien, who accompanied us, wryly explained the mountaineer's polygamy. "In this country, blankets are very dear," the Nhi Khon said, "so we have many wives to keep us warm." For himself, said the Nhi Khon, he had only two.

Inside the hut, dimly lighted by flaming rags dipped in animal fat, we squatted around an earthenware urn filled to within an inch of the brim with a fermented rice mash. Protruding from the urn were long, thin bamboo rods, hollowed to serve as straws. From these we sipped the sickly sweet rice wine while the Nhi Khon, taking a cue from Tan Pop, lectured the Lao Thung chief on the importance of planting garden seed and not relying entirely on the Americans to provide for his people.

"If you do not plant the seeds and care for the gardens," said the Nhi Khon, "you may end up picking rocks instead of food from your fields. You cannot eat rocks."

Earlier Pop had opened dozens of cans of seeds—lettuce, cabbage, bean and several other

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vegetables—and explained to the Nhi Khon that greens were important to the diet. Now the Nhi Khon was carrying the message to the Lao Thung, as he would carry it next day to the other villages around the plateau. Pop knew that the message would be more effective if it came from the Nhi Khon than if he delivered it himself, because the Nhi Khon would be there to see that the garden work was done.

"Working with these people is the same as working with my own people back in Steuben County, Indiana," he explained. "You got to take it slow and easy. Ain't it the same? You don't just barge in and tell somebody you're helping him. You take it easy, and you help him to help himself. That way it means something to him and it sticks with him."

The tribesmen's conversation shifted to politics, and I asked Pop to translate for me.

"They're talking about the war," he said. "There's a lot they don't understand. You've got to realize that the whole world, for these people, is no bigger than the distance they can walk. But they know more than you'd think they would."

The Nhi Khon was talking now, obviously with great feeling, explaining something to Pop. I could see the wizened little Indiana farmer's face grow taut with emotion as he turned to translate the Nhi Khon's remarks to me.

"I'll try to give you this exactly the way he said it to me," said Pop. "Here it is: 'Before the trouble came, the Meo people did not need help. When the trouble came, we heard about the Thing.' (He's got a picture of the United States and the United Nations all wrapped up in one big, good ball which he calls the Thing.) 'Until the Others (North Vietnamese Communists) came, we could have beaten the Pathet Lao with our muskets and crossbows. But we kept on fighting them and we thought we were fighting for the Thing. We were told that the Thing would come to help us. But so far the Thing has not been much help. Now we wonder if the Thing will move us to another country where we can live in peace. Will it?'"

An Unanswered Question

Pop paused and I saw that a tear was running down one of his cheeks. "You answer him," he said quietly. "I can't. That's what I thought the Thing was for too."

Knowing U.S. policy in Laos, the drive for a neutral coalition government which seems certain in the long run to hand the entire country and the Meo as well over to the Communists, I couldn't answer him either.

During the six days that followed, we visited a half dozen more villages, some by foot, some by air. In each of them, Edgar Buell, retired Indiana farmer of meager education but great natural intelligence and wisdom, was welcomed as Tan Pop, the near god. In each village Pop made it a point, almost upon arrival, to walk to every hut and either step in or peer in to utter a few words of encouragement to the wives, tending their cooking fires on the hard dirt floors.

"I've still got enough American in me to show a lot of respect for motherhood," he explained. "Besides, they ain't got a very good life. A few kind words does them a lot of good."

A seven-year-old Meo boy, burdened with misery and disease, carries little brother to see Buell. Pop devotes much of his time to children in the hope he can implant seeds of democracy.

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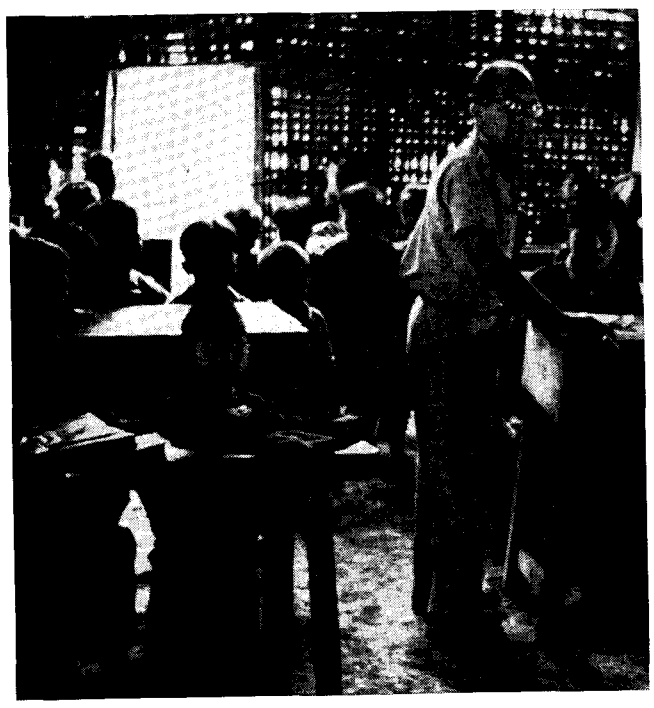
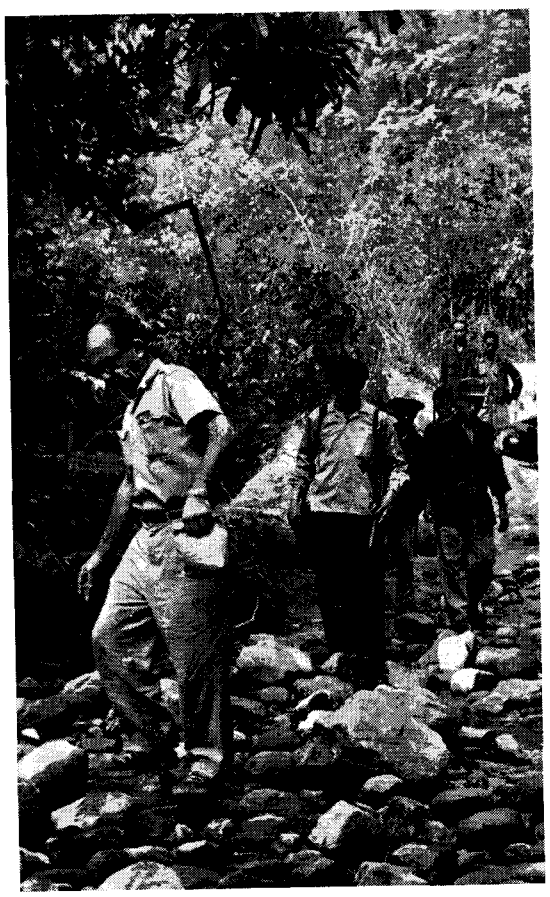
"They will remember Pop. I'm sowing seeds that . . . someday is going to grow."



Pop inspects a village school that was built by Meos from plans that he supplied. Doubting U.S. officials at first warned Buell that such schools were impractical; he wasn't deterred.



Wary of ever-present Communist guerrillas, jungle-wise tribesmen escort Buell to his next mercy stop. The Reds brand Buell a "warmonger" and offer $25,000 for his capture.

As we made the rounds through the village of Sam Thong, about a day's walk from Lang Tien, a sobbing woman ran out of a hut from which burst sounds of wailing and the clanging cymbals of the village medicine man. Inside we could see the wasted body of her husband. He had died of tuberculosis that morning. The grieving widow fell into Pop's arms and sobbed on his shoulder. From the look of mixed grief and hope in her tear-filled eyes, I guessed she thought there was a chance Edgar Buell could bring the man back to life. He patted her in that awkward way of a man who can do nothing, and we moved on.

But Pop can and does help the sick. Although he has no medical training, two years' working largely on his own in Laos have given him a cram course in medical problems that would horrify most Americans. His first case was a native woman who was on the verge of a miscarriage. At the time, before the battle of the Plaine des Jarres, Pop and another IVS volunteer were manning a lonely station at Lhat Houang, not far from Xieng Khouang. They had a radio with which they could call any or all of the other American detachments in Laos. Stumped by the problem but unwilling to abandon the woman to the ineffective treatment of a medicine man, Pop got on the radio and called Mary Jane St. Marie, an American IVS nurse.

Step by step, Mary Jane explained the process of miscarriage to the Indiana farmer. "He wouldn't understand medical terms," Mary Jane said, "so I gave it to him in good, basic farm language."

At the end of the conversation, in which she also told Pop how to deliver a baby, and what to do to try to prevent the miscarriage, other radio operators in remote regions of Laos broke in. "Thanks, Mary Jane, and you too, Pop," said one of them. "I think I've got a case like that up here and I've been wondering what to do about it."

As it turned out, Pop managed to prevent the miscarriage. The baby was born a few months later. Pop and I visited the mother and her healthy eighteen-month-old son last April. He picked the child up and said, "Little boy, you make it all seem worthwhile."

Buell the Makeshift Physician

Although he says that he has lost count, Pop estimates he has delivered about thirty babies since that first case. Whenever he goes into the mountains, he carries a well-stocked medicine kit for treatment of minor infections and ailments, but it usually runs dry before his village-hopping tour is over. In one village a man who had accidentally rammed a sharpened bamboo stake into his eyebrow, opening a gaping wound, came to us for help. Pop grabbed my only bottle of whisky and poured it on the slash. "Ain't got any disinfectant, but this will do," he chuckled as he closed and dressed the wound.

In each of the villages Pop was constantly surrounded by small children. At our first stop I saw why. From his battered suitcase he drew a huge bag of hard candy. He made sure that each child in each village got at least one piece.

The children had another reason for being drawn to the little American. All of them recognize him as the man who brought education to the Meo. In years past there were no schools in the Meo villages. Tucked away in the remote mountains, the Meo were too hard to reach, and the Laotians thought them unworthy of education anyway. When Pop began working with the mountain people, he immediately sought to correct the tragic oversight. As a graduate of a one-room country school in Steuben County, Indiana, he had little awe for the complexities of modern education. But American officials in Vientiane did. When he tried to get backing from them, he was told that schooling the Meo would be impossible. There were no qualified teachers. "Hell," said Pop, "who needs qualified teachers? All I wanted to do was teach them to read and write."

No School Bell Needed Here

In each refugee village, Pop knew, there were a few tribesmen who had gone for a year or two to Laotian schools and could read and write the language. Without bothering further to establish formal U.S. educational aid to the Meo, Pop told leaders in each village to build a schoolhouse. Then he scrounged writing pads, pencils and chalk from everyone in Vientiane who owed him a favor. In villages where an educated Meo was available, Pop put him to work as a schoolteacher. Then he spoke to the Laotian government's minister of health and social welfare, a man named Touby Lyfoung, who is a Meo himself and is often called King of the Meo. Touby provided the missing teachers. At present Pop's school system includes twenty-nine one-room, dirt-floored schools. Belatedly the Americans now offer Pop all the support he needs.

"Sure, the Communists will take over these schools one of these days, but I don't think the people will forget who put them there in the first place," Pop says. "They might get only six months of schooling before the Communists come, but I don't care. There's no telling what they might pick up in six months, and it's sure better than nothing. These kids come to learn. They don't need no school bell. They're in there when the teacher arrives."

There is much more to say about Pop Buell: about the love and fulfillment and tragedy of his life in America; about how he came to Laos; about his heroic efforts there, often under enemy fire and in the face of unbelievable hardships. Some of these adventures I will recount in a further report next week. But for now, listen to one more remark from Pop Buell in Laos. On our last day in the mountains of Xieng Khouang, as we were waiting for a plane to take us back to Vientiane, I asked Pop why he stayed on, knowing that unless the United States changes its policy in Laos the Communists are bound to take over.

"You've got to have something to keep you going," he replied. "The Communists probably will take over soon. But everything turns in time, and it will turn again here someday. It may be ten years or fifty years, but when that day comes these people are still going to remember Tan Pop. That's the only thing that keeps me going. No man is big enough or brave enough to work like this without some kind of purpose. I'm sowing seeds that, by God, someday is going to grow."

Next week: Author Schanche tells more about Pop Buell and his dreams for the people of Laos.

In a village hut, where 43 people live, Pop endures a distasteful but necessary ceremony: drinking homemade wine from a common urn.

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For the girl on Culloden Moor, it swept away the

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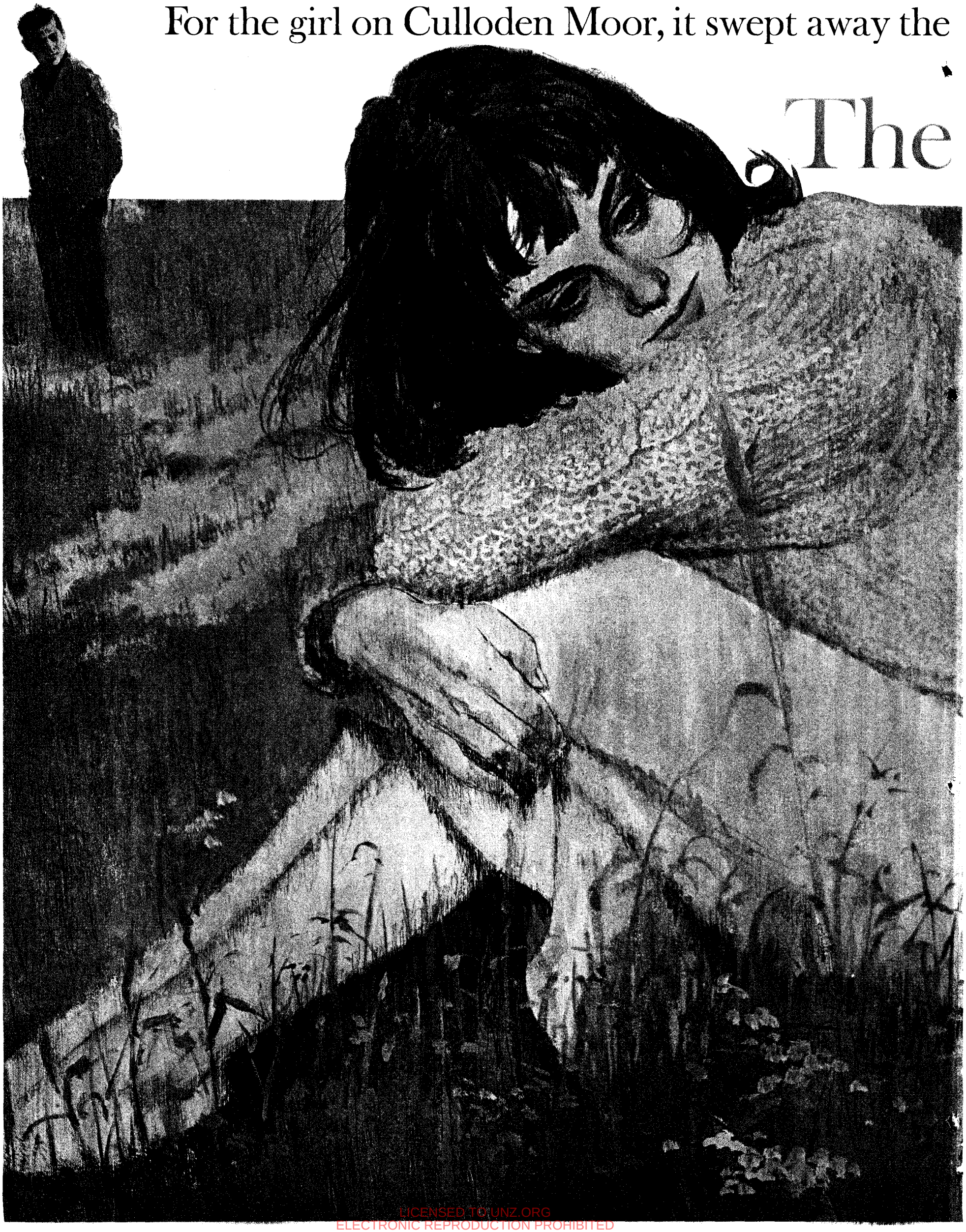

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boundaries of the heart.

By RICHARD SAVAGE

Wind in the Heather

As the young man leaned into the wind, pushing his bicycle along the narrow road that climbed up and up, he became aware of a strange, wild whistling sound which grew louder as he neared the crest. He stopped wonderingly and looked around. Ahead of him on the left side of the road stood a stone cottage, and in the yard several small boys were kicking a ball, soccer style, their legs working like pistons. They seemed unaware of the sound that caused the slim, sandy-haired young man to frown perplexedly.

Steven Baylor gazed questioningly at the boys, but they took no notice of him. "Well," he muttered with a lighthearted shrug, "if it's the wailing of banshees I hear, it doesn't seem to bother them!" He pushed on. The eerie, dismal sound grew louder as he approached the summit, and at last he knew what it was.

At the crest of the hill he stopped. There before him lay the expanse of Culloden Moor—so devastatingly bleak, so magnificently wild and gloomy that it sent a shiver through him. Across the moor swept the wind that had created the strange sound he had heard more than a quarter of a mile away. Shadows fled one after the other across the endless waste of stunted trees, bracken and heather grass.

"That," said the young man in an awed voice, "is one battlefield that still looks like a battlefield." He thought of battlefields he'd seen in the States, with cows grazing in lush grass or those transformed into picnic grounds with concession stands and neat gravel paths. But here, except for some bleak cairns erected to the Highland dead of the Forty-five, it seemed to be standing unchanged since the day of the battle—and perhaps for a thousand years before that.

He laid his bicycle down and began to walk into the moor. He walked slowly into the midst of the famed battlefield that had been Scotland's Appomattox. The June sun was warm, and there was a wonderful earthy freshness in the wind that buffeted him as it swept down out of the hills and the mountains beyond. Yet, in spite of the warmth, he shivered once or twice. After he had pushed on about 200 yards through the thick bracken and heather, he stopped, realizing that he wanted to go no farther. As he gazed in toward the heart of the moor, with the eerie shadows drifting across it, there was such a forlorn, brooding quality about it that a sense of desolation welled up within, and he felt lonelier than he had during his entire year in Scotland.

For a few minutes he stared, lost in thought. The loneliness of the place made him gradually aware of another, deeper loneliness. He recalled again the letter he'd had from his mother just before he left Edinburgh, telling him of Sue's engagement. He had gone with her regularly for the past five years and perhaps had come to take her too much for granted. Still, now that he'd finished his studies at last, he had planned to ask her to marry him when he returned this summer. The thought of having lost her and of starting a new job alone in a strange town seemed at this moment a particularly bleak prospect. He shook his head.

"Must be this moor," he muttered. "Enough to make anyone a gloom-monger. Nothing here for me!"

Abruptly he turned and walked back to the ridge, angling eastward. Before long he came upon a view of such grandeur that he stopped. Far below was a pine forest through which rushed a gleaming, white-frothed river; and beyond lay the intense blue waters of the Moray Firth, while a little to the left were the wooded shores of the Black Isle. The scene suddenly recalled to him the wild and beautiful north shore of Lake Superior where his family had a summer cabin and where he was looking forward to spending the next few months. All at once he felt much better.

As Steven marveled at the scene, he turned once to look back into the depths of the moor. But when he did so, his glance was suddenly arrested. He let out his breath in a slow, wondering half whistle and stared. A little behind him and to his left was the figure of a girl sitting half-hidden in the midst of the thick heather. Her knees were drawn up, and her head was inclined on her arms as she gazed in toward the heart of the moor. She appeared not to see him.

Steven blinked, uncertain as to whether or not it was a vision. Glossy black hair, darkly luminous as shadows of the night, blew about her shoulders and, though he could not see her eyes, he sensed already the fascinating beauty of them. The cheery blazes of red on her cheeks glowed out of the whiteness of them. Her profile showed features small and finely chiseled. Somehow she seemed to belong there, like the heather.

"Hello," he said at last, feeling it awkward not to say something. For a moment he thought the wind had drowned the sound of her voice.

Then at last she raised her head and looked directly at him. She was several years younger than he, about twenty or twenty-one, and Steven thought her the most strangely beautiful creature he had ever seen.

"Hello," she replied politely. She looked at him with just a hint of curiosity, but otherwise her expression remained impersonal.

"I've been wondering," said Steven, "why you should be looking inward at the moor. Seems to me the really sensational view is out there." He gestured toward the firth. "In fact, the moor depresses me."

The girl hesitated, reluctant to start a conversation, but plainly wishing to be polite. "Perhaps," she said at last—and Steven had to lean forward to catch her words above the moan of the wind—"it would be depressing to some. It depends upon what one sees there." She spoke, as did most of the younger generation, with no trace of the picturesque burr, but the musical rise and fall of the phrasing was unmistakably of Scotland.

"And what do you see there?" he asked with a playful smile. "The Highlanders under Bonnie Prince Charlie battling the Duke of Cumberland?"

(*Continued on page 58*)

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE BOWLER

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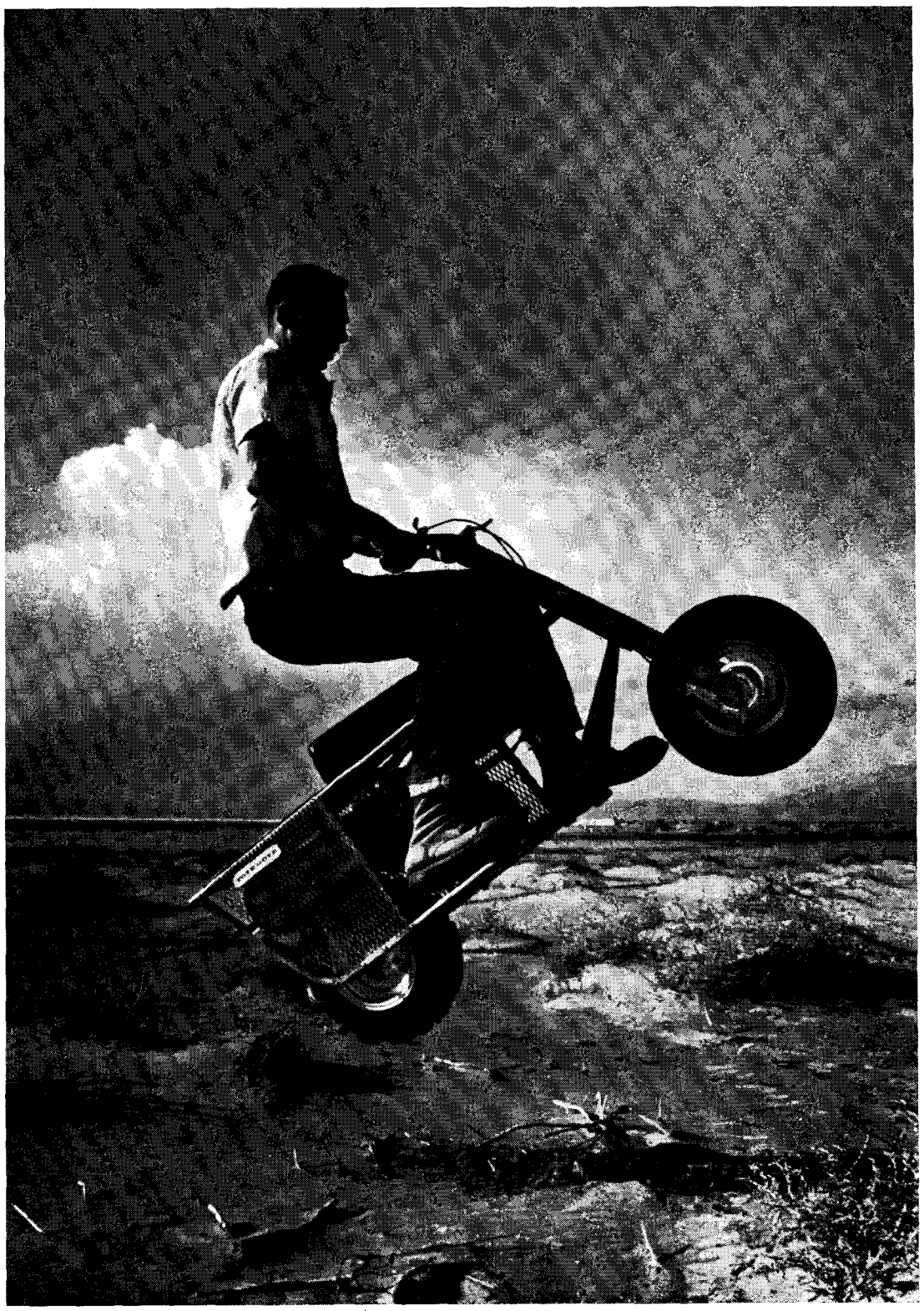
PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP



Rocket-Flight Scientist: Bringing glamour of her own to a glamorous spot, Helen Mann, 31, pauses en route to work at Cape Canaveral. Leader of R.C.A.'s Inertial Guidance Data Evaluation Group, Helen directs a six-man team of mathematicians and engineers monitoring missile flight data. "The purpose of the data," she explains, "is to tell where a missile was at any particular time. Data is picked up from the missile in flight. Our job is to analyze the data and provide the range user with a statement of its accuracy." Her boss, Dr. Jerome P. Keuper, manager of the R.C.A. Systems Analysis Group, is apogeal in his praise of Helen's abilities. "She's as competent," he says, "as she is good-looking." Boston-bred Helen studied (on a scholarship) math and physics at Boston's Emmanuel College, earned a master's in physics at the University of Miami, went to work at Cape Canaveral in 1956. A widow, she lives with her six-year-old son and her mother in a beach house near the Cape. She insists that space sciences need women: "It's amazing how women can solve a problem just like that, when a man will wander around for days and days and then say 'Oh, I think that's what I meant all the time.'" One of four women speakers at the First International Women's Space Symposium in Los Angeles last February, she blasted the notion that men should monopolize space, contending, "Little girls who like mathematics can be just as smart as little boys." PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL SHROUT.

Scooter Maker: Jouncing over rough country, Ralph Bonham, 30, tests a Tote Gote, the off-highway cycle he invented to snort up the steepest trails. The machines can take punishment. Ten thousand Gote owners—outdoorsmen, ranchers, forest-fire fighters and the like—drive them where no four-wheeled vehicle could go. The idea for the cycle came to Bonham on a hunting trip. "I shot my deer early," he says, "then spent the whole day hauling it out. My hands were so tired from carrying I almost couldn't open them." Mechanically minded, he decided to whip up a deer-toting apparatus "light enough to put in a car and heavy enough to take a beating." Bonham, then a student at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, made several experimental cycles, asked husky students to take them into the hills and ride them hard. "I kept beefing up the Gotes," he says, "until those tough guys began bringing them back with nothing wrong." In 1958, Bonham sold 119 machines. In 1959, sales bounced to 1200. This year Bonham, who employs fifty people in a well-equipped plant in Provo, expects to sell 5000, at $300 to $400 each. His invention has brought him modest affluence—his salary is $10,000, and he owns one third of his firm's stock. Bonham was born in Ogden, Utah, grew up in California. A varsity track and basketball man at B.Y.U., he invented a device to make basketball nets, had contracts for 250,000 nets when he sold out and quit college, near the end of his senior year, to get into the Gote business. Supporting a family (he was married as a sophomore), launching a new enterprise and keeping up his studies were too much for him. "Something had to give," he says. The Bonhams have four children and live in Provo. He still works hard, especially to find new products. "It's ironic," he says. "I built the Gote to help me hunt, and I haven't had time to hunt since." PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK FIELDS.

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PEOPLE ON THE WAY UP

Perfectionist Poet: In the log-cabin retreat behind his home in Dearborn, Michigan, Pulitzer-prize-winning poet W. D. Snodgrass, 36, penned the poem on this page—after watching workmen transport a tree across the campus of Detroit's Wayne State University. Snodgrass is an assistant professor of English at Wayne State. He is also, says poet-critic Robert Lowell, "*the* poet with content." Lowell says parts of Snodgrass's *Heart's Needle*, which won the 1960 Pulitzer for poetry, are "a breakthrough for modern poetry. Their harrowing pathos will seem as permanent 100 years from now as it does now." An accountant's son, William DeWitt Snodgrass grew up in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, served in the Navy during World War II. After the war he found his niche at the State University of Iowa's poetry workshop. Shattered by a divorce that separated him from his infant daughter Cynthia, he wrote his ten-cycle *Heart's Needle*, the title poem of his only book. Beginnings of three of the cycles were scribbled on a program at a concert, but he wrote most of the work while on night duty as a hospital orderly. The poetry reveals much of the poet—his afterclap of pain following visits with Cynthia ("Indeed our sweet foods leave us cavities"), his intolerance of his own failings ("pale soul, consumed by fear of the living world you haunt"). Before going to Wayne State, in 1959, Snodgrass taught at Cornell and at the University of Rochester. "I love teaching," he says; yet he suffers stage fright before each lecture. A perfectionist, he revises and revises. His second wife, Janice, "has helped me overhaul my style." She also has given him two children—one by her first marriage. At home, Snodgrass ("Your name's absurd," he says to himself in one poem) reads, plays the guitar and writes. Now two thirds through a second volume of poems, he is planning a play and a book of essays. "When I'm in a period of not writing," he says, "I'm less than alive." But since winning a Pulitzer, he has spent less time writing, more time reading his work at clubs and colleges. "There's no money in writing poetry," he wryly observes. "But there *is* money in reading it." PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT ERWITT.

PLANTING A MAGNOLIA

A mystery of a kind:

The little drab bulldozer crawling to the curb,
Up, over, struggling like some crocodile
Out of the old slime, onto our parking, across the frost-hard lawn
To the clay pit near our house—
And balancing, precarious, in its square jaws
(Like a cat its kitten or a fox some prize white goose)
Our own magnolia tree.
We settle it, easy, into a sort of grave,
Slice down the root clump and trample in
Ripe leaf rot and the mellowed topsoil of its last field.
We wire it, each way, like a television aerial
And have installed
This thing more ancient than our shorelines.
And we can call it ours.

Spirited in winter sleep, here, it may waken
And may never know. They have
Gone far. They have been forests,
Tropical, in Alaska;
Covered whole lands vanished undersea.
It stands like a flagstaff, waiting
To declare itself.

For whom? Those roots
Coiled in the cold dark, loosed
From their burlap shrouds, what
Are they dreaming? What do they portend?
Magnolia has so much to reconsider:
It was once used to toothed birds,
To reptiles with fowls' feet or horned hawk faces;
It sheltered short-winged birds taller than a man;
Dinosaurs with duckbills and plucked-ostrich bodies;
Vast gliding lizards alighted in its boughs.

It stood through the Age of the Great Dying:
While the seas turned cold to Portheus;
While mosasaur, while plesiosaur sank into neglect;
While on the land, its old
Familiars—Triceratops pasturing
The ancestral ferns, tyrannosaur the king flesh tearer—
Perished with their successes and were gone.
It stood. They stand. And this
We can call ours.
Whatever warmth its dreams
Foresee, it does
Not think of us. Yet, these tractor tracks
Are fading; we have reinstated, some few years,
Our lawn as we would wish it. We park
Our Volkswagen beneath its serpent boughs.
Come springtime, under branches
Leafless yet in full bloom, we will walk
Our pretty wives, seeking that scent, some memory;
Might even show to our grandchildren—if we
Still live here; if the tree survives—
Its long lewd buds, dangling,
And the blown flowers, white as flakburst,
Broad as women's faces, that will open as carelessly as stars
Or cancer cells that swim into the eyepiece,
That will excite us, without hope,
Returning in the rumors of
Obscene blunt beauty that surrounds
And will survive us.
Before it dies.

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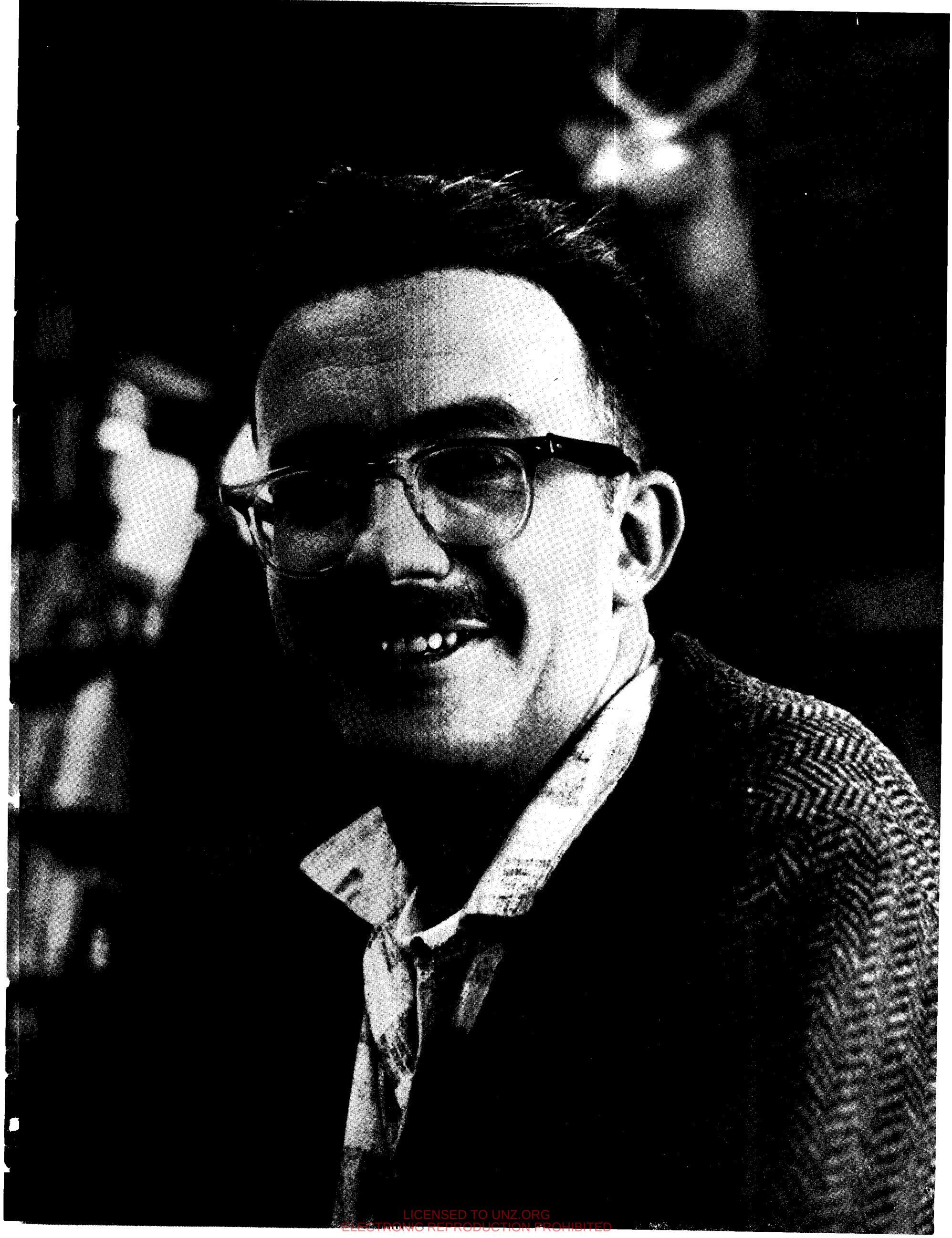

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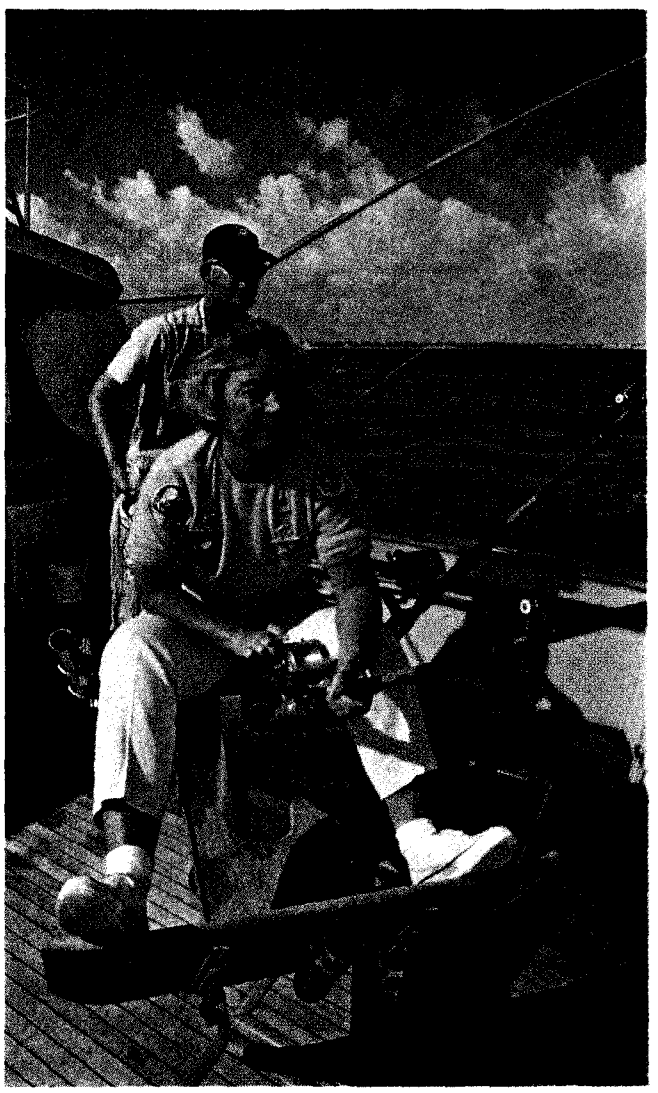
Queen of Anglers

Dorothea Dean hunts big fish with a woman's weapons—passion and patience—to triumph at what used to be reserved as a man's game.

BY WILLIAM M. STEPHENS



In her fighting chair, Dorothea Dean trolls the marlin-rich waters off Southern Florida. She has already reeled in five world records, scored in fifteen major fishing tournaments.

Off Bimini in the clear blue waters of the Gulf Stream a fishing cruiser had hooked a great blue marlin that surged into the air, then streaked away, taking line rapidly. In the fighting chair a woman braced her feet and gripped a rod and reel. As the captain ran the boat astern to help the angler regain some of the fast-disappearing line, there was a loud explosion, and smoke billowed from the engine.

"We're on fire!" a man shouted as he ran into the cockpit. "We'd better cut your fish off, ma'am," he said apologetically, "and run for shore."

Without turning, the woman said sharply, "Don't you dare touch this rod. That's a record fish, and I'm not about to have it cut off!"

As it turned out, the boat was not afire—an engine had overheated, causing the cooling system to explode—but without power, the captain was unable to follow the hooked fish, which stripped out all the line from the woman's reel and broke off.

The angler was Dorothea Lincoln Dean of Palm Beach, Florida, and she was trying for a world-record blue marlin on twelve-pound-test line—a line lighter than many fishermen use for fresh-water panfish. The marlin she hooked weighed perhaps 275 pounds. "And I would have boated it too," she told me, "if the engine hadn't blown up."

Blond, indomitable Mrs. Dean is one of a growing group of female fishermen who take their sport very seriously. More than 300 of these women have banded together in an organization known as the International Women's Fishing Association, and they have set out, individually and collectively, to prove their prowess in the time-honored art of boating the big ones.

The Fisherwomen Fight Back

Since the days of Izaak Walton, fishing has been considered a man's sport—or at least the men have so considered it. Particularly in big-game competitions, the women have been expected to wait ashore and cheer or comfort their heroes, but never to participate in the sweaty tussles with giants of the blue water. Only in recent years have women demanded a place in the fighting chairs.

Some of the old-line angling fraternities and tournaments still bar the women, but the ladies of I.W.F.A. (the initials have been said in jest to mean I Will Fish Also) hold their own tournaments and sometimes permit men to compete—evidently for the purpose of cutting them down to size. For what women lack in brawn or bulk, they often make up in finesse, endurance and a driving determination to win.

Forty-two-year-old Dorothea Lincoln Dean is one of the most skilled and ambitious of the women anglers who are out to revamp the fishing record books. Member of a distinguished and wealthy Boston family, she is a gifted pianist and composer and an expert skier, but her present passion for fishing has taken precedence over everything else in her life. Since 1957, when she caught her first game fish, she has racked up an enviable score in the angling "big leagues." She has won or placed in fifteen national or international tournaments, has established five world records on the books of the International Game Fish Association (four of which remain unbroken) and has landed some of the largest fish ever brought to gaff, including an 830-pound tuna and a blue marlin that may have been the heaviest blue marlin ever hooked.

She was fishing from a charter boat in the Bahamas when the marlin struck her bait, came out of the water with its great head shaking and tail-walked across the surface. "It was magnificent," she told me. "All I could think of was an enormous bull walking on its hind legs. I gave it everything I had and in an hour had it alongside. We were sure it was a world record—the captain thought it weighed at least 800 pounds."

The Gaffer Goofs

Then came the kind of bad break that makes fishing feats so uncertain. The crewmen had never boated such a large fish, and they weren't sure just how to go about it. As they tried to get a gaff hook into the marlin in order to haul it aboard, it regained its strength and bored for the bottom. "It took out line so fast," said Mrs. Dean, "that the reel began to smoke, and the mate had his knife out ready to cut the line to keep me from being pulled overboard. With only two revolutions of line left on the reel, the fish stopped.

"That's when the backbreaking work began, raising the fish to the surface, inches at a time. It's the worst kind of punishment. I kept pumping and pumping. Suddenly I felt the line jerk, and jerk again, and I knew that sharks had found my fish and were tearing it to pieces. The sun had gone down, and the skipper wanted to go in; he knew the marlin wouldn't count for a record since it had been mutilated. But I wouldn't let him cut it off—I had to see that fish. An hour later we boated it, and there was little left except the head, the tail and the backbone. But we took in what was left, and it weighed 568 pounds! Some marine scientists working at Bimini measured the fish—it was over thirteen feet long and had a girth of sixty-eight inches—and said it may have been bigger, before the sharks got it, than the all-tackle record blue marlin, which weighed 780 pounds."

After such a frustrating near miss, Mrs. Dean ordered a boat built to her own specifications and hired her own crew—presently consisting of a captain and two mates who help handle the outriggers, baits and lines. The air-conditioned forty-two-foot cruiser is called *Nefertiti* for an Egyptian queen of 3000 years ago who has interested Dorothea Dean since, as a child, she saw a bust of Nefertiti in a Boston museum.

Big-game fishing is not a sport for those with faint hearts or flat purses. A well-equipped boat of *Nefertiti*'s class may represent an investment of more than $100,000. Maintenance and operating costs are also steep, and for competing in the high society of angling, all gear must be of the highest quality and *(Continued on page 56)*

At her trophy-filled Palm Beach home, Mrs. Dean beams below her catches: shark, marlin, tuna.

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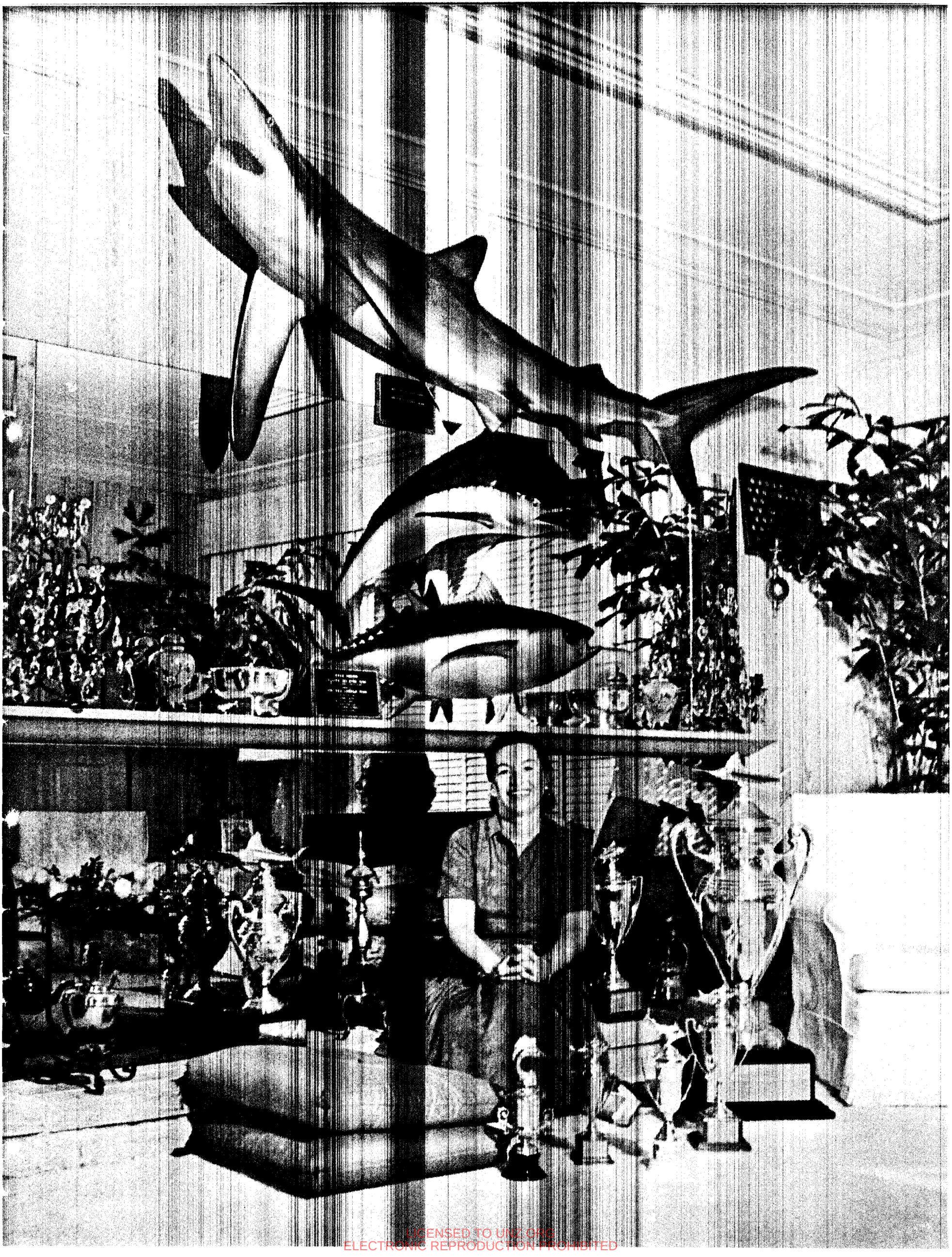

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The wreck, and beginning of the tragedy. At right—the Sobel car.

An Everyday Tragedy

By NORMAN SOBEL

Each year 38,000 Americans die on our highways. Here, a survivor tells of the terrible aftermath of one such disaster: a Sunday drive in California which ended in twisted wreckage—two adults dead, two children handicapped and a family shattered and burdened with debt.

The accident happened in the twilight of a summer Sunday afternoon. It was an everyday kind of tragedy, the sort of thing that could happen to anyone. One moment we were a wonderfully healthy and happy California family of five, driving home from a visit with the kids' grandfather. The next instant we were a bleeding mess spread out on U.S. Highway 6, three of us near death, the other two seriously injured.

I was behind the wheel that hot Sunday in August, 1958. We were returning from my dad's home in Lancaster, California, to our house in Hollywood—traveling through the Mojave Desert, well under the speed limit. We were in a new sedan owned by my firm, the D.W.G. Cigar Company; the car was for my use, both business and personal. Up front with me were my wife Faye, thirty-eight, and our youngest son Ronald, who was seven. In the back seat were our two other boys, Doug, ten, and Dennis, eight.

Screaming Straight On

Suddenly the other car came roaring at us from over a slight hill up ahead. It was on our side of the road, screaming in a straight collision course. There was no time to avoid impact. All I could do was grab the ignition key and turn off the engine, thinking only of preventing a fire. The two cars met head on. As I blacked out, Doug's voice was ringing in my ears: "Help me, dad! Dad!"

I know only fragments of the next six days, August 18–23. People, sounds and voices were blurred in my mind; consciousness came and went.

I know that Faye's sister Trudy came to see me. So did our married daughter, Sherry. And my dad, who somehow blamed himself for not persuading us to stay longer at his house. I can remember asking all of them: "What happened? Faye, the boys—where are they?"

"You were in an accident. You're in the Antelope Valley Hospital. Faye and the boys are here too. They're doing fine." That's what they all told me. But I could hear their voices choking. I felt sure that the truth was terrible. I decided that everyone else had died. I wanted to die too.

The day the haze wore off, Trudy's husband Don was standing at my bedside. I became aware that I had splints and bandages all over. "Norm," said Don, "I have a new visitor for you." In came Doug, loping laboriously because of a huge cast that began at the top of his head and molded all the way down to his waist. The only openings were for his face and arms.

"Hiya, daddy-o," chirped Doug. "Howdya like my space suit? Pretty gooney, huh?" He pivoted to show the back of his plaster armor. "And just for a broken neck," he laughed. His expression changed. "Mom and the boys—they OK?"

"Doing fine," I assured him. Now I knew that at least two of us were around. My next visitor brought the first real news of the others.

"I'm Dr. Kenneth Richland," said a nice-looking stranger, "a neurosurgeon. I was called in from Encino to take care of Ronald and Dennis, because there are no neurosurgeons in this locality." He spoke slowly. "Both boys suffered severe brain damage. I have operated, but I can't give you any definite hope for their recovery."

I have always been grateful for this fine doctor's honesty, but in that first conversation, his words slapped me. "I will do all in my power to help your boys," he added, "if you wish me to continue their care."

To Another Hospital

I muttered, "Yes," asked for word of Faye. "I have checked on your wife," said Doctor Richland. "She is doing nicely." Then he recommended that the boys be moved to West Valley Community Hospital at Encino, where he is a staff member, so that Dennis and Ronald would be under his constant care. I agreed. Seven days after the accident Ronald and Dennis, both still unconscious, went by ambulance to the hospital in Encino. Four days later, I asked that the rest of us be moved to West Valley so that we could be near the boys. The doctors agreed. As it turned out, however, Doug did not need further hospitalization; Trudy and Don would take him to their home in San Jose.

First Sight of Faye

I had not seen my wife at all during the almost two weeks since the crash. All I knew of her condition was a vague report Doctor Richland had given me—that she was "doing nicely." On our moving day they lugged me into the ambulance first. Trudy, who had come to pick up Doug, came over to my stretcher. "Norm, Faye will be here in a minute," she said. "Don't be too upset when you see her. She has a lot of injuries, but she's coming along fine."

But no warning could have prepared me for that first look at Faye. Her face was covered with bruises. There was an ugly gash over her lip and another behind her right ear, where her hair had been shaved away. Her stretcher was placed beside mine, and my impulse was to reach out, to touch her. I couldn't. One of my arms was in a splint; the other was attached to a bottle of intravenous fluid. I spoke to her, but she was in shock and had been since the crash.

During the hour-and-a-half ride to Encino, Faye screamed and wailed. There in the back of the ambulance, unable to help her, I listened in horror to her torture. What I didn't know, of course, was that she would be in this traumatic condition for the next six weeks.

The staff was waiting for us at West Valley. Swiftly we were admitted, examined, X-rayed. Then Doctor Richland and his colleague, Dr. Sheldon Schoneberg, an orthopedist, reviewed for me everyone's injuries. Faye had suffered fractures of the left arm, left index finger, left ankle, ribs, right thigh, pelvis and skull. She had multiple contusions. All but two of her teeth had been knocked out. Dennis and Ronnie had fractured skulls and fractures of the right legs. And both had severe brain damage.

Doug and I were the lucky ones. My right leg was broken, and my left arm was cut. I had a

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The Sobel family at the site of the smashup which so swiftly altered their lives. Seated: Dennis, Ronnie and Faye. Rear: Douglas and father Norman.

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"Now, almost four years afterward, the horrible moment of our accident is still very close to all of us."

concussion. And where the broken steering wheel had punctured my stomach, my insides were a bit scrambled. Doug, of course, would be fine. The best they could say for the rest of us was that we were responding satisfactorily to treatment.

Soon after our arrival at West Valley, Faye's life was threatened by an infection at the base of her spine. She was moved into the Intensive Care Unit, separated from Dennis and Ronald only by a glass partition. When Faye's infection subsided, she was moved into a private room. I lay awake at night listening to her scream—the room was just down the hall—and I counted the "ifs" and "why did it happens" until dawn each morning. I was allowed to visit her. They rolled me down to Faye's room on a hospital cart. Sometimes she was crying in pain; sometimes she was gay, even witty. But she still didn't understand where she was or why she was there.

My next privilege was promotion to a wheelchair; now I could roll myself down to Faye's room. And now, finally, Trudy brought me the newspaper stories of the crash, and so at last I learned what had happened on August seventeenth. The car that hit us was a rental automobile, occupied by two men. Both of them, driver Robert Stanley and passenger Kenneth McKeown, had died. Highway police were quoted as saying that Stanley had crossed the double line, but no one knew why he had done so. The men were sober. And no other car had forced Stanley's vehicle out of his lane.

The One Witness

Armando Corral, the only eyewitness to the accident, came to visit me in September. He had been driving in front of the Stanley car. "Their car," said Corral, "passed me like a bullet. Then I saw you coming. They crossed the line to your side of the road and hit.

"I pulled over to see whether I could help. But I was afraid you were all dead. The big boy was half out of the car, so I laid him on the road. The middle boy was smashed into the metal brace of the front seat. I didn't touch him. The missus and the little one were lying on the road like two broken dolls. The steering wheel was sticking in your stomach, and blood was gushing out. I was sick. I drove to a phone to get help."

This visit began a long friendship. Corral and his wife write frequent letters to us and have visited us. My boss, Mike Falcoff, came by to say, "Don't worry about the company, Norm. Your salary will go on, and your job will be waiting for you whenever you're ready to take it."

Mike not only brought good news; he gave me an idea. I decided that there was more I could do than fret. With my wheelchair and a table, I set up a makeshift office in the hospital hallway. A patient's wife lent me a typewriter. I was able to peck out some letters, business and personal. Now and then a cleaning man or an aide would infringe on the rules to report to me bits of encouragement on Ronnie or Dennis, like the significant day when Ronnie wiggled one finger.

My busy social day kept me sane. I even started selling "It's a Boy" and "It's a Girl" cigars to the pharmacy to sell to new fathers at the hospital. Before the accident, the boys had called me "the jolly fat man," a tribute to my 220 pounds. My injuries and diet now had me down to 160, but at least I could play the jolly role again. Nights were something else; I still lay there sleepless, with nothing to do but worry.

Our lawyer, Henry Cowan, came to my bedside one day in September and dumped a huge bunch of envelopes on the bed; inside were bills for almost $18,000. "And that's only the beginning, Norm," Cowan said. "What are you going to do about them?" I told him that I intended to pay them when I could. "That's right," said Cowan, "get better first; then we'll worry about the bills. Meanwhile, I'll handle whatever has to be done." He did say that auto medical insurance, both my own and the company's, would cover $15,000 worth of trouble. And our group medical plan, another benefit of my company, would take care of much of the rest.

Improvement in October

October brought several changes for the better. Early in the month Dennis at last regained consciousness. Before escorting me down to visit Dennis, Doctor Richland told me that our son was nearly blind. Dennis's left optic nerve had been destroyed. He had declining vision in his right eye because scar tissue had been threatening the right optic nerve. Doctor Richland had to perform additional surgery just to preserve the remaining vision of Dennis's right eye. I saw my son's head swathed in bandages; his right leg hung in traction. "Hiya, dad," said Dennis, as cheerful as if he'd just come home from school. With Doctor Richland's help, I was able to bend over and kiss my brave young man. Then we chatted merrily.

So, with my wheelchair, I could now commute between Faye, Dennis and the "office." And sometimes I sneaked down to the ward where Ronnie lay, still unconscious; I just sat there outside the door, hoping.

October was also the big birthday month. The hospital staff gave Dennis, their favorite patient, a big party for his ninth birthday on October twelfth. Ice cream, cake, gifts—the works. Then, for Doug's eleventh birthday on October sixteenth, there was a party in Faye's room. Trudy and Don brought him to the hospital for the celebration. Doug was out of his "space suit" by then and wore only a surgical collar. He looked fine. And this seemed to be the medicine Faye needed; that day, for the first time, she was completely lucid.

By the end of October Faye was being rolled around in a wheelchair of her own. Her next triumph was her first visit with Dennis. He shouted when he saw her: "Mom! Mom! Mom!" and tremendous tears rolled down his face. Faye pressed close to Dennis's bed, smothering his hands with kisses. From then on we visited Dennis together every day. And when Doug came to the hospital, four of us could enjoy one another.

Doctor Richland announced the next milestone in November. "Ronnie is conscious," he said, "and I'm taking you to see him now." Ronnie looked small and helpless, a tracheotomy tube sticking in his throat and his right leg in traction. For twelve weeks he had lain there that way, inert, immobile. He was not yet able to articulate, but his eyes flashed love.

Faye had the next visiting privilege. As her private nurse wheeled her toward Ronnie, the whole hospital staff watched the procession; everyone had followed our family progress as if it were a cliff-hanging serial. If Ronnie's eyes had flashed to me, they blazed to Faye. Two nurses held Faye so that she could kiss Ronnie and whisper to him.

Gradually, with difficulty, Ronnie began to speak. Doctor Richland refused to predict the extent of his recovery, but at any rate all five of us were now conscious. All of us would live; it was a whole family again.

Later in November Faye and I were released. Trudy and Don brought Doug home to us for Thanksgiving. And on December twenty-third, Dennis and Ronald came home. Nothing can dim the happy memory of that Christmas at home together. For the 1959 New Year we all began our endless series of regular checkups. Trudy was there to help this ragtag army enter our doctor's office. She pushed Faye in a wheelchair. Ronnie, wearing leg braces, stumbled alongside. Dennis and I brought up the rear, each of us with leg casts and crutches. Doug, completely recovered, came along to keep us company.

The news was not all good. Doctor Richland's examination of Ronnie indicated that he had come out of the ordeal with severe cerebral trauma. The doctor could not tell us exactly what the final effect would be. We still don't know. But we do know that Ronnie's disability is much like cerebral palsy; his speech comes slowly, and he has a hitch in his walk. Faye and I have resolved to do everything that will give Ronnie the maximum opportunity to live a full, useful life.

Transfer Back Home

For the next six months Faye's sisters, Trudy and Bernice, took turns caring for us in our Hollywood home. They were mothers, housekeepers, nurses, chauffeurs and ears to the outside world. But in June, 1959, we decided that we would be less bother and happier in our previous hometown, Chula Vista, California. And our old family physician, Dr. John Neal, promised that he'd take us under his wing.

In Chula Vista we received all sorts of new help from the outside. The Visiting Nurses Association sent us a physical therapist to help in Faye's rehabilitation. To regain use of her left arm, she had to perform a supervised set of exercises twice a week. She also had to learn a new walk; bone removal during surgery had left one leg shorter than the other. Today her limp is slight, and her arm works perfectly.

The Homemakers Service of San Diego County sent us a woman to run the household until Faye could take over at the end of 1959. The cost was nominal, the service magnificent.

The staff of Chula Vista's F Street School and the Cerebral Palsy Foundation went to work in

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Ronnie's behalf. Through them we were able to have Ronnie admitted to the School for Cerebral Palsied Children at Altadena, California. There he gets the most thorough, advanced therapy available. It costs us nothing. He will leave the school at the end of this year, armed with skills and a plan for his future drawn up by the school. At that time we will know how optimistic we can be about the extent of Ronnie's capabilities.

Dennis is also in a special California school. Because of his sharply reduced vision, he was declared legally blind, and thus could take advantage of the training offered by the State School for the Blind at Berkeley, California. He is wholly adjusted, completely caught up in his new environment. Because he does have some sight, Dennis is a kind of leader and helper for the other children. In addition to a full schedule of regular academic subjects, he is learning swimming, piano and Braille. He writes to us regularly and comes home for vacations. Again, California pays the entire bill. As for Doug, he is a typical teen-ager—over six feet tall, gangling, popular, a boy of fourteen who is almost a man. He is a fine student, a good athlete.

Record Medical Bills

Our bills have passed the $65,000 mark. We have set records with the California Physicians Service, our group health plan, which has already paid out some $35,000 for our hospital-medical care. From insurance and salary, we've been able to cover about $11,000. (We had to use much of the original $15,000 from the auto insurance for living expenses.) That leaves us still in debt, but we're confident; we'll pay.

People have been good about that too. Druggists, grocers, nurses and doctors have let us run up tremendous accounts. According to our records, we've been tended by more than forty doctors, more than twenty special nurses and six hospitals in the last four years.

We also have our lawyers working in our behalf. Because the men in the other car, Stanley and McKeown, had no money and left no estates, our legal suit—for nearly $500,000—is directed against the rental-car company. It has been a long and complicated battle, mainly because the auto-rental company contends that driver Stanley was not the man who signed the rental agreement. But we hope that one day soon we'll have our day in court.

Meanwhile Faye has become a contributor to the family financial pool. Since early this year she has been society editor of the Chula Vista *Star News*, our semiweekly paper. Me? I'm selling cigars and back to 205 pounds, almost the jolly fat man again. And, yes, I do drive—maybe a little more carefully than most people.

Now, almost four years afterward, the horrible moment of our accident is still very close to all of us. And this we know: It has been love, not money, that has healed so many of our wounds. Faye and I share a closeness which few people can ever have the joy of knowing. We also know, in our hearts, that God must have been riding with us on that hot afternoon in 1958. THE END

Ronnie Sobel lopes out to meet his visiting parents and brothers. The most seriously injured member of the family, Ronnie attends a California school for cerebral-palsied children. Proof of his progress is on the school's play yard (below). Showing off before his most admiring fans, Ronnie takes a healthy stance in the batter's box and prepares to swing at baseball.

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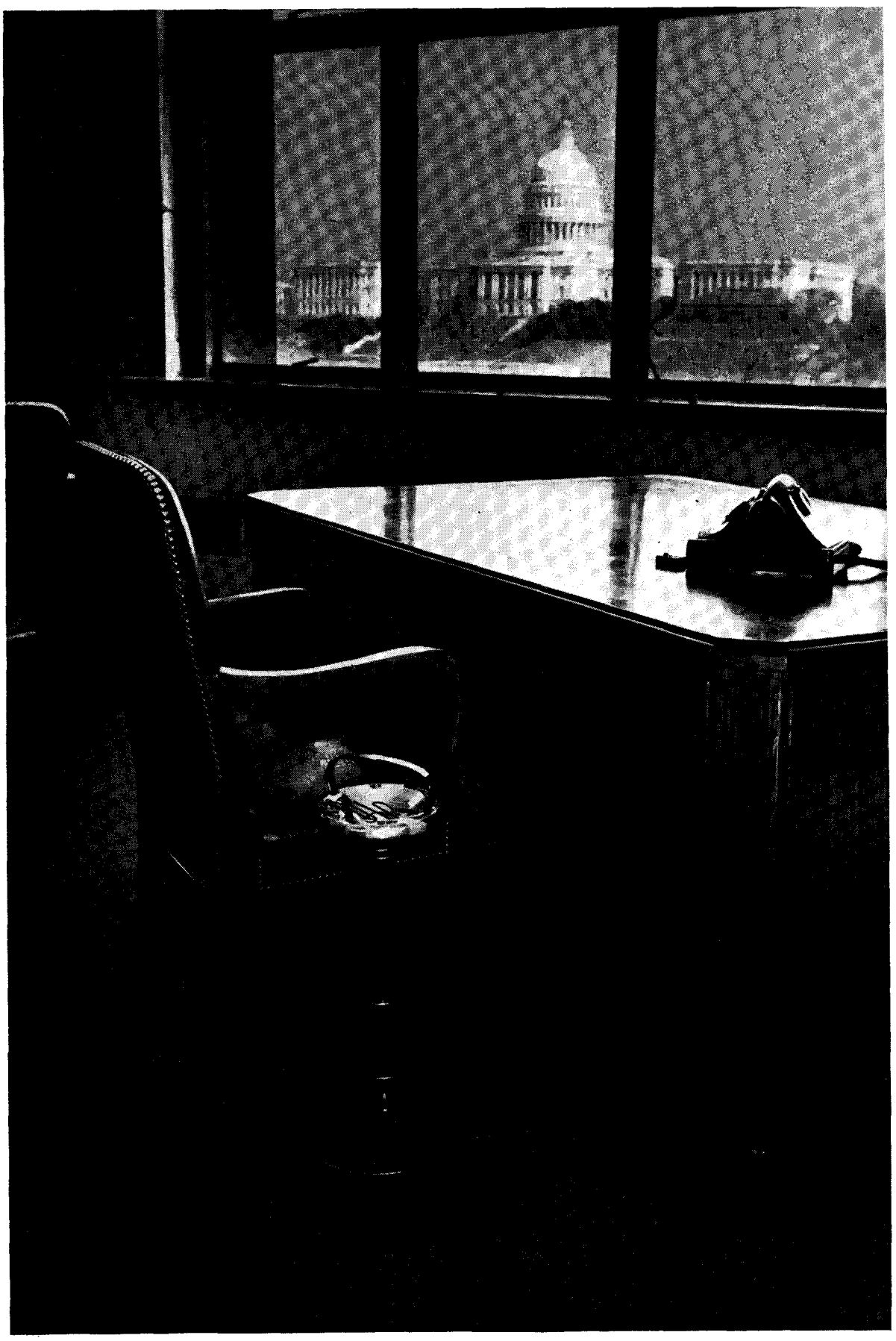
Help Wanted In Washington

The Kennedy Administration's talent hunt has turned up one solid find: Too few top minds want to work for their country.

BY DON OBERDORFER



This vacant office illustrates the crisis: Essential tasks go undone for want of able men.

One day in March, 1961, a studious Pentagon economist named Alain Enthoven began the search for ten highly skilled persons to make cost-effectiveness studies for Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara. The new boss at the Pentagon needed these studies as a guide when making decisions about money, men and weapons to protect the United States. Such decisions affect billions of dollars in defense funds, the future bloom or blight of major corporations and the jobs of many thousands of men and women—as well as the security of every citizen.

Today a disheartened Enthoven is still looking for his experts. Dozens of qualified prospects have turned down his offers for all-too-familiar reasons: "I've got a good job now in private life with better salary and good promotion chances. I'm working at my own speed, insulated from pressure groups, deadlines, and Government red tape." Ironically most of the men who wouldn't help do McNamara's studies owe their private positions to Defense contracts.

As this is written, Enthoven has been able to recruit only five of the qualified men he needs. Meanwhile he is doing the best he can to complete the most essential McNamara studies. He has buttressed his staff with a fifty-dollar-a-day special consultant (who will make more this way than Enthoven could pay him as a regular Government employee). The skeleton staff puts in many hours of unpaid overtime. Enthoven's own New Year's resolution was to work only sixty-six hours a week, but he isn't keeping it.

A Problem for the President

Enthoven's understrength staff is hardly a drop in a Federal Government ocean of 2,445,588 civilian employees, but his plight is worth considering. Starting with President Kennedy himself, many Government officials are having difficulty getting and keeping highly skilled people. Important public tasks have been hampered because key jobs had to be filled on a stopgap basis, or not at all.

This situation deserves careful examination, because the health and the prosperity, even the life of every citizen, depend in large part on the Government's skill in meeting national challenges. If the Government cannot do its best because it does not have enough top-quality workers, the results can be appalling: bumbling bureaucracy, costly mistakes.

Most of the 470,000 people hired last year by Uncle Sam were, of course, routinely picked from rosters of Civil Service applicants. But Federal officials found themselves beating the bushes for highly

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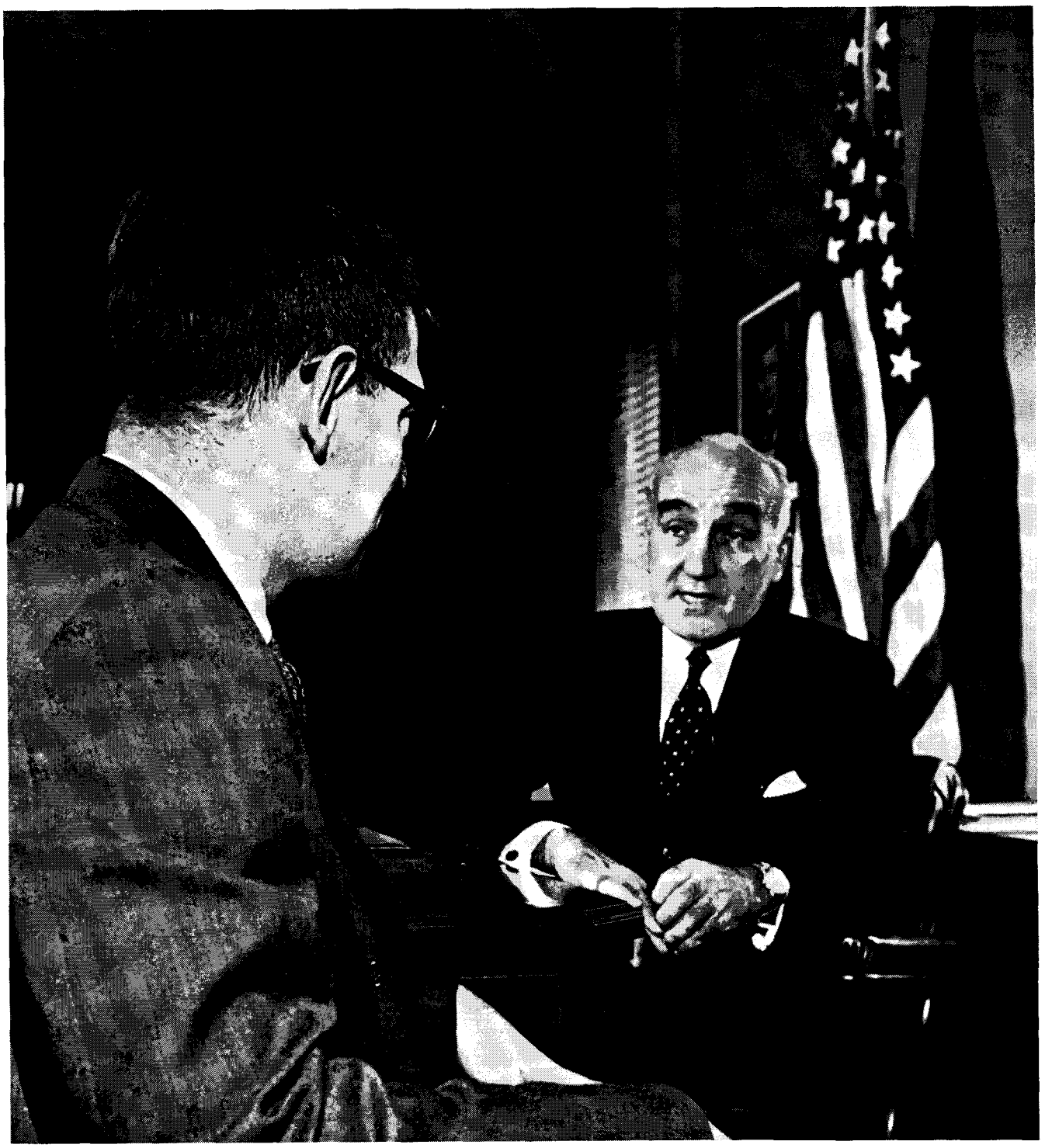
Don't put shoes on hot, itchy feet without applying Absorbine Jr. with penetrating YG-7.

New Applicator: Convenient, no spill, no waste.

NOTE—Foot Specialists: Write for summary of laboratory research on effectiveness against embedded fungi. Address: Medical Director, W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



Foreign-aid chief Fowler Hamilton (right) interviews a recruit for his far-flung agency. Even with White House help he cannot find all the men he needs to oversee a multibillion-dollar program.

HELP WANTED

skilled individuals to fill some of the most important jobs.

President Kennedy has complained to friends that getting good men is among his own toughest problems. The man who helps with this burden is Ralph A. Dungan, thirty-nine, a five-year veteran of the Kennedy entourage and now the most exalted headhunter in the Government. In a recent three-month period Dungan was looking for several new ambassadors, four members of regulatory agencies and high-level staff members for the State Department, Air Force, Navy, Commerce Department, Agency for International Development, Federal Aviation Agency and the American delegation to the United Nations.

On recent recruiting missions, Dungan and other White House insiders met such rebuffs as these: "My wife and I like living better where we are." "My firm can't spare me." "I'm just too selfish to work for the Government." "The offer isn't attractive enough." Several businessmen turned down bids for fear they might lose their preferred places in the management hierarchy of their companies. A foundation executive was reluctant to give up his wide-ranging freedom of action.

It is not uncommon for the White House recruiters to receive several turndowns for every acceptance at high levels. Two prospects for one high-ranking national-security job refused even to come to Washington to discuss the matter.

Human problems and aspirations abound. The wives of some prospects are dying to join the Washington social swim. Others abhor the thought. Four prospects for one job said no because each had an emotionally disturbed child and would not take him away from special treatment.

One reason that the Government so often comes out second best is that—in Dungan's words—"we are dipping into a very, very shallow pool." The competition for skilled and vigorous managers is so keen that some business firms have turned to "executive pirates" to get the men they need. The "take-charge guys" in business, as in Government, are choosy. Dungan's eyes were opened to the shortage of such people when a corporation sent a man to get White House suggestions on locating executives. "You people know a lot of talent that's available," the emissary explained.

Politics plays a part in the White House talent hunt, but the party organizations rarely turn up job seekers who can meet the requirements of many high-level posts. Dungan keeps a chart of election returns in his office as a reminder of reality. Even so, he estimates that less than a third of those he has recruited since Inauguration Day were originally recommended by political sponsors.

At high levels it is usually the job which seeks the man, and until recently the White House has contributed little system to the searching. The normal procurement procedure is wryly known at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue as the "BOGSAT" method. The initials stand for

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"Bunch of Guys Sitting Around the Table," or the old game of "Who d' ya know?"

Last August Dungan brought in Dan H. Fenn Jr., a faculty member of the Harvard Business School, to find a better way. Now the two men are fashioning a nationwide network of anonymous and unpaid talent scouts. So far they have developed about 150 of them. Of those about eighty are from businesses and legal and consulting firms. The others are in labor organizations, universities, foundations, trade and professional associations, or politics and government. Usually only a small group is consulted about any one job. Top prospects turned up by the scouts are described on punch cards, for future reference.

The special effort now is beginning to pay off. A small White House office entirely concerned with recruiting serves as a valuable clearinghouse. And the "bank" of several hundred active punch cards is proving increasingly useful in identifying top men to fill vacancies.

Frustrations of Foreign Aid

One of the most woeful recruiting areas has been the Agency for International Development, which runs the foreign-aid program. There the hopeful headhunter is Fowler Hamilton, fifty-one, an energetic Wall Street lawyer who assumed the job of administrator last October. He spent about half his early months in office seeking talent. Friends and foes of foreign aid agree that a shortage of effective people has been one of the program's major difficulties.

Staffing problems start right at the top. At least twice in the past seven years the White House has had to offer the leadership of the foreign-aid program to more than fifteen men before finding one who would take it. In that time five different administrators have served, averaging only sixteen months each in the job. A congressman dealing with the multibillion-dollar program complains that the typical administrator is always just about to "abandon ship."

Hamilton's first-string staff consists of eleven assistant chiefs in Washington and fifty-seven directors of individual country teams around the world. Major recruiting drives, employing White House help, were needed to fill these posts. Even now, several of the top overseas posts are vacant. The agency expects to have to seek six to twelve more country directors this year to fill further vacancies.

A country team director must lead his own American staff in a strange land, administer large expenditures in places where business practices vary greatly from our own and negotiate with rulers who may want to spend aid money foolishly. Under any circumstances it would be hard to find men with enough drive, talent and experience to fill such jobs. Hamilton's difficulty has been compounded by what he has to offer.

A country director's pay is typically $16,000 to $20,000 a year, less than many such men make on the outside. Because of the conflict-of-interest laws, most of them must give up profit sharing, stock options or pension rights from their private jobs. They must be willing to go with their families to places where life can be difficult and disease is endemic.

Hamilton has found it takes him three or four times as long to find a key man for the aid agency as it takes to find a man for private business. Asking a man to sever previous ties and benefits, Hamilton believes, is his toughest hurdle. And yet there are men who don't fear to jump it.

"One forty-six-year-old man stood in front of my desk and tore up stock options worth $350,000 in future earnings to take an $18,000-a-year job," Hamilton reports. "He has a couple of kids in college. He's done well in life and thinks it is very important for Africa to be democratic instead of Communist." Few are called upon to make such a sacrifice. But many persons are unwilling to make much smaller ones.

Another skilled group causing headaches for the headhunters is the scientific community. One of the many scientist-administrators concerned about the problem is Dr. James A. Shannon, now in his seventh year as director of the famed National Institutes of Health. Last year his organization financed $387,000,000 in medical research—more than all the nation's drug companies, foundations and other private institutions combined.

Most of the Institutes' money is granted to laboratories and investigators outside the Government. But Shannon relies on a staff corps of some 130 top professional men for leadership, research direction and technical advice on the whole program. During the past two years Shannon has lost one in every five of this group. He has found it difficult, and sometimes impossible, to replace them.

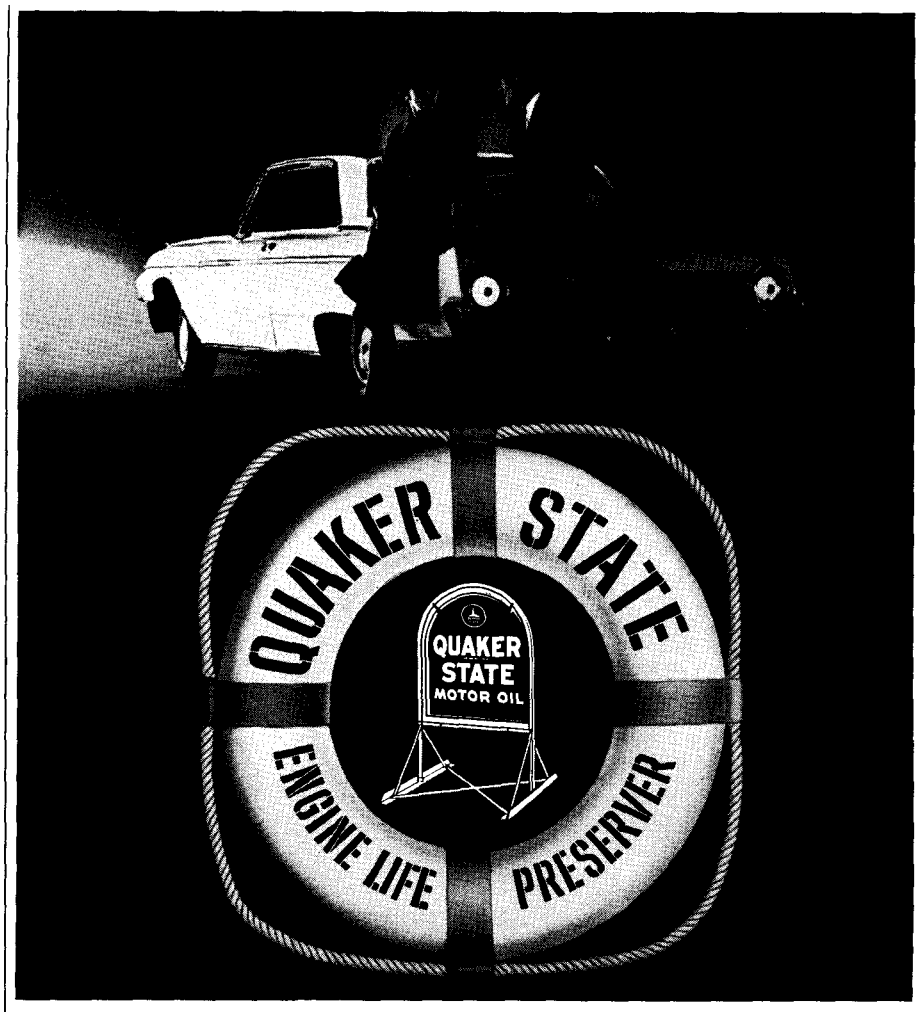
The National Cancer Institute carries with it the hopes and fears of millions of Americans. Yet a top leadership job in cancer research was vacant for more than a year while Shannon sought a replacement. Eight skilled cancer surgeons are needed; only two were available at the end of last year. Research suffers. The quest for a qualified research pediatrician has continued unsuccessfully for seven years. A senior scientific post in the drug-research section has gone begging for a year; ten qualified scientists turned it down. All were earning at least $5000 a year more than Shannon could pay.

Pay is Doctor Shannon's greatest problem. "The men we want are often fascinated by the program and say they want to come. Then they add they just can't afford it," he reports. "The real question is whether it is possible for any Government agency to maintain consistently high standards of excellence. If not, both science and the taxpayer will suffer. There's nothing more wasteful than the expenditure of research funds on people who don't have what it takes."

Tension Among the Test Tubes

Many other Federal agencies have been having increasing trouble getting and keeping outstanding scientists. The problem has been attacked by a series of special task forces and study groups which have been finding that private life frequently offers not only better pay, but better working conditions for scientists. It is a tribute to Government scientists that so many of them have stayed on the job. The Government itself is largely responsible for its own competition, since two of every three research-and-development dollars spent in America come out of Federal coffers.

The problems of Ralph Dungan, Fowler Hamilton and Dr. James A. Shannon differ in detail, but they are grounded in a common situation. Each of the headhunters is seeking to tap for the Government skills which are scarce in the nation as a whole. And as the Federal Government expands, the shortage becomes increasingly acute.



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Pentagon economist Alain Enthoven (head of table) presides over a half-strength staff which analyzes defense spending. Dozens of experts turned down Enthoven's job offers. A common reason: low Government pay.

Dr. Marvin Stern, deputy director of Defense Research, packs up to leave. He described his Pentagon work as the "most stimulating and rewarding" of his career, but quit to take a higher-paying job with a major aviation firm.

HELP WANTED

Many Americans still think of Federal employees as a vast, faceless army of clerks. But today's Government requires an incredible range of special skills, from instructors in Swahili to experts in geophysics. It has been officially estimated that more than half of all Federal employees are doing jobs that did not exist before World War II. And the tide of complication still rises. A wing of B-52 bombers, the strategic weapon of the '50's, requires 136 technically trained officers for functions such as maintenance engineer. But a wing of Atlas missiles requires 716 such men, more than five times as many.

It is well known that the United States has found it useful to carry on a cultural exchange program with the Russians to bridge the gap between two widely different ways of life. Fewer people realize that creeping complexity has forced three departments of our own Government—State, Defense and Treasury—to operate a formal "exchange of persons" program among themselves. Key officials trade places for a time with their colleagues across town to learn the problems, perspective, and even the specialized language in another Federal cosmos.

To keep up with the personnel requirements of such an age, reforms are needed. President Kennedy and his advisers have mapped out four basic ones.

First, there is the Government's white-collar pay structure, now a national monument to inertia and neglect. A century ago the Government began paying its blue-collar workers on the basis of wage surveys of private industry. But partly on the old theory that anybody could do the Government's white-collar work, pay in this category lagged.

A maze of more than 300 different statutes determine the pay of Government workers. Piecemeal changes have boosted rates at the bottom, but kept a relatively tight lid on those near the top. Surveys in the past two years show that the average Government messenger or junior clerk makes more than the going national rate outside. But the pay of men with major skills and major responsibilities lags far behind industry and even behind many state and local governments.

The Boss's Embarrassing Letter

Today's pay gaps lead to ludicrous situations. Dr. Allen V. Astin, director of the National Bureau of Standards and a world-famous scientist, was asked last fall by a West Coast consulting firm to recommend a scientific assistant for a private firm with Government contracts. Aiming for high-quality candidates, the consultants asked Astin not to bother recommending anyone making less than $20,000 a year. Astin himself earns only $18,500 after ten years in his job. None of the 1543 professional scientists and engineers under him makes more. Astin is worried because some of his best men have been leaving.

President Kennedy has asked Congress to make Government pay roughly comparable to that for equal work in private life. His pay reform is proving politically difficult, since the pay gaps to be closed among high-level and specially skilled employees would bring them larger raises than the more numerous rank and file.

Another proposed reform involves the conflict-of-interest laws, which seek to insure that public officials give their full allegiance to the public interest. The purpose of the laws is a worthy one, but most of the statutes were drafted before 1873. Today Government and business are often intertwined. There has been a tremendous increase in part-time consultants, particularly in the scientific field, who are partly in and partly out of Government. Pension and profit-sharing plans have become keystones of personal security.

President Kennedy has said that the outmoded laws raise "wholly unnecessary" obstacles to the Government search for talent, while failing to do their main job of preventing abuses of the public trust. Kennedy himself was tripped up when he first tackled the ancient laws last year. He asked Charles Horsky, a Washington attorney, to serve as an unpaid adviser on overhauling the statutes. Investigating the conflict-of-interest laws themselves, Horsky discovered that it might be a criminal violation for his large law firm to keep its tax or antitrust practice if he accepted the presidential bid. The President had to look elsewhere for help.

They Forget to Plan Ahead

Government personnel planning must also be improved. Agencies now plan the outlines of their budgets five years ahead, but they usually fail to make corresponding projections of their manpower needs. Yet a shortage of talented people, rather than a shortage of money, is the main obstacle to some programs. Next year the Civil Service Commission plans to ask for manpower estimates to accompany long-range spending estimates.

The commission itself, which is the central arbiter of Government personnel policies, still lacks essential facts. Its campus recruiters expect to visit every college in the country this year, but the recruiters lack detailed information on unfilled jobs in various Federal agencies. Two years ago the commission began work on an electronic-computer system to remedy such defects. That program itself was hindered by an eight-month search for a qualified mathematical statistician to help plan it.

Finally, there is the need to lift the position of the skilled public servant in the American scheme of things. Except in wartime or major depression, the Government has had to stand near the back of the line for many types of talent. Extensive recent studies by the Brookings Institution show that a majority of people feel they would be "moving down the ladder" if they shifted to a Federal job.

The dangers of the present situation were recognized late last year by Sen. Henry M. Jackson of Washington, whose subcommittee was just finishing a two-year study of the nation's organization for survival in the cold war. "The heart problem of national security," he reported, "is getting our best people into key foreign-policy and defense posts. More often than not, poor decisions are traceable not to machinery but to people—to their inexperience, their failure to comprehend the full significance of information crossing their desks, to their indecisiveness or lack of wisdom."

Though there are now many outstanding people in Government, there is a growing need for men and women with scarce and valuable skills. If essential tasks are to be done properly, more of these people must be recruited. Uncle Sam has become a major force in virtually every area of American life. Today the troubles of its headhunters are, in a real sense, everyone else's troubles too. THE END

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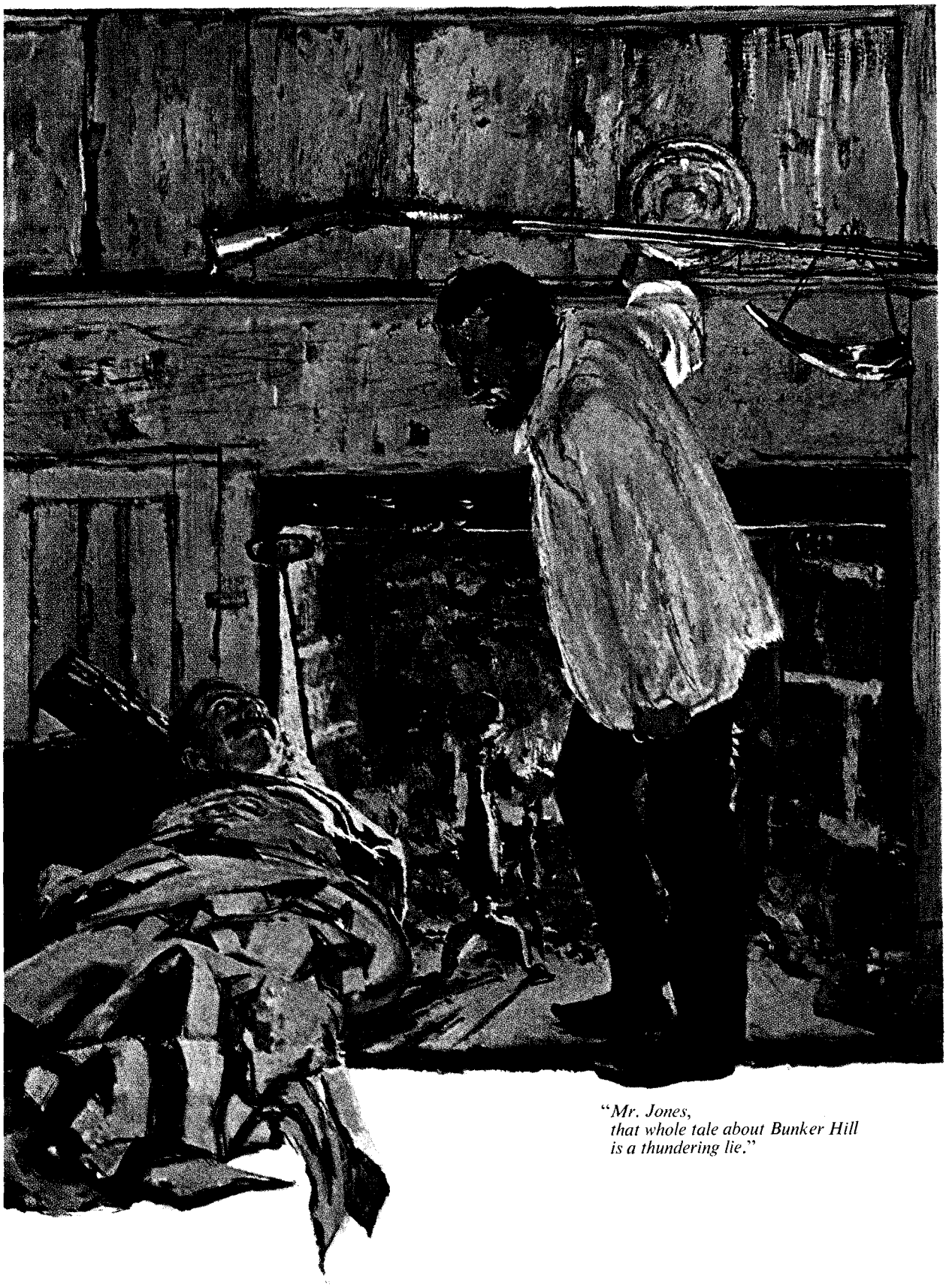
By Leonard Wibberley

Prevarication Jones



"*Mr. Jones,*
that whole tale about Bunker Hill
is a thundering lie."

Everybody who knew him—and that included all the settlers along the Monongahela and a fair number farther west on the Ohio—agreed that he was the biggest tarnation liar west of the Alleghenies. They made this remark judiciously, aware that there was a lot of territory west of the Alleghenies and that in the year 1784 this territory included some of the most beautiful liars ever produced by a young, vigorous and imaginative nation. Even his name attested to his reputation, for he was called Prevarication Jones.

"The Prevarication part is true," the boy's father said. "But as to Jones—why, I reckon that must be a lie like everything else, and his true name is likely Robinson or Williams or something like that." And then he gave a deep chuckle, a kind of hen's clucking as it were, in amusement at a man so talented in lying that people couldn't even bring themselves to believe that his name was what he said it was.

Prevarication Jones made three and sometimes four trips a year to the settlements along the Monongahela. His headquarters—or what he said was his headquarters—was Philadelphia. He was a packman, and on each trip he brought with him, besides his own mount, two pack horses whose saddles were laden with the kind of goods the settlers liked to buy. For the men he had English axheads and tenpenny nails and hammerheads and belt buckles—mostly of horn, but one or two special ones of hard iron. Also lead and bullet molds and springs with which to repair the cocking mechanism of their rifles. Sometimes, on special order, he would bring a rifle with him. But mostly he carried an assortment of parts from an assortment of rifles that his customers would paw through, looking maybe for a pan or a hammer or a spring or some such thing that would fit their own weapons.

For the women, Prevarication Jones brought mostly soap. To be sure, the women of the settlement—five families, including the boy's—could make soap of their own with fat and lye. It was good soap, but rough, and burned their hands if they got too much lye in it. But Prevarication Jones brought them special soap—Windsor soap, it was called. It was in nice little oval cakes and looked pretty; pink and yellow and white. And it was scented soap, smelling of roses or violets or some other flower.

All the women bought one or two cakes of the Windsor soap—"Made to the King's own formula," Prevarication Jones would say, as solemn as a parson at his psalms. They kept the cakes of Windsor soap on a high shelf in their kitchens and used it sparingly. The boy sometimes got a stool and reached up for his mother's cake of soap and sniffed at the fragrance in pleasure. He particularly liked to do this in the winter—to get the smell of roses when all around was deep in snow. That was a kind of miracle. Prevarication Jones was the man who made it possible, and the boy adored him.

Prevarication Jones traveled alone all the way from Philadelphia. The Indians weren't much trouble any more—not like they had been twenty years ago. And in any case he was a veteran not only of the frontier but also of the Revolutionary War and feared, as he put it, "neither man nor beast, savage or tame, but only God Himself." And then he would add with a shy

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This time his tall tales cost him a lifelong job.

ILLUSTRATED BY AUSTIN BRIGGS

smile, "And Him and me been friends for many a year."

The settlement in which the boy lived was on the right bank of the Monongahela, on a bluff overlooking the river. It was called Platts Landing, and the boy's father, Ephraim Platt, had built the first loghouse there. That was fifteen years or so before, and though Ephraim Platt was not conscious of this, he was a part of the westward movement of the American people that followed the Revolutionary War and would spill over the Ohio and on into the territories even beyond the Mississippi until the time would come when there would be Americans living all across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Others had come after Ephraim—the Blacks, from New Jersey, two years after; the Sawyers from Northeastern Pennsylvania a few months after the Blacks, and then the Pols and the Wainwrights. They all looked to Ephraim Platt as the oldest settler, and it was at his loghouse—there was a wall of stakes around it in case of Indian attack—that they met for social occasions.

In the settlement there were eight children of schooling age and five babies, and Mrs. Platt was of the opinion that the time had come to start a school. She was a very quiet woman and small, with hair so fair that, though there were several gray strands in it, they didn't show. Her hands were small and her feet were small, and she always looked neat, even when she had on the old black work dress that she wore while about her chores.

"We've got to have a schoolhouse, Mr. Platt," she said one evening to her husband as they sat down to their supper. "There's eight children in this settlement should be at school this very day."

"Then let their mothers teach them," said her husband. . . . "Boy, pass the salt dish. . . . Deer meat can stand a lot of salt, Mrs. Platt. Beef comes salty, being cured. But deer meat is fresh and must be salted if a man is to get any strength from it."

He reached out a big arm, and the boy passed the enameled bowl with the salt to his father. There was a Bible in their house and a picture in it of John the Baptist. Under the picture were the words A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS. The picture showed a big man with long hair and a huge black beard that came to the middle of his chest. It looked very much like the boy's father, and he sometimes thought of his father as John the Baptist; a voice crying in the wilderness. Crying about what? Crying about America. Some message about America and how the people must come and settle the land and make the nation bigger.

"That first little loghouse that we built, Mr. Platt," said the boy's mother, "would make a tolerable schoolhouse for now. Later we will want something bigger."

"So it would," said Mr. Platt. "So it would. It would indeed. There is no doubt about it." When he sensed that he was being driven into a corner by his wife, Mr. Platt, for all his big size, capitulated without any fight at all. He agreed, as it were, with an overabundance of concord, asserting in several different ways that what she said was absolutely right. Sometimes he found that by these tactics his wife would become uncertain and retreat from her position, and the matter would be dropped. But this was not such an occasion.

"Good," said Mrs. Platt. "Then that is settled."

"So it is," said Mr. Platt. "So it is. Except for a few details. As, item: what about slates to write on? And what about books to learn out of—spellers and such like? And what about benches to sit on? And what about someone to teach school?"

"We can get spellers and slates from Prevarication Jones," said Mrs. Platt.

"And who's to hold school?" asked Mr. Platt. "Not the men. They're busy in the fields. Nor the women, for they're busy in the fields too. Or with washing or mending clothes or making soap or cooking meals or caring for the babies. So who's to teach school? Answer me that, Mrs. Platt."

But it was the boy who answered. He didn't mean to answer. It just popped right out of him. And what he said was, "Prevarication Jones."

The boy's father had a gobbet of deer meat on his hunting knife halfway to his mouth when the boy said, "Prevarication Jones." The knife remained in midpassage, and Mr. Platt's mouth, the lips showing pink through his black beard, remained open, frozen for a second in surprise.

"Prevarication Jones!" he roared, when he had recovered. "There's a fine schoolmaster for you. He's the biggest tarnation liar west of the Alleghenies. Why, he'd stuff their young heads with nonsense until they couldn't tell black from white."

Mrs. Platt exchanged a quick look with her son. She saw that his eyes were brighter than they should be and his face pale with anxiety.

The boy lowered his head quickly and said, "I don't think he's a liar. Not on important things." He didn't say this very loud. He was talking to himself really, assuring himself that this was so. But his father heard him.

"Not really a liar, eh," he said. "Not on the important things, huh? Well, I can tell you everything he says is a lie, and what is particularly a lie is that story of his about the Battle of Bunker Hill. I know that's a lie, and if he had any regard for his reputation, he would leave that one out when he's spinning his tales."

"You enjoy the tale yourself, Mr. Platt," said his wife.

"Ah, so I do," replied her husband. "And that other one about being with John Paul Jones, on the *Bonhomme Richard.* Enjoy them very much. But they're both lies, like everything he says.

"Now I'll tell you what. If Prevarication Jones will just admit to that tale of Bunker Hill being a lie, then there might be some hope for him as a schoolmaster. But otherwise, no."

"Admit it or prove that it is true," said Mrs. Platt, looking at the boy. For answer Mr. Platt snorted and left the table.

Prevarication Jones visited the settlement two weeks later. That was at the end of June. He had his usual assortment of goods, not forgetting the scented soap for the women. And for Mrs. Platt he had brought a little silk bag full of lavender seeds.

"I mentioned your name to my friend Mr. Franklin—Benjamin, that is," he said. "And he asked me particularly to bring this to you. The great ladies of France wear them sewn in their dresses, and he had it from the Countess of Vercennes. He would take it as

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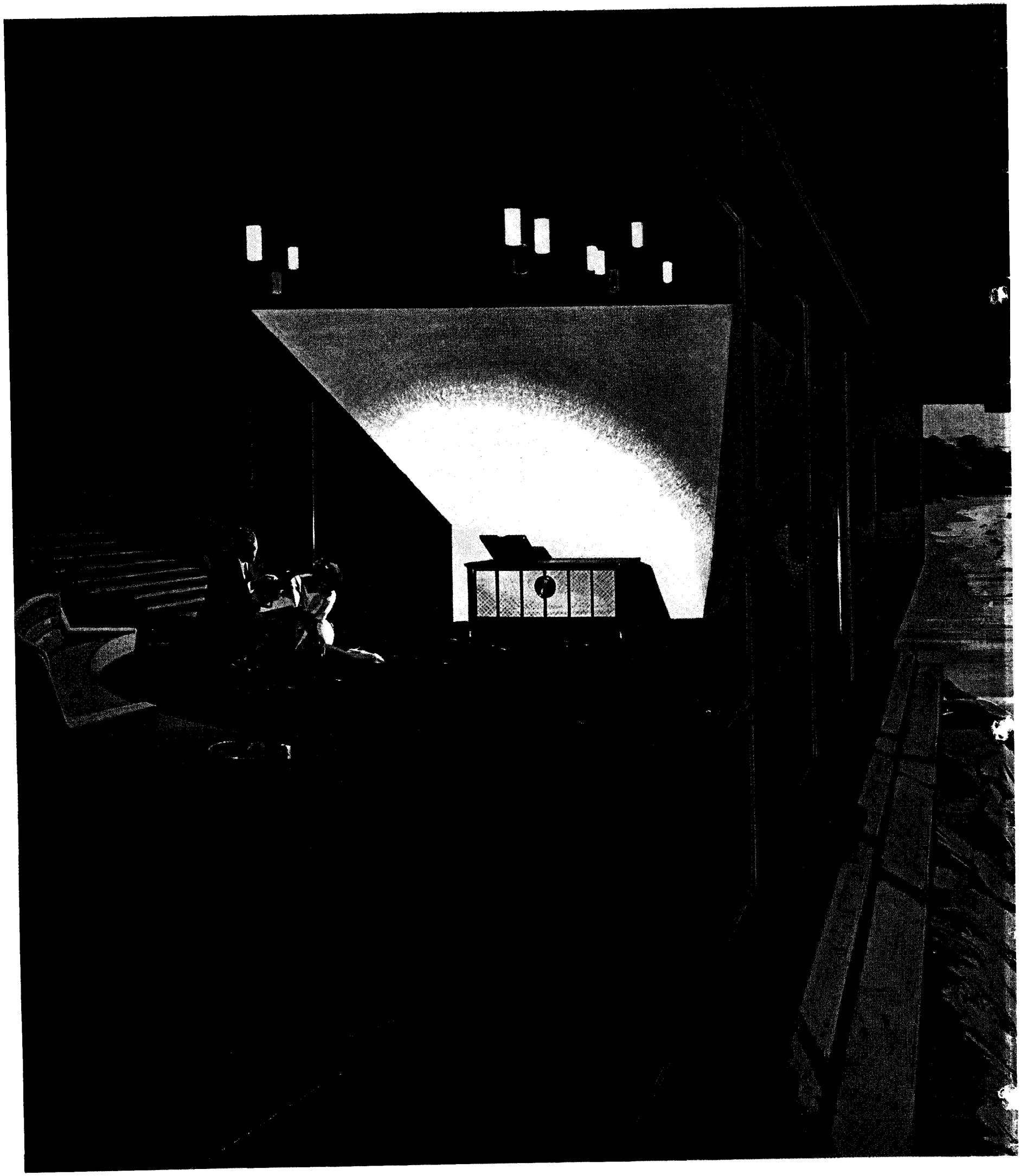

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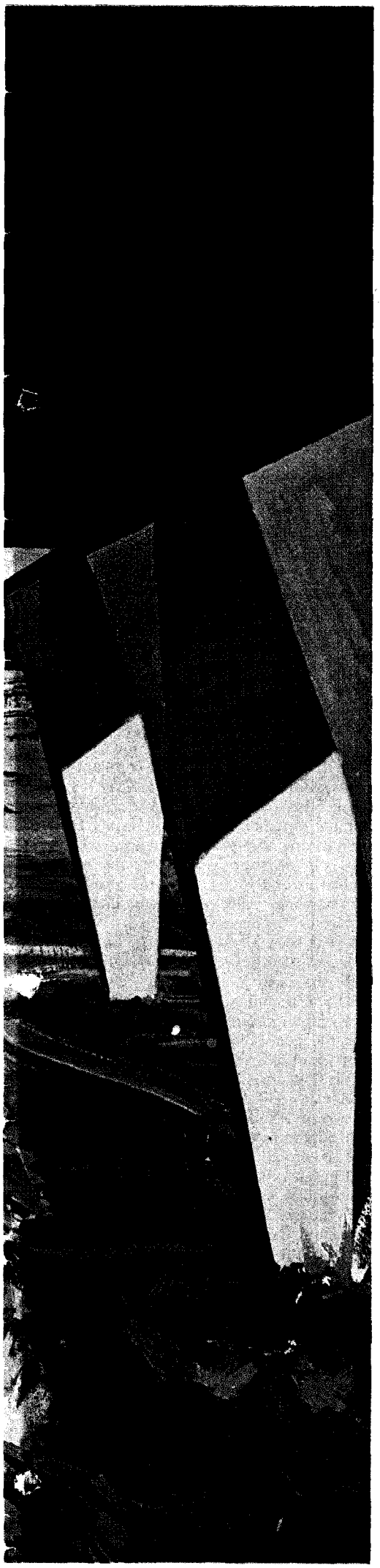

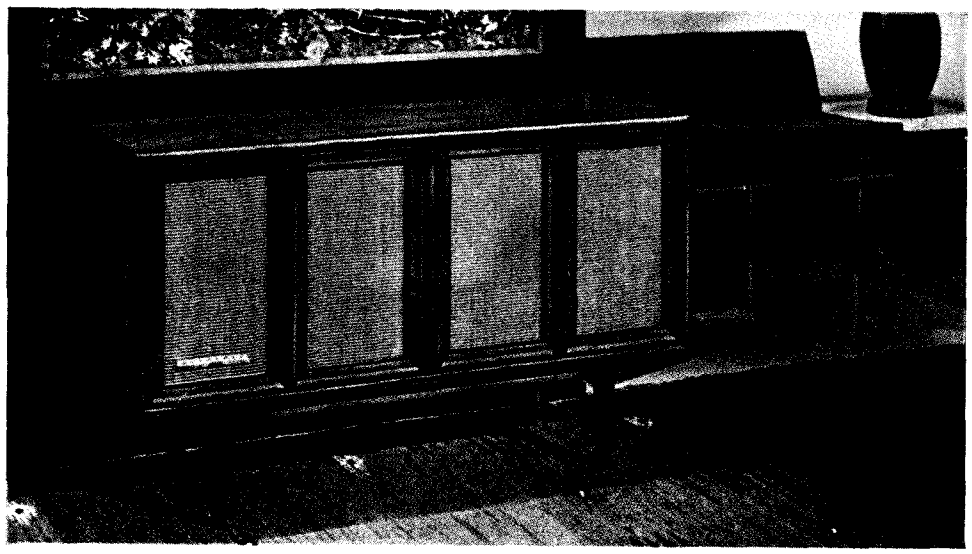

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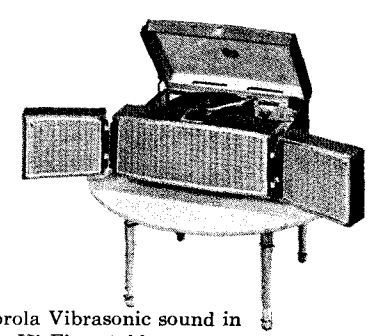

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Prevarication Jones

a favor if you would accept it from him, though a stranger."

Mrs. Platt was all blushes as she took the little silken sack of lavender and sniffed it and then handed it to all the other women, who exclaimed over it with gasps of pleasure. The men stood around grinning. They liked Prevarication Jones. There was no harm in him at all, and the little gifts he brought for the women gave them the kind of pleasure that they, in the rough frontier life, could not provide and indeed did not even think of. That lavender bag, for instance. It was certain that Benjamin Franklin had never seen it. But it was a pretty woman's thing, and long after the last fragrance had gone, Mrs. Platt would treasure it and might even come to believe that once it had been worn by one of the great ladies of France. So she would have a tiny link, even if it were imaginary, with Paris and the great, exciting world beyond the mountains.

When he had made the initial sales from his pack and given all the women some little trinket—always with a sort of footnote that it had once belonged to some great man or woman—Prevarication Jones was brought into the Platt house and given a meal of breast of venison with corn stuffing and potatoes and a special gravy that he pronounced superior to the best to be had anywhere.

And then, for this was always the custom during his visits, the whole settlement gathered in the Platt loghouse, and listened while Prevarication Jones told story after story. Some of the tales his audience had heard before, but nonetheless they delighted in them. There was the tale of the Maumee Indian chief he had met and whose life he had saved.

"He gave me," said Prevarication Jones, "this stone here. It is a bluish stone as you can see, and it has this curious property, that laid between any wound and the heart, it will instantly combat any malignancy and speed the healing of the wound in a miraculous manner."

The stone was passed from hand to hand, the children holding it the longest, their eyes big with wonder. One little girl put it on her doll, from which the foot was broken off. Seeing this, Prevarication Jones exchanged a barely perceptible nod with her mother, and the boy knew what that meant. Prevarication Jones would provide a new foot for the doll during the night when the girl was asleep.

Then he told the story of the eagle that had carried away a sleeping child in the Hampshire Grants and how by using a bull-roarer—that is, a long string with a weight on the end, whirled above the head to produce a deep hum—he had charmed the eagle to the ground and returned the infant unhurt to its mother.

It was Ephraim Platt, who not without a measure of vindictiveness, prompted him to tell the story of Bunker Hill.

"June seventeenth, 1775," said Prevarication Jones, for this was the way he always commenced his account. "And as nice a day as a man could expect in that part of the world. I particularly recall the grasshoppers singing in the long grass before our works. The grass came up the flanks of the hill toward our works. It was pale gold and should have been cut for hay, but had been left until the summer was a little further advanced. It was to be cut that day, though—not by scythes, but by bullets. The British lined the foot of the hill at the shore, and some of their war vessels had been bombarding us all morning. Now you'll say it's strange that over cannon shot I could hear the grasshoppers singing. And yet I could, and thought it strange myself. Most of the shot was spent when it reached us and rolled along the ground like bowling balls—eighteen-pounders they were.

"We'd been all night putting up the defenses. Mostly we dug a ditch and threw the earth in front in barrels and sacks and suchlike containers, and were thirsty about noon. Two boys went back over the peninsula, but all they could bring for us to drink was rum, and heady stuff it was too.

"About noon, I would say, the British were ready. There were three lines of them at the foot of the hill—three red lines as straight as pokers. I remember an English officer's voice saying something—quite sharp, though I couldn't catch the words. Then there was another voice, and the words came to us clear, for the cannon fire had died down. They were, 'The infantry will advance on the enemy's works.' It gave me quite a turn, hearing that quiet voice coming up the hill and realizing that we were the enemy. Three meadowlarks rose up in the air right then out of the long, pale-gold grass, and I thought it might be a sign of some kind. I turned around because it frightened me to see those redcoats come on in such fine formation and saw General Washington standing right behind me.

"'Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes,' he said, and I can tell you that those words steadied every mother's son of us. . . ."

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So the tale went on, very vividly told, of the repulse of the first assault and then the second assault and then the lack of powder and men giving a ragged volley and doing what they could with spades and mattocks against the English bayonets. Not a word was uttered by the audience during the telling, and at the end there was a stirring, like a sigh of content and pride that the challenge had been met. The men had stood and America had been born that day.

Even Ephraim Platt was moved and, watching his son's solemn face, his small jaw set tight and his lips pulled into a thin line, he was glad that he had not interrupted, as he had planned, and pointed out that he knew for a fact that George Washington had never been present at Bunker Hill and Prevarication Jones neither and so the whole thing was suspect.

But, moved as he was, he still was determined that the man wouldn't do as a schoolmaster. His wife might be set on it and the boy might want it, but a schoolmaster had to know the truth from a lie. And Prevarication Jones didn't.

Ephraim Platt, though a man of sentiment, was also a man of purpose. And when the audience had gone and the boy had gone to bed, he confronted Jones before the dying fire.

"Mr. Jones," he said, "that whole tale of yours about Bunker Hill is a thundering lie, and you know it. You weren't there and neither was George Washington. He didn't take command of the Continental Army until after the battle had been fought.

"Now," he continued, "there's some thought of starting a school here, and Mrs. Platt has you in mind for a schoolmaster. You are an educated man, I have no doubt. But you'll understand that we can't have a schoolmaster who is a tarnation liar. If you'll admit to me, man to man—just me, mind you—that that story of Bunker Hill is nothing but lies, since you weren't there nor George Washington neither, then you can settle here and teach school, and the community will support you. Otherwise it's a packman's life for you to the end of your days. And you are not getting any younger."

"Mr. Platt," said Prevarication Jones, "I regret that you take that view of my tale. And now, sir, I am weary and would like to sleep."

The boy watched him for a while as Prevarication Jones lay on the two benches which served him as a bed before the fire. He did look old. *What happened to packmen when they were old?* the boy wondered. *Who took care of them?* It became all the more important that Prevarication Jones become the schoolmaster in the settlement. But he would never admit that George Washington had not spoken to him at the Battle of Bunker Hill. Maybe it wasn't true, but Prevarication Jones, the boy sensed, would never admit it. And then maybe it *was* true. There was only one man who could say so, one way or another—a man who had a reputation for never telling a lie.

The boy went over to his mother's bed. She woke, as she always did, as soon as he stood beside her. He bent over and whispered something in her ear so as not to disturb his father, and she got quietly out of bed after only a slight demur and, taking a sheet of paper and a pen, started to write at the kitchen table.

Prevarication Jones left early the following morning, announcing that he would likely be back in September, and all summer long the boy kept thinking about him. The school was opened in the settlement, and the women took turns at teaching, but it was not really satisfactory because, although they could teach ciphering and arithmetic and reading, they knew little of history or geography or other subjects. And sometimes they were too busy to teach, and there was no school. Even Ephraim Platt agreed that it was not a satisfactory arrangement.

In September he will be back, the boy told himself all summer long. *And then my father will see that he should stay here and teach school—even if he is the biggest tarnation liar west of the Alleghenies.*

Prevarication Jones did come back in September, but a little later than usual, and it was plain that he was not well. The journey had tired him, he said, and he talked about mountain sickness and said he knew of a particular root shown him by an African when he was on the Barbary Coast that would cure him. It grew hereabouts as well as in Africa. He must first rest and then find the root and all would be well.

"It's your fault, Mr. Platt," said his wife, when she got him by himself. "You've taken the heart out of him. He's not telling his tales the way he did. You should be ashamed of yourself."

"What? For telling him he's a liar?" said her husband.

"No gentleman would do such a thing," replied his wife.

"A liar's a liar," said Mr. Platt.

"And a gentleman is a gentleman and wouldn't say so," said his wife in unaccustomed rebellion.

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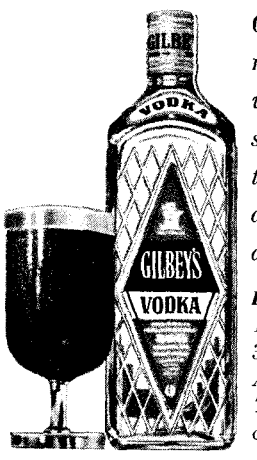

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Prevarication Jones

Prevarication Jones stayed a week, but grew weaker rather than stronger. To be sure, the women brought him broths and soothing drinks and fussed over him and made the children play away from the Platt house so he could get some rest. But, as Mrs. Platt had said, his illness was of the spirit, and without the spirit the body could do little.

Finally one day Mr. Platt took his son aside. "Boy," he said, "do you write well?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"I mean ciphering, not printing. I can print myself."

"I cipher well if I have the good quill," said the boy. "The one Mr. Jones brought from Philadelphia. The one that was used by Mr. Jefferson to write the Declaration of Independence."

The father flushed and was about to say something about tarnation lies, but checked himself. "All right," he said. "Get it and some paper and some sealing wax and bring it over to the schoolhouse. I have a letter for you to put down as neat as you can. Say nothing about it to anybody."

The boy did as he was told, and the letter was written.

That night the neighbors assembled again in the Platt house, as was their custom. Prevarication Jones was there in the chair that was reserved for him, but nobody expected him to tell any stories because he was feeling so poorly. To thank them, he tried, but every time his eyes met those of Mr. Platt, he failed and the spirit went out of his tale. In telling the story of the Indian chief and the wonderful bluestone, he did not even bother to produce the stone, such was his lack of animation.

"I have an apology to make in your presence to Prevarication Jones," said Mr. Platt, blushing but resolute, when this particular tale was done.

"I had accused him privately when he was last here of lying about the Battle of Bunker Hill. I told him that George Washington was not there at that battle, and so his whole story was a lie. But I have got a letter brought down the river that shows he was right and I was wrong. Boy, give me that letter."

The boy reached for the letter his father had dictated to him and about which he had been told to say nothing, but to be ready to produce it. But, even while he was fumbling in his pocket, Mrs. Platt was on her feet. Blushing slightly, she herself produced a letter—a letter with a big wax seal on the cover and addressed in a florid and forceful handwriting.

"I think this is the letter you want, Mr. Platt," she said in her small but determined voice. "It came by the keelboat yesterday."

Much disconcerted, Mr. Platt took it from her, turned it over a couple of times, opened it, glanced at the signature at the bottom and started reading. It went:

"*Madam:* I trust you will forgive the delay in replying to your letter about one Prevarication Jones and his part and mine in the Battle of Bunker Hill. I have read with interest your story of his account and have been deeply moved by it.

"The Continental Army was made up of many men such as Prevarication Jones. It was they, rather than I, who saw the Revolution through to success. It is their tale, quite as much as mine, that should be given credence by their fellows in the recounting of the many battles they fought against appalling odds. Let me say that I am indebted to Mr. Jones for making me the hero of his tale, and let me add also, Madam, that I could not, with honor, quarrel with a word of it.

"Your Obedient Servant,
"George Washington."

There was a deep silence when Mr. Platt had finished reading this letter. All eyes were on Prevarication Jones, who was working his mouth and who raised his sleeve for a moment and brushed it fiercely against his cheek.

"I trust, Mr. Jones," said the boy's father, "that you will forgive me for my doubts and stay here with us in Platts Landing and school the youngsters. We'd be proud to have you, if you are so minded."

Prevarication Jones looked straight at Mr. Platt and then reached a trembling hand out for the letter. He read it through in silence himself and put it carefully inside his deerskin tunic.

"June seventeenth, 1775," he said suddenly and fiercely, and launched again into the tale of the Battle of Bunker Hill, told with all his old vigor.

He'll be our schoolmaster then, said the boy to himself.

And suddenly he was filled with a great surge of love not only for Prevarication Jones but also for his father and for another fine gentleman and soldier who lived hundreds of miles away, whose honor was beyond question, who had stood by his friend, and whose name was George Washington. THE END

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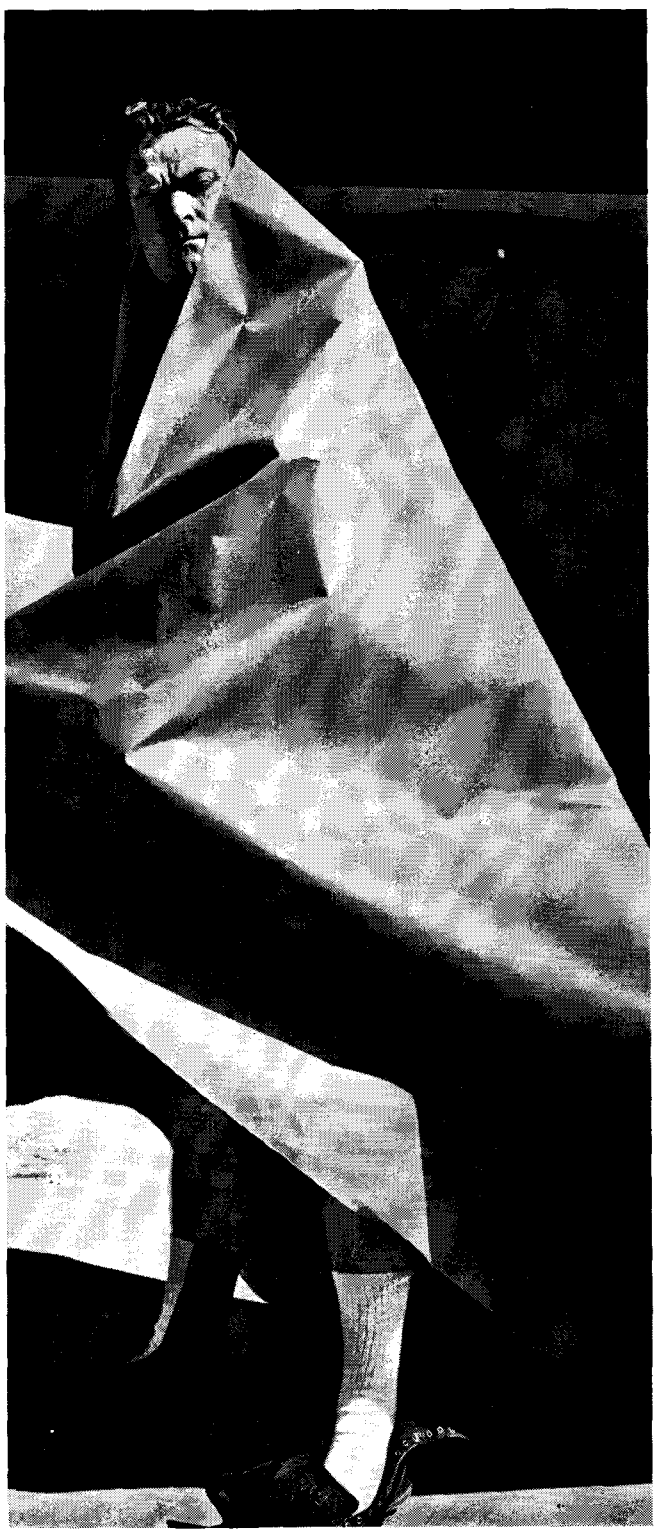
Sad and Lonely Clown

Red Skelton, a comedian for thirty-three years, has banked millions. But offstage he is tormented—Hollywood's loneliest man.

By DEAN JENNINGS



Wrapping himself in a paper backdrop for a gaggy photograph, comic Red Skelton mocks fighting defiance of the outside world.

Groucho Marx once saw Red Skelton give a virtuoso performance in which the comedian played six widely different characters without props, special makeup or costumes.

Admittedly awed, Groucho called Skelton the "logical successor" to Charlie Chaplin in the difficult art of pantomime and added, "Someday the eggheads will take him up and start reading social significance into his antics. Let's hope they don't, because this has ruined many a good performer."

Groucho need not have worried. Red Skelton will never be taken up, as a pal, by the eggheads, nor by anyone else, because in his sad and lonely way he is as unreachable as a distant star.

At the age of forty-eight, though he is a multimillionaire and has broken all survival records in the hazardous business of television comedy, the great clown Richard Bernard (Red) Skelton is a tormented man who works at a killing pace because he then has less time to brood. Hedda Hopper, who is not exactly a Girl Scout in her appraisals of the Hollywood elite, says dolefully, "Red is the sweetest, most human man in this town, but I don't think he cares whether he lives or dies."

During the past three years Skelton has chopped off a succession of agents, managers, publicity men, attorneys and other personal advisers. He trusts almost no one, and his offstage life is a complex of phobias that would destroy a weaker man.

He is an insomniac who gets barely four hours' sleep a night. He suffers from a fear of failure which is so acute that it often makes him violently nauseated just before he starts a show, and he is so fascinated by the inevitability of death that he has already bought his own mausoleum. Until recently Skelton had an unreasonable fear of telephones, and he is still so afraid of the dark that he floods his vast Bel Air estate with light when the sun goes down.

Retreat to Paint

Skelton used to retreat to a trailer sanctuary on one corner of his estate to paint pictures of a red-haired circus clown. He painted more than 800 such clowns, but now he says dispiritedly, "I don't paint them anymore. I'll never paint them again. They have no value."

Skelton's emotional agonies are familiar to all his associates and fellow workers, but no one has done nearly as much about them as his one and only close personal friend, Jack Entratter.

Entratter, managing director of The Sands hotel in Las Vegas—Skelton plays there regularly—loves Red like a son. Skelton, in turn, says Entratter has become his "father" since the death of author Gene Fowler. "My own father died before I was born," Skelton says. "Gene was really the only father I ever had and, now that he's passed on, Jack has taken his place."

Entratter looks on this formidable assignment as a trust and is determined to make Skelton a happy man. He was with Red four years ago when the comedian's only son, Richard (Richy) Skelton, died of leukemia at the age of nine. And when the boy died, Entratter feels, something died in Red Skelton too.

Early last year Entratter discovered that Skelton was ignoring a ringing telephone as though it were a summons to disaster. "Now," he says, "when the phone rings in his room, I pick it up and say, 'Racket Squad!' That breaks him up, and I hand the phone to him. So now he'll answer it.

"I think clowns begin to feel sorry for themselves," Entratter says. "Red gets thinking about things that are far back in the past, and they get him down."

Born to the Big Top

Red was born in Vincennes, Indiana, on July 18, 1913, two months after the death of his father, Joseph Skelton, a clown with the Hagenbeck and Wallace circus. Red's mother, Ida Mae, was left without a dime, and Red had to quit school at age ten. He worked in the shipping department of a store, sold newspapers and sang and danced on street corners for pennies.

He can recall watching his mother work as a charwoman in a second-rate vaudeville theater. But he had no personal contact with show business until he sold a newspaper to a stranger one morning and, along with a dollar bill, he was given a ticket to see comedian Ed Wynn at the local theater that night. The benevolent stranger turned out to be Wynn himself. Skelton remembers that he went backstage and told Wynn he wanted to be a comedian too.

"That's fine," Wynn said. "But stick to comedy. Don't spread yourself too thin."

Skelton was about eleven when an oldtime medicine show came to Vincennes and, beguiled by the slick patter of the pitchman, the boy joined the caravan. He ran errands for the "doctor," did a pratfall now and then to entertain the suckers and filled bottles with the so-called medicine. "That stuff," Skelton says, "was nothing but Epsom salts, water and brown sugar, and the Doc was getting a buck a bottle for it."

For the next six years Skelton was a nomad. He played one-nighters with a stock company, worked minstrel shows and third-rate carnivals on the tank-town circuit. He was an apprentice clown with the Hagenbeck and Wallace circus and was a standup comic in a number of flea-bitten burlesque shows.

Those were grim years of poverty and hunger in moldy boardinghouses and thousands of miles in creaking buses or on train coaches. His traveling companions often included con men, chronic drunks, petty thieves and ladies of doubtful virtue.

"Most of the time we never got paid," Skelton says. "The managers paid our fare in and out of town and got us a room and a deal with a restaurant. If you got laughs, you were OK. If not, you got fired in a hurry." Unquestionably those painful years left their scars. But he can remember the pantomimes and the gags and the routines of every comedian he saw years ago, and thus has a vast reservoir of basic material on which he can make variations at will.

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A rubber face, a ridiculous hat, and Red Skelton takes on his public character—the greatest clown now performing in the United States.

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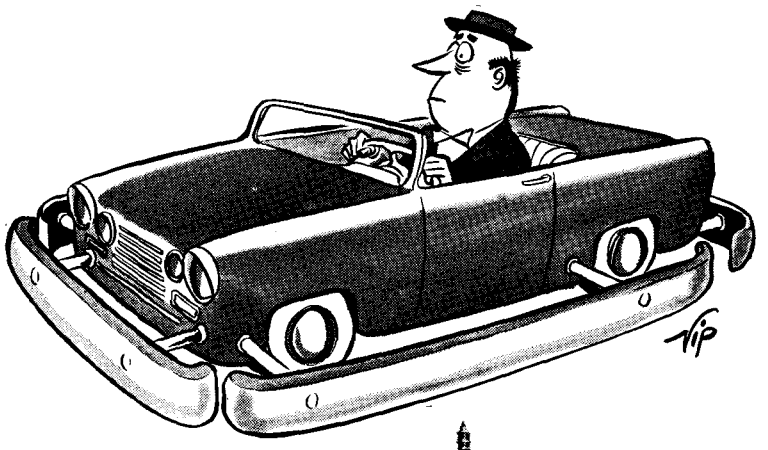
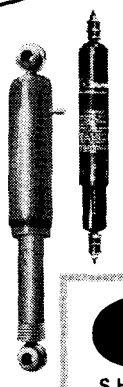
How to be a WRECK-LESS driver...by Vip





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Skelton quick-steps his way through a TV skit. Offstage he lives at the same pace, afraid to pause or stop performing.

SKELTON

In June, 1931, when Skelton was almost eighteen, he was a sort of baggy-pants master of ceremonies for walkathons, those weird endurance contests which were euphemistically called entertainment during the depression period. During one of those shuffle marathons he met and married a girl named Edna Marie Stillwell, who became his partner on stage and determined to prevent Red from being shortchanged by greedy managers.

Not every artist knows the exact moment when he quit being a palooka and moved into the big time. But Skelton is so certain that he mentions the event in his sketch in *Who's Who in America*. He was playing Loew's Montreal Theater and one evening went into a restaurant where he saw a man clumsily dunking doughnuts in a cup of coffee. The fumblings of this unknown but now immortal doughnut dipper inspired Skelton to work out a hilarious pantomime which wowed his Canadian audience. The skit next won him a long-run booking at the Paramount Theater in New York, followed by a radio series in Chicago and a movie contract at M-G-M. Skelton did the dunking scene in his first picture, *Having a Wonderful Time*, and he has been fracturing audiences with it ever since.

Skelton is fiercely jealous of his original sketches and can get almost apoplectic about any rival comedians who steal his material. "They say imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," he says bitterly, "but I say imitation is the lowest form of thievery. I stop 'em if I can. Everything goes on paper, and I copyright it in the name of Red Skelton, Richard Skelton, Richard Bernard Skelton, Dick Skelton, Skelton-san, or anything else I can think of. Yeah, I fix 'em. Like in the doughnut-dunking routine. My copyright list on that covers doughnuts, rolls, crackers, toast, crullers, hard bread, soft bread—anything that can be dunked in coffee, tea, milk, chocolate, or any other liquid including water and Ovaltine."

Skelton's infinite variety of jokes and sight gags seems to come from nowhere, and the audience gets the impression that they are dreamed up on the spot. But most of them are rehearsed. During a radio show some years ago, Skelton dropped his script and pages fluttered in every direction. "Oops!" he exclaimed. "Look at all those ad libs flyin' across the floor."

When I talked to Skelton at Harrah's, on Lake Tahoe in California, where he was then playing, I asked him how he distills his material.

Lie Down and Write

"Well," he said, "I go home at night and I don't sleep much and I lay there and I will write, say, ten or fifteen things that are funny. Then I go out and try them."

He began giggling to himself, and then he trotted out an example.

"Like the one I tried tonight," he said. "I said I was in Reno and I saw a fellow wearing a cowboy outfit. You could tell right away he was an easterner, because he calls a boy over, and he says, 'Hey, son, go to that cow out there and get me a glass of milk. And let it run till it gets cold.'"

Skelton quaintly calls some of his nocturnal creations "short stories," especially those which run two or three minutes. He probably has more than 1000 of them, bound in red morocco with gold

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Haunted by fears of failure or betrayal, worried that people may dupe him or damage him, Red Skelton relies on a private "no" man.

titles, and adds shyly that they must have some literary merit because the late Gene Fowler wanted to get them published in book form.

The deal never jelled, but at the moment some of these "stories" are being translated into Japanese and will be published by an American company for distribution in Japan.

"If anything happens to me, then maybe these stories will be worth ten or fifteen bucks to my family," says Red philosophically. But his confidence in his literary talents has been bolstered on a couple of occasions—when he won an Emmy award for the best comedy writing in television, and recently when he was awarded an honorary doctor of literature degree by Emerson College in Boston.

Skelton's idyll with Edna Stillwell curdled in 1943 when he was busy making pictures on the M-G-M lot—he has starred in thirty films—and they were divorced that year shortly before he went into the Army as a private.

Most Hollywood divorces generate combustible accusations, but the Skeltons never publicly discussed their differences. Indeed, Edna remained on the scene for the next five years as a sort of business wife, managing Skelton's affairs and keeping in touch while he toured the various theaters of war and gave an incredible total of 3800 shows for the troops. "Edna and I sort of raised each other," Skelton once said, trying to explain the curious arrangement with his ex-wife.

Edna was still around, working with Skelton, when he came home from the wars in 1945 and married Georgia Maureen Davis, a Hollywood bit player who, because she also had red hair, came to be known as "Little Red." Their daughter Valentina was born two years later.

Skelton, who was occasionally photographed at dinner with both Edna and Georgia, has frequently acknowledged his deep gratitude for his first wife's shrewd masterminding and has never denied that she virtually forced him to invest his money in such solid assets as oil and real estate. Moreover, he could credit her with a vital assist when, in 1949, he decided he had made enough movies and wanted to try television.

To the Picture Tube

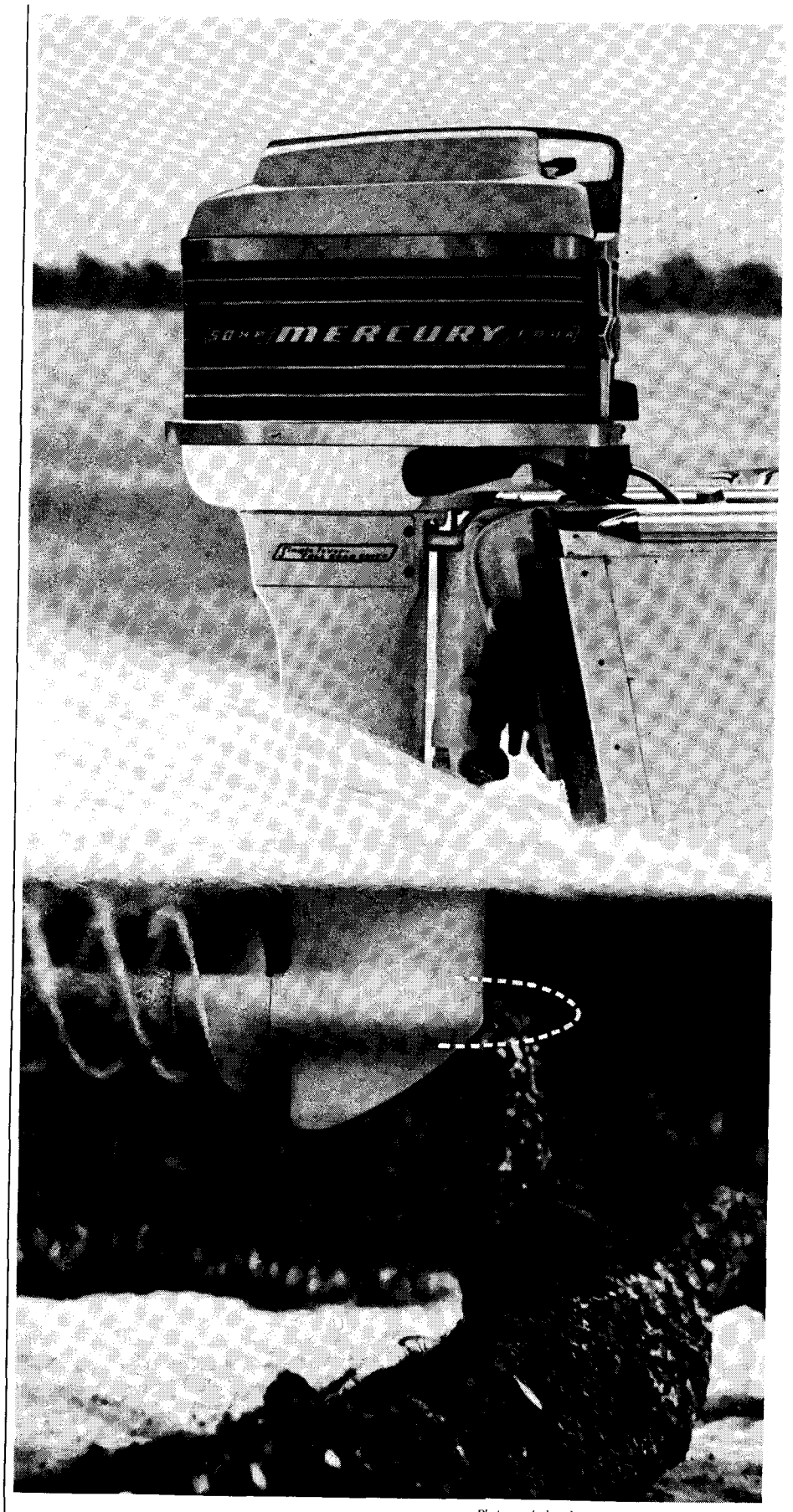
The late Louis B. Mayer, titan of the M-G-M lots, summoned Skelton one day and told him, "Your contract with us says you can't go into television at all. So forget it."

"You'd better read it again, Mr. Mayer," Skelton said quietly.

Mayer got out the contract, which Skelton and his wife had signed ten years earlier when television was scoffed at by most movie producers, and discovered to his chagrin that it contained an obscure clause permitting the comedian to work in TV.

The Red Skelton Show is currently in its eleventh year, a longevity phenomenon that puzzles and perhaps exasperates the Hollywood prophets.

In 1959, when Skelton celebrated his thirtieth year in show business, Bob Chandler of *Variety* analyzed the comedian's seemingly impregnable position. "Obviously it's more than a case of physical stamina," he wrote. "The best attempt to explain it is that Skelton is more clown than comic, his mode of expression is more universal than the others'. More important, he's a brilliant



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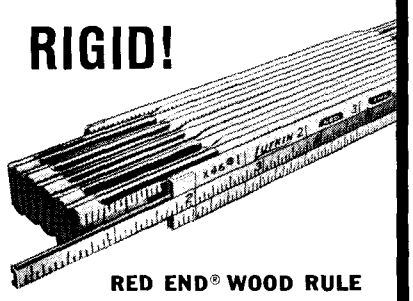

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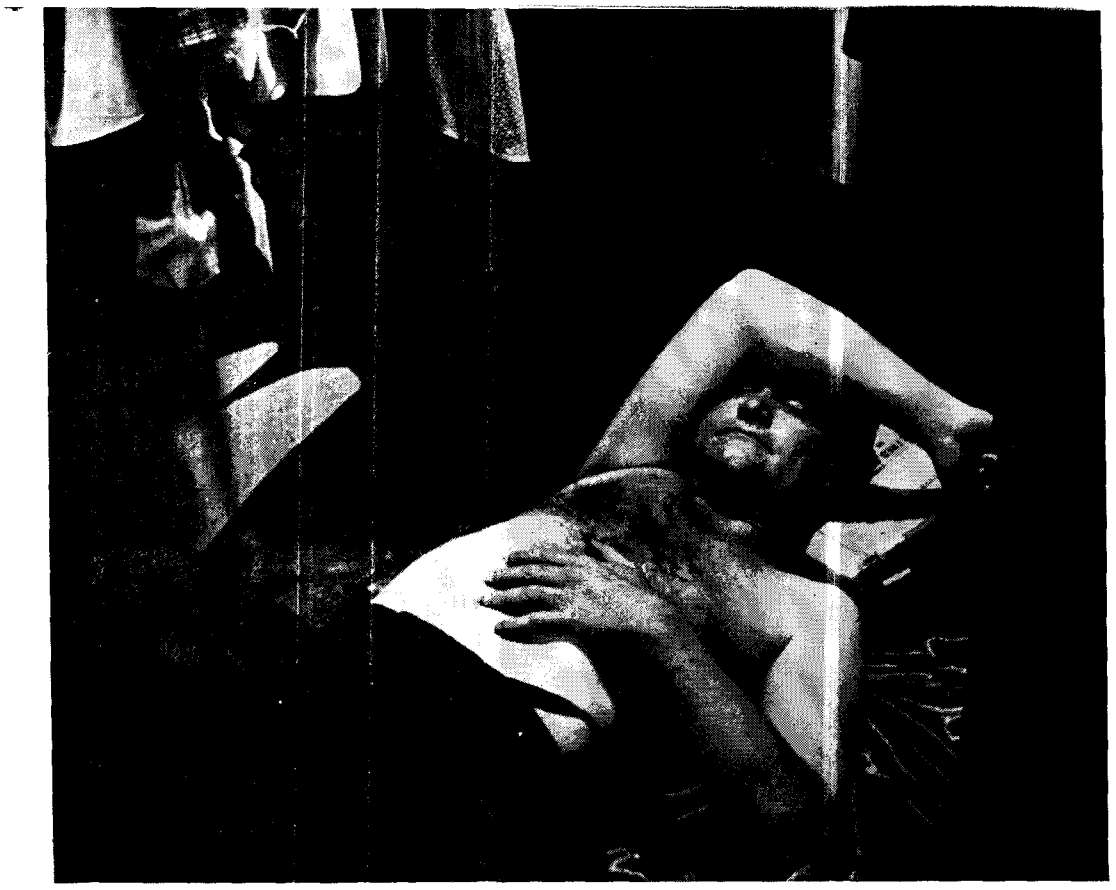
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN



Stretched out on a wardrobe-room floor at rehearsal, insomniac Skelton catnaps when he can.

SKELTON

pantomimist . . . a skill that embraces everything from slapstick to pathos."

Whatever the answer, Skelton has already won all the major prizes in the business, except the Academy Award, and his financial assets are formidable. He is the owner of the $3,500,000 Skelton Studios, and may sell the residual rights to his old TV shows for some $5,000,000 on a capital-gains deal. His four-acre estate in Bel Air, which was saved during last November's disastrous canyon fire only because his studio crew tapped his vast swimming pool for 35,000 gallons of water, is one of the most valuable private properties in the area. He can easily command $15,000 for a one-nighter at a state fair. "Imagine!" he exclaims in awe. "Fifteen thousand! One night!"

Skelton turned down a $55,000 offer to open the Seattle World's Fair. "The minute the Seattle people mentioned the price to the press I turned it down," he told me somewhat vehemently. "It's pretty hard to get a laugh when some guy in the audience looks up and thinks, *Where does this guy come off getting fifty-five thousand?*"

Skelton is outspokenly peevish about a number of other things, despite the fact that his press agents have recently taken drastic steps to keep him from talking about his personal affairs. Potential interviewers have been told to confine their questions to innocuous subjects, such as the art of comedy, humor in sports, pantomime or the problems of assembling a television show.

Unfunny Anger

But there are times when Skelton feels compelled to say what he thinks—for example, when he thinks he has been cheated on business deals. "I've been taken for a lot of money by one guy or another over the years," he says bluntly, "and there are times when I'm tempted to take a gun and blow their brains out."

Jack Entratter scolds Skelton about this. "Now look, Red," he tells him, "this is all water under the bridge. Forget about it. You can't get the money back. The only thing you can do is to be careful in any future deals so it won't happen again."

At the moment—because Skelton wants it that way—he will not make any picture deals, personal appearances, investments or engage in any business activity unless Entratter reads and approves the agreements or contracts. "Too often Red wants to say 'yes' and I have to say 'no,'" Entratter says. "But he goes along with my decisions because he trusts me and he knows there isn't a nickel in it for me."

There does seem to be a valid reason for protecting Skelton from contacts with unscrupulous persons, because he is a notorious pushover for a hard-luck story.

Once a self-proclaimed war veteran said he desperately needed money for his family and offered to sell a souvenir pistol to Skelton for the latter's gun collection. When Skelton took the man to his hotel room to get the money, the phony soldier jammed the gun into his stomach and said, "Gimme the cash. This is a stickup." Skelton was so wounded by this duplicity that he didn't bother to report it to the police.

The show-business people who love Skelton as a man are deeply concerned with his increasing morbidity, especially since it is a state of mind in violent contrast to the onstage Skelton they know.

When there are people around—and any two or more constitute an audience—Skelton works frenziedly to conceal his inner self, and a fortunate few have literally been doubled up by skits and gags that he will never do on television. These unscheduled performances generally take place backstage, and they serve the practical purpose of hiding the terrible tension and insecurity that afflicts him. He did one of these skits, a pantomime called "The Condemned Man and the Hardhearted Warden," during our interview. This macabre little scene, as Skelton plays it with all the marvelous contortions of his rubber face, is about a murderer who sits in the gas chamber and stubbornly refuses to inhale the deadly fumes. The warden furiously orders more and more cyanide eggs and tells the victim to breathe deeply and get it over with. But the man keeps holding his breath and finally, in a fit of pique, the warden jerks open the door and keels over from a fatal whiff of the gas.

The Amateurs Explain

The amateur analysts in Hollywood who are concerned with the woes and the idiosyncrasies of the stars have noted Skelton's monastic dedication to his art, and they are aware of his reputation as the loneliest man in Hollywood. They can come up with all sorts of answers—Skelton's problem with asthma, his broken friendships with former associates, an overwhelming insecurity, plus a little domestic friction now and then. Skelton himself touched on this latter point when he and Georgia were alone at Lake Tahoe for three weeks, saying, "We're having fun here. We have actually learned to live together, which is a very difficult thing."

But Jack Entratter, who knows him best, feels Richy's death is the real reason. "This has been terribly hard on both Georgia and Red," Entratter says. "Some people can get over these things. But Red is one who can't. Perhaps time will help. I hope so."

Richy's room at the Skelton home is exactly as it was four years ago—the childhood souvenirs are there, the worn toys, a crucifix sent to him by the late Pope Pius XII, the thousands of letters that came to both father and son from all over the world when the boy was dying.

Skelton rarely talks about Richy nowadays. He doesn't need to. He put all his thoughts in one revealing paragraph to a friend not long ago when he said, "Everybody has tragedy, and learns to live with it. If the little guy were still here, I'd be telling the same jokes, living my life the same way. Sometimes I sit in his quiet room and talk to him as if he were still there. I feel very close to him. I believe we were all put on this earth for a purpose—and I was put here to make people laugh. That's good enough for me." THE END

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On March 26, 1962, after more than eighteen months of study, our Company announced that it is changing the traditional pattern of issuance of The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal and The American Home. However, **ALL SUBSCRIBERS WILL OF COURSE RECEIVE THE FULL NUMBER OF COPIES FOR WHICH THEY SUBSCRIBED** and the Company will automatically extend the expiration dates of subscriptions accordingly.

During July and August, 1962, **THE SATURDAY EVENING POST** will be issued five times during the ten-week period covering the Independence Day through Labor Day issues. The first such combined issue will be dated June 30-July 7. Regular weekly publication will be resumed with the issue dated September 8 (on sale September 4, 1962). As in previous years, we shall combine the last two issues in December into a single issue. Beginning in 1963 we shall also combine the first two issues in January into a single issue. Altogether, this means 45 issues in a normal year.

The July and August, 1962 issues of **LADIES' HOME JOURNAL** will be combined into a single Summer issue. The January and February, 1963 issues will be combined into a single Winter issue.

THE AMERICAN HOME will be issued in a new and larger page size effective with the Summer, 1962 issue, which replaces the July and August issues. In 1963 the January and February issues will also be combined into a single Winter issue.

THE COMBINED ISSUES of each of these three Curtis magazines will be bigger and better than would have been feasible under the previous pattern of issuance, and these changes were considered preferable to the price increases that would otherwise have been necessary in order to meet rising costs. The single copy price of The Saturday Evening Post remains at 20¢, Ladies' Home Journal and American Home remain at 35¢ each.

The subscription prices per year will also remain as at present, but for 45 instead of 52 issues of the Post, and for 10 instead of 12 issues of the Journal or American Home.

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QUEEN OF ANGLERS

(Continued from page 28)

kept in tip-top shape. Mrs. Dean owns fifteen Fin-Nor fishing reels—precision pieces of machinery that are virtually handmade and cost from $250 to $645 each.

Billfish—marlin and sailfish primarily—are usually hooked on baits trolled from outriggers (long slender poles that extend out some thirty-five feet from the sides of the boat). The fishing line runs from the rod to a clothespin on the outrigger, then to the water. The outrigger keeps the bait (usually a small dead mullet, balao or mackerel) out of the boat's wake and on the surface, where it skips along like a live fish. When a billfish taps the bait with its spear, the line is pulled from the clothespin, and the fifty or more feet of slack line falling into the water allows the bait to sink like a stunned fish, giving the billfish time to swallow the bait. This is called the "dropback." As the line comes taut, the angler strikes hard to "set the hook." Or most of them do.

A Secret: Don't Strike

But while watching Dorothea Dean in action during the I.W.F.A. Billfish Tournament in Palm Beach last January, I learned what seems to be part of the secret of her success. She doesn't strike her fish—not on light tackle anyway.

"I don't think it's necessary," she told me. "In fact, it may yank the bait right out of the fish's mouth, or break the line. After my dropback, I stop the reel from spinning with my thumb and wait to see if I feel the fish on the line. If I do, I put the reel in gear and start cranking. If I don't feel the fish, I release the tension on the line and drop it back again. I may do this several times after a single strike; and often the fish will finally take the bait. Understand," she said, "I don't claim my system is best, but it works best for me."

Bringing in a big fish requires close co-ordination between angler, captain and crew. The captain, steering from the bridge or from the tuna tower high above the cabin, constantly scans the water for fish and keeps in radio contact with other boats to learn where fish are being caught. After a strike he maneuvers the boat in such a way as to help the angler as much as possible. When a fish is brought up to the boat, the mates take the leader wire and bring the fish aboard, either by gaffing it or—in the case of very large fish—by securing it with lines and hoisting it up the gin pole (a kind of davit) with a block and tackle, or by sliding it through a door in the stern.

Boating a big fish is always a ticklish proposition. Marlin and swordfish have sunk boats by ramming their bills through the hulls and have splintered fighting chairs and rods with their thrashing tails. Mrs. Dean once caught a 235-pound marlin that was hooked in the eye and came in easily, appearing to be paralyzed. When it was brought aboard and the hook removed from its eye, the fish went wild and almost tore up the cockpit, knocking down the 250-pound mate and leaving both the mate and the skipper bruised and bleeding before they subdued the fish with a billy.

Hooked sharks are often violent too. Off Bimini last May, Mrs. Dean set a world mark by catching a 316-pound mako shark on twenty-pound-test line. She brought the big shark alongside in the remarkably brief time of ten minutes, but then the shark attacked the boat and bit large chunks of wood out of the hull. Although the captain and mate hit the shark repeatedly with baseball bats, it was still alive and dangerous four hours later.

Among angling experts, Dorothea Lincoln Dean is perhaps best known for her noteworthy catches of Gulf Stream "middleweights" on extremely light line. On ten-pound-test line she has caught twelve white marlin, including a ninety-six-pounder. On eight-pound-test line she has caught six white marlin, the largest weighing seventy-four and a quarter pounds. And on six-pound-test line she has taken fifteen sailfish, all of which were released alive and therefore were not weighed.

Such extraordinary achievements as these—which could roughly be compared to catching trout in a mountain stream on sewing thread—have helped to make Dorothea Dean a controversial figure and have not added to her popularity with those members of the International Women's Fishing Association who are as jealous as they are zealous. Some of her ultralight-line catches have been labeled stunts ("You can't whip a white marlin on eight-pound-test line—all you can do is chase it down with the boat") or even questionable ("Nobody can be that good. It's hard to believe she's really catching those fish").

But such opinions are in the minority. Those who have fished with Mrs. Dean praise her abilities. "People claim she's lucky," said I.W.F.A. member Mrs. Lew Parkinson, "but that isn't the answer. Sure, she sometimes gets the breaks—but she *makes* the breaks. Besides her terrific skill at playing fish, she has a stick-to-itiveness that you can't beat. She'll go out when it's so rough you have to hang on for dear life, and she'll only complain because the boat won't get to the fishing grounds faster.

"During the 1960 Silver Sailfish Derby off Palm Beach, the weather was so cold and windy that on some days there was almost no one fishing except Dorothea in her ski parka on *Nefertiti*. Once in a rough sea an overhead rod rack broke loose and hit her on the head, giving her a slight concussion, and she didn't even quit then, but went on and fished."

One of Mrs. Dean's former skippers, Capt. Fred Hastings, puts it this way: "She has almost a sixth sense. When you've got a fish on and it changes direction, you may have only a split second to adjust the drag on your reel or to take up the slack. Mrs. Dean always reacts instantly. And she's willing to take chances. She'll try anything—even if the experts claim it can't be done. Whoever heard of catching sailfish on six-pound-test line? Nobody, as far as I know, until Mrs. Dean did it. She even fished six-pound-test in a tournament, when nearly everybody else was fishing twenty- and thirty-pound-test."

A Matter of Sensitivity

Dorothea Dean feels that women are more adept than men in the delicate art of landing ocean fish on light tackle. "Women are more patient, for one thing," she told me, "and I believe that, in my case, musical training has helped. My fingers and hands are very sensitive to vibrations, which helps me feel the fish on the line and to sense what he is doing and to judge how much pressure the line will stand. I tighten and loosen my brake constantly according to what I feel is right."

Many tournament results in the last few years support Mrs. Dean's view that women may be better fishermen than men. In the four-year-old Key Colony Beach Sailfish Tournament at Marathon Shores, Florida, no man has yet won. In 1958 Dorothea Dean won; in 1959 Mrs. Suzanne Higgs came in first, with Mrs. Dean coming in second; in 1960 Mrs. Delema Lofland won; while in 1961 it was Mrs. Sharron Riseling. All except Mrs. Lofland are members of the International Women's Fishing Association.

The I.W.F.A. began inauspiciously with a half dozen ladies who in the early 1950's often fished off Palm Beach with Capt. Frank Ardine and soon became known as the Gulf Stream Garden Club, a whimsical reference to the ladies' noticeable talent for snagging seaweed. In 1955 two members of the club—Mrs. T. T. Sherwood and Mrs. A. D. Crowninshield—met Mrs. John Rybovich during an all-male International Light Tackle Tournament at Palm Beach, and the three women discovered they shared a common complaint: the adamant attitude of men who prohibited women from fishing in tournaments.

Before the day was over, the nucleus of the International Women's Fishing Association had been developed. During the next few weeks the ladies telephoned many other "fishing widows," and in March, 1955, they held the first meeting of I.W.F.A. There were sixteen members present at the home of Mrs. Crowninshield.

Hemingway Presents a Trophy

Later that year the I.W.F.A. put a team composed of Mesdames Crowninshield, Sherwood and Rybovich into competition at the Hemingway Marlin Tournament in Havana. "We didn't do so well," Mrs. Sherwood recalls. "The only thing we hooked during the meet was a seagull that swooped down and grabbed one of the baits." Two years later, though, the women got their revenge. At the 1957 Hemingway tournament an I.W.F.A. team made up of Mrs. Sherwood, Mrs. Milton Bird and Mrs. Joseph Dixon whipped a field of 194 crack anglers from all over the world to take first place. Ernest Hemingway presented the trophy.

There are now about 325 members in the I.W.F.A. from thirty states, the Bahamas, Mexico, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. Not all are expert anglers by any means. The only requirements for membership are that a prospective member be of good character and be sponsored by another member. Dues are ten dollars or fifteen dollars a year, the choice being left to the member. And not all the members own their own boats. Some fish from charter boats, and others do most of their fishing in lakes, canals, rivers or the surf.

Since its inception the I.W.F.A. has strongly stressed the release of fish—particularly species such as sailfish and tarpon, which are not considered good to eat. Unless a fish is thought to be a record, it is generally turned loose. Extra points toward monthly and yearly awards are given for releases. The use of light tackle is urged, and the lighter the line, the more points an angler receives for a catch.

Three membership meetings and usually three tournaments are held each year. One member told me, "Anything can happen when you get a bunch of women together in a fishing contest. Once, during a bass tournament at Lake Okeechobee, Mrs. John Cutter was casting along the shoreline and hooked a cow and a pig in a single day. We gave her a special booby prize at our banquet after the meet."

When the I.W.F.A. took in Dorothea Lincoln Dean, she was a novice angler. Although she had raced and sailed boats as a girl in Cohasset, Massachusetts, her main interest in her early years was music. Daughter of Boston financier and yachtsman James Dean, she attended Wellesley and the New England Conservatory of Music and became an accomplished pianist and composer. Her talent was recognized by Arthur

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Fiedler, whose Boston Pops Orchestra played one of her compositions, *Nocturne for Orchestra.*

Skiing became her hobby in her twenties, and participation in the sport (as well as two brief, unhappy marriages) led her away from the serious study of music. First in Vermont, then in Sun Valley, Idaho, she gave to skiing the same competitive zeal she now gives to angling, and although she once broke a leg and twice broke an ankle, her enthusiasm was not shaken.

While in Idaho she married for the third time and became interested in camping and ranching, helping her husband manage their sheep-and-cattle ranch and living for months at a time in a sheep wagon. After they were divorced and he was killed in an accident, she reverted to the use of her maiden name, then returned to the East, bought a farm in Vermont, and began spending her winters in Palm Beach, where she had frequently visited when she was a girl.

Her first fishing trip was in January, 1957, with her friends Lew and Del Parkinson on their charter boat *Charmer.* Mrs. Dean caught a sailfish and, as she declares, "*I* was hooked too." She threw herself into the sport with her customary fervor and soon became an expert on fishing tackle and technique. Before the year was out she had set two world records for women and had taken second place in the Bimini Blue Marlin Tournament.

She has continually raised her sights, and in September, 1961, she went to Wedgeport, Nova Scotia, to try her skill on the famous tuna grounds there.

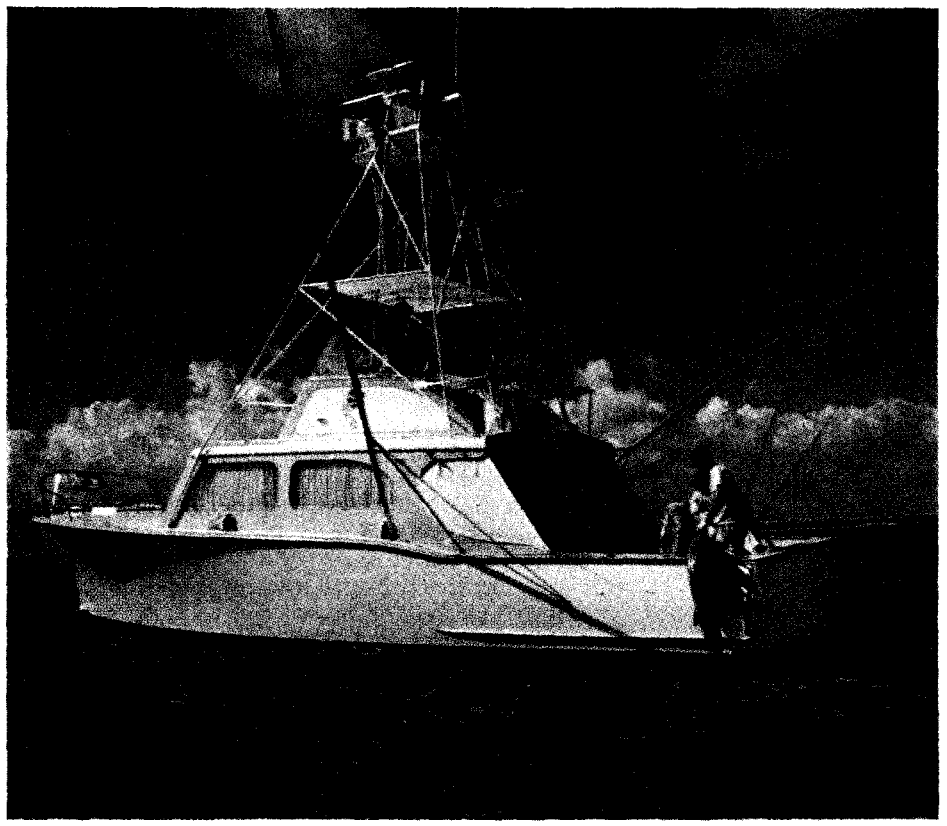
The Terrible Bluefin Tuna

Most big-game anglers consider the bluefin tuna to be the greatest prize on fins. When the tuna reach Nova Scotia each fall on their annual migration, the average fish weighs a quarter ton or more. Sleek, streamlined, the color of deep, clear water, the bluefin when hooked is like a runaway torpedo. Its speed is incredible, and it may take out a half mile of line against a drag set so tight that a fisherman can hardly remain in his chair—and only then because his feet are firmly braced. Strong men have collapsed while fighting the "horse mackerel," and many others have simply thrown in the sponge. There are stories told of men being maimed, or even decapitated by the leader wire, when tuna went wild on being gaffed.

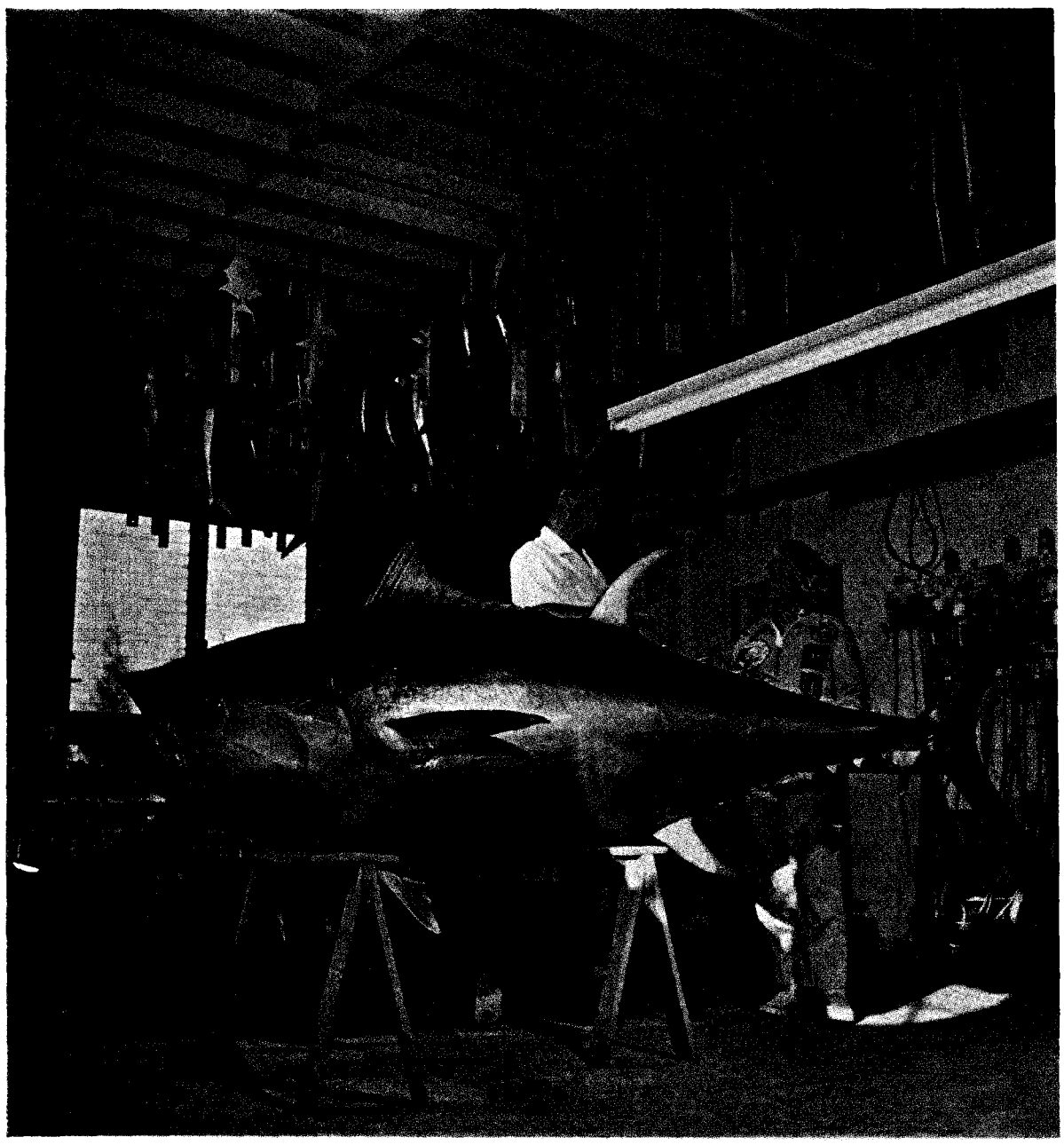
Only twelve tuna were boated during the six-week season at Wedgeport in 1961, and two of those were caught by Mrs. Dean while fishing only four days. She was the only woman to catch a tuna, and her 830-pounder (caught the first day she fished) was the largest of the season by 170 pounds, as well as the largest fish ever taken by an I.W.F.A. member. Mrs. Dean whipped that tuna in the fantastic time of forty minutes—which may be a record in itself.

On the following day she took a 575-pounder in only thirty minutes. She had the bigger tuna sent to Miami taxidermist Al Pflueger to be mounted—at a cost of one dollar per pound—and then had it shipped to Nova Scotia where it was presented to the Wedgeport Guides Association.

Dorothea Lincoln Dean weighs a solid 135 pounds and keeps in shape for fishing by yoga and ballet exercises. She neither smokes nor drinks. Currently she is preparing to make an assault on the blue-marlin records for twenty- and thirty-pound-test line. And she'll get them too, I'll venture to say. With determined Dorothea in the fighting chair, I doubt if many of the big-game records are safe. THE END



As Mrs. Dean looks on, a crewman hauls a sailfish aboard the Nefertiti. *The boat is custom-built, air-conditioned, electronically equipped and worth about $80,000.*



Mrs. Dean stands small beside her 830-pound bluefin tuna, a record sport fish for women anglers, and the heaviest tuna caught by anybody—man or woman—in the 1961 season.

Photographs by Burton McNeely

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The Wind in the Heather

(Continued from page 23)

"Why, I ——" she began and then stopped. Her eyes widened in a look faintly amused and faintly displeased. Then her expression became again calmly polite. She seemed, however, to be making an effort to identify him, and her eyes glanced discreetly over the slim figure in dark pants and a green lamb's-wool sweater. But neither the clothes nor the pleasant features with the playful smile lurking behind the furrow of the brow seemed to help her—nor even his accent. She appeared at a loss as to what to say, almost uncomfortable, wanting to leave.

But Steven was unaware of this. Instead he was staring into her eyes, fascinated, as if he saw there the melancholy of the moor, the sparkle of the firth, the wild shadows of the glen. He gave his head a sudden shake and roused himself, speaking more seriously now. "It's not hard to see into the past on Culloden Moor. Nothing has changed, I guess. And by coincidence I practically followed Prince Charlie's path from Loch Shiel to here only day before yesterday."

"Yes—Loch Shiel," she said absently. "Where he gathered his forces before marching on to ——" She stopped. Curiosity suddenly broke through her restraint. "You're a tourist then?"

"Not exactly," smiled Steven. "A kind of wandering student."

"From Canada?"

"No, I'm an American."

"Oh." There was both surprise and disappointment in her voice. She looked away across the moor, and Steven watched the wind toss the thick, glossy-black hair.

Slowly the girl turned her head, but her eyes lowered. "I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to be rude. I've not known an American. It's—it's just that my father ——" She stopped, embarrassed.

"Your father objects," finished Steven with a grin. "Not unusual these days." Not wanting to make an issue of the matter, he added simply, "Maybe it was this knitted lamb's-wool sweater that confused you. My landlady in Edinburgh did it for me." His smile was so unassuming, so boyishly ingratiating, that for the first time the girl seemed to accept his presence willingly.

"Forgive me," she said. "It was stupid and rude."

Steven said quickly, "But I think I'm the one who has been rude. I haven't introduced myself—and I probably shouldn't have intruded."

She looked at him wonderingly and gratefully—grateful for his tact and restraint and wondering, perhaps, at her notions of an American.

"If you would rather I didn't introduce myself," added Steven, earnestly, "please say so, and I'll go away. I'll understand."

She gazed up at him and knew he meant it. She lowered her head and looked at her hands that lay clasped in her lap. She could muster no resistance to this kind of approach. At last she lifted her head and smiled. "Yes," she said, "please introduce yourself."

Steven made a playful bow. "Steven Baylor, Duluth, Minnesota, U.S.A. Occupation: College English instructor-to-be." He straightened up and said more seriously, "I've been studying at Edinburgh University this year, and now I'm on a two weeks' tour of the Highlands."

Her eyes lighted up, and she suddenly came to life. "How nice! And—and are you enjoying it?" It was more a plea than a question.

"Yes," he said slowly, "yes, I am. There's a—a grandeur about the Highlands that's—well, that's awesome." He paused. "Yet for all its beauty, I could not live here. I guess it's the remoteness—as if in some places you've traveled back to the gray dim dawning of the world."

She gave a strange, secret smile and gazed over the moor to the rugged hills beyond. "What holds you at arm's length," she said at last, "only draws me closer. Sometimes I ride on this very wind so that I can follow into the secret places of the moors and the hills, the lochs and the wild glen."

Steven suddenly wanted to tell her about his northern wilderness and the fierce and beautiful rocky shore of Lake Superior; but he hesitated, remembering how foreigners objected to Americans always talking of their own country. Besides, his mind was too much on the girl.

She brushed the tips of the heather with her hand. "I've traveled to London and Paris, and after a while I begin to think I shall suffocate before I return to Inverness and the Highlands."

There was a pause. Steven now barely heard what she was saying above the beating of his heart. What should stampede him like a schoolboy into such a sudden feeling for this girl? He had seen attractive faces before. Yet there was something here more than that.

Now she spoke with more lightness in her voice, bringing Steven's wandering thoughts back. "I think I should complete the formalities. I'm Jessica Macdonald. My home—Inverness. I work in the library there. But I'm through at four, and I usually escape somewhere into the countryside on my cycle—to the moor, the lochs ——" She shrugged. "Anywhere."

Steven sat down now, keeping a respectful distance. "But this"—he gestured over the moor—"seems like a gloomy place to come all the same. And you were dreaming so intently. Is it handsome young Charles Stuart and his valiant Highlanders? And do you sometimes see yourself as Flora Macdonald helping him to escape to France?"

She tossed her head and smiled. "I think, sir, you can be a bit of a tease. But I won't say my mind doesn't wander sometimes." her face became serious again, and she added softly, "And I'll tell you more—an ancestor of mine was one of those Highlanders who fought the battle of Drummossie." She fell silent.

"Drummossie?" asked Steven.

"We call it Drummossie often—not Culloden." Then, as if regretting she should make him feel more a stranger, she asked, "And what brings you to Scotland to study?"

"Auld Reeki's poet," grinned Steven. "I'm writing a dissertation."

Again her eyes lighted up. "Ramsay!" she exclaimed. "But—but why would an American choose him?"

"Come now," laughed Steven, "you do Allan Ramsay an injustice. Why shouldn't an American be interested in such a lively, convivial poet—who also happens to be one of Scotland's finest?"

"You've beat me fairly," she said, her smile more friendly now.

"Not quite," admitted Steven. "I should also tell you that a friend of my family came from around Aviemore and, when I was young, he talked to me of Scotland. I got interested in the country and the literature."

There was a long pause. Somewhere out on the moor a lapwing gave its startlingly shrill cry that mingled eerily with the moan of the wind.

Steven said suddenly, "I have a theory as to why you come here."

"Why?" she asked.

He felt the blood rush to his head as he answered, knowing he was becoming too personal, yet not being able to stop himself. He had to know. "You come here," he said, trying to make his voice lighthearted, "to escape your admirers—the pursuing young men who ——"

"Oh, no," she interrupted quickly, "your theory is a bit off. There are hardly any at all. You see, my father ——"

"Surely he doesn't object to your going out with a young man?"

"No, of course not," she corrected, "but—well, he's rather particular, and I don't like to go against his wishes." She caught his look and lifted her chin slightly, while the dark eyes flashed. "Don't mistake me. I would go against his wishes if it really mattered. So far it hasn't."

Steven knew she spoke the truth. After a moment he asked quietly, "Isn't your mother living?"

"No," said the girl. "She died five years ago." Abruptly she got up. "I'm sure it must be getting late, and I shall have to start home now." She paused. Then, "It's been a pleasant visit, Mr. Baylor."

"Whatever you do, don't call him J.F.K."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Steven scrambled to his feet. "It's been a wonderful visit! In fact, I could be eloquent and say your being here has transformed this bleak moor into a garden."

She laughed a soft, musical laugh and gave a toss of her head. "That's very flattering, Mr. Baylor. Worthy of a disciple of Ramsay!"

"May—may I ride back to Inverness with you?" he asked.

She hesitated. "Why—why, yes, if you wish." Despite her uncertain manner, he thought he saw a quiet flicker of pleasure in her eyes. His heart raced, and his own eyes were ablaze with pleasure and hope.

Riding back to Inverness, Steven got her to talk more of herself. He learned she was an only child, that she liked to swim as well as to cycle and wander through the countryside, and that she played the piano: "After a fashion," she smiled, "and to please my father. Though he'd rather it were the bagpipes, I'm sure."

As they entered the suburbs of the city with its wide, stately, tree-lined streets, she stopped. "I think I should say good-by to you here."

There was a pause. Their glances met, and suddenly she became so flustered that the bicycle nearly slipped from her grasp. "Will you—will you be staying in Inverness long?" she murmured.

"I'd like to stay indefinitely—now."

She looked away. Then she turned back to him. "Would you come to tea tomorrow afternoon?" she asked. "It's Saturday, and my father will be home. We'd be happy to have you."

Beard the lion in his den, thought Steven grimly. *Will he devour me whole, or just mangle me?* But the idea of seeing her again more than overcame his forebodings. "And I'll be happy to be there," he grinned. "Happy and unafraid."

She glanced at him quickly, and he caught the wry twinkle in her eyes. The sudden feeling of intimacy made Steven feel weak. She gave him her address, which was not far from where they stood, and then murmured good-by and pedaled off rapidly.

For several minutes he stared after her and felt himself trembling with the excitement of a feeling he had never experienced before. At twenty-five he had met attractive women—had, in fact, considered Sue to be quite attractive. But what he had felt for Sue was not like this. Again he could anticipate the loneliness of settling down to his new job in a strange town, and all at once the thought of marriage became the most important thing in the world. But it had become so because he had met someone who made it so.

Yet, as he turned away at last and mounted his bicycle, he was shaking his head in bewilderment. *Steven, Steven*, he thought, *what are you doing? It's impossible! Your ship leaves Southampton in less than two weeks. And if you cancel your reservation and stay on through the summer, how long will your money last? And why in the name of Cupid and all his conspiring cohorts do you think you have any chance of success? No, it's fantastic!*

But the more fantastic it seemed, the more excited and secretly determined he became. He thought of the newspaper account he had read not long ago of the Scottish girl who, after only several days' acquaintance, had married an American sailor from the crew of the nuclear submarine stationed at Holy Loch.

"And if he can do it," exclaimed Steven heartily, "why can't I?"

He sailed down High Street in a state of exultation. He passed the old town cross erected in 1685 in the foot of which was

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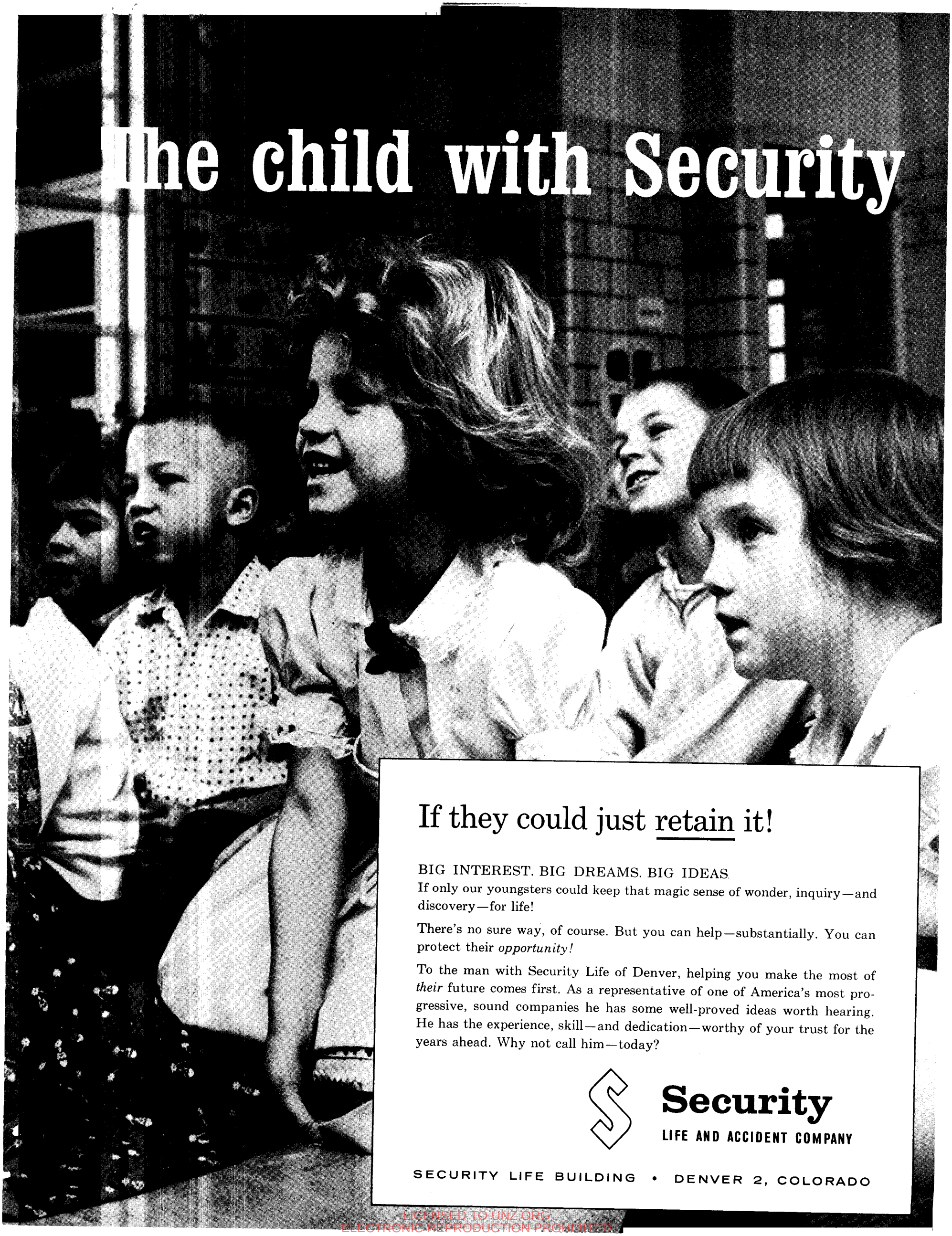

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The Wind the ancient stone, Clachna-Cudainn—stone of the tubs—named from its having been the resting place of women carrying water from the River Ness, which flowed serenely through the city. To the west of the city rose the wooded "hill of the fairies"—Tomnahurich—looking in the twilight very much like its name. And at one point as he rode along he could see outlined on a low cliff to the east the austere castle, built on the site of the ancient fortress blown up by the Jacobites in the great uprising of 1745. At this moment the busy little city looked very beautiful to Steven.

That night he sat in his room in the little tourist home at the other end of the city and tried to read from a small, leather-bound volume of Scottish poetry his landlady in Edinburgh had given him and which he'd tucked away in his knapsack. But his eyes kept wandering from the pages, and he saw again the girl on the moor, her glossy black hair ruffling in the wind, her skin like the bloom of white heather, and those brown eyes. Reason and common sense warred vainly with emotion, and he tried to persuade himself that he should leave the next day as he had planned. But in the end the girl on the moor held him there beyond reason—even, perhaps, beyond hope. And when he thought of returning home with such a prize, the little volume of poetry dropped from his hands and he got up and hurried out into the night to walk the streets until he had exhausted himself enough to get to sleep.

At four the next afternoon Steven arrived at the Macdonalds' large stone house on the outskirts of the city. Jessica opened the door. She looked so beautiful in a light-green dress and a fragile gold necklace that for a moment he could only stand and stare at her. He felt very much out of place, for he had, of course, packed no clothes suitable for such an occasion, and only that morning had bought a tie to help his appearance.

"Come in," she smiled. "Or is the threshold enchanted that you should be rooted there like that?"

"Not the threshold, but the visitor," grinned Steven as he stepped inside. "I thought four o'clock would never come."

It was a large sitting room, furnished in expensive but austere style. The teacart stood near the couch, its silver service gleaming amidst the somber tone of the room.

Mr. Macdonald was sitting in an armchair near the front window, reading a book. When the two young people entered, he looked up, but made no move to rise and greet the visitor. Steven suddenly feared the worst. Sitting there tall and erect, he was a formidable-looking figure—and the best-known barrister in the city, he learned later. His black hair was streaked with gray, as was his small moustache; his austerely handsome features seemed to have been hewn from the rock of some Highland crag.

For several seconds he surveyed Steven with dark, piercing eyes. At last he rose as Jessica made the introduction. "Welcome to Inverness," he said. But there was little sign of welcome in his face. Unlike his daughter's speech, his own had a distinct burr, so that he rolled deeply the *r* of Inverness in the manner of the old Scottish dialect.

"Thank you, sir." Steven glanced at Jessica and then said enthusiastically, "It's been a finer welcome than a man had a right to expect!" He turned in time to catch the flicker of hostility in the man's face.

Then for a while everything went smoothly. Steven talked about his tour through the western Highlands and about his three-day stopover at a small fishing resort on Loch Shiel, where he had rented a fly rod and caught his first salmon. Mr. Macdonald showed a mild interest in this and loosened up enough to talk a little about the fishing around Inverness. Steven was enheartened, even optimistic, and decided that bearding the lion was not going to be a problem after all.

Then a matronly housekeeper, who looked as if she'd been with the family for years, entered with a large tray of sandwiches and cakes.

As Jessica poured the tea, Mr. Macdonald began to question Steven casually about the poet Ramsay, asking him for some relatively obscure information, such as the name of the club in Edinburgh which the poet was a member of and about his friends and way of life. When he was apparently satisfied that the American was really a student of Ramsay, there was a pause.

Then Mr. Macdonald asked casually, "Well, lad, and how long do you plan to stay on in Inverness?"

The question was so pointed and so sudden that it caught Steven off guard. "I—why, I don't know, sir. I ——" he stammered.

Involuntarily he looked at Jessica, and then he knew that he had made a mistake.

"I see," said Mr. Macdonald, noting the look with a trace of irony. Then he sat back and fixed his eyes on Steven. "It depends, I presume, on how successful you think you'll be with my daughter—is that it?"

"Father!" cried Jessica, her beautiful eyes clouded with dismay. "That's being unfair. I hardly know Steven—Mr. Baylor. Can't we be hospitable to a stranger without ——" She broke off, biting her lips and staring at the silver teapot in angry embarrassment.

"I—I don't understand, sir," stammered Steven, unprepared for such bluntness. He felt suddenly disconcerted and guilty at the way the man had read his intentions. But in the next moment he asked himself why he should feel that way. What was there really wrong in his intentions? He cleared his throat and began again. "Sir, where your daughter is concerned, my intentions are ——"

"Oh," said the father with a sardonic smile, "then you do have intentions?"

"Father!" cried Jessica, standing up. "Please don't be rude. You have no right to speak that way. He's given you no cause."

Mr. Macdonald continued smiling, but his voice was coldly quiet and cutting. "Cause enough, Jessica. One has only to see the way he looks at you. There's cause enough in that." He turned to Steven. "I hope you aren't looking forward to the same kind of—ah—success enjoyed by some of your countrymen during the war—and even recently, I believe, by an American from the naval base at Holy Loch?"

Steven flushed, remembering his thoughts on that very matter and the hope he had got from it. He felt confused and looked up at Jessica, who stood gazing at her father, her eyes flashing and her cheeks burning with shame. He hardly knew what to say or think.

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"Sir," he began helplessly, "I—I'm not looking forward to anything but what your daughter's feelings in the matter would allow me to."

"Gallant," murmured Mr. Macdonald, nodding his head. "And eloquent." Then, recognizing his advantage and perhaps feeling a moment of compassion for this unassuming young American whose evidence of suffering was so obviously sincere, Mr. Macdonald softened his voice, and his eyes lost some of their cold irony. "Let me tell you something, lad," he said as he sat austerely upright with both hands resting on the arms of the chair. "In the last war I was with the Royal Navy—stationed for a time at a submarine base in Scotland. During the war—and since—I have seen our lassies dazzled by the Americans and their wealth and their free and easy ways. I've seen our lassies leave Scotland and go off to America—and I've seen them come back."

He paused, no longer looking at Steven. "They give various reasons to explain what went wrong," he continued. "But for some, the real reason for coming back is Scotland." His large, powerful hands gripped the arms of the chair. "Here in the Highlands, lad, we're a poor country—there's no denying it. Even backward by American standards. But our ancestors fought for this land hundreds of years before your country came into existence. We're a proud people, and our roots go deep—deep into the land. Some of us cannot be transplanted. My daughter is one.

"The Highlands are inside her, lad. Who marries her marries the moor and the lochs and the wild hills. There's the look of the deep glen about her and the smell of the moor. The man for her has got to be fashioned in the same way. Do you not see it, lad?" He sat back, breathing heavily, and looked at his daughter. Jessica turned away and sat down again.

After a moment Steven got to his feet. He felt a rage surging within him. His fists were clenched, and his eyes blazed with a strong, fierce light. *There are things I could tell you, mister,* he thought, his lips tightly pressed. *Things about our land, our wilderness—about its spirit and strength and about our own roots and* —— Then he got himself under control and felt himself relaxing bit by bit. *What's the use of trying to say it all?* he thought. *No one would listen or understand.*

He suddenly felt despondent. But he had not seen the way in which Jessica had been watching him as he stood there, the way in which her eyes had responded to the fierce light she saw in his own.

After an awkward pause Steven said simply, "I think I should leave now."

"No need to run off, lad," said Mr. Macdonald. "I thought it best to say what needed saying. We Scots speak our mind. Now it's said"—he gestured with his strong-looking hands—"the air is clear."

Jessica darted a furious glance toward her father, got suddenly to her feet and went over to Steven. "I'll walk with you to the end of the street," she said.

Steven nodded politely to Mr. Macdonald. "Good-by, sir," he said. Then he turned and went out, followed by Jessica.

There was a mist in the air—a wonderfully soft Scottish mist that's like a cloud caressing the skin. After walking a few moments in silence, Jessica said, "I have no right even to ask you to forgive my father's rudeness. It was inexcusable." She turned to look up at him. "But I want to thank you, Steven," she said softly, "for your restraint and the respect you showed him after his outburst. You're a fine person, and I'm afraid we haven't done very well by you."

"It's all right," said Steven. "I can understand. You're all he has, and he wants the best for you. You're beautiful and charming, Jessica, and you can have the best." He spoke simply and regretfully, certain that he would soon say good-by and see her no more.

She tossed her head, eyes flashing. "The best!" she cried. "But it's no for him to be the sole judge." In her excitement she lapsed for a moment into the dialect. Then her voice became low, embarrassed. "And to think he would talk of marriage that way when we've only just met!"

Steven tried to say something, but could not. They stopped at the end of the block. "Well," said Steven at last and with a despondent sigh, "I guess it's time to say good-by."

She understood and looked up at him. He swallowed and felt almost dizzy at being so close to so much beauty. He wanted to touch the luxuriant black hair, to brush his lips against the luminous skin.

"If you wish it to be good-by," she said. "But if it's because of my father, there's no need."

Steven stared at her, and his heart leaped. He hardly dared to speak for fear of saying too much. He could only stammer, "I—no, I don't wish it. I ——"

She smiled. "If it's nice tomorrow, let's cycle to Nairn for the afternoon. It's a lovely resort town on the coast. I'll meet you here at one o'clock."

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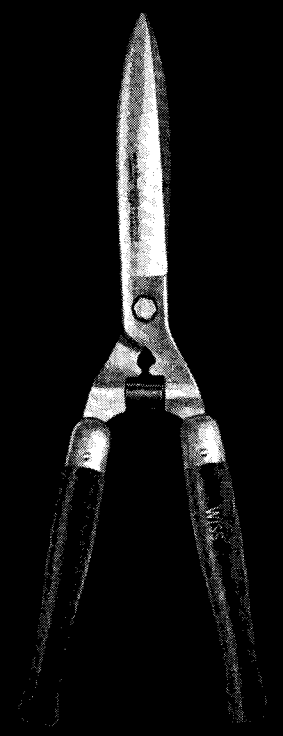

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The Wind

"Yes," he whispered breathlessly. "Yes. At one. I'll be here. I ——" His mouth remained foolishly open as he tried to sort out the feelings that tumbled exultantly inside him.

"Till tomorrow," she said. She touched his arm lightly and then turned and walked off through the mist.

Steven was hardly able to breathe for several minutes. After the dismal encounter with her father, he had lost all hope. Then suddenly his hopes had been allowed to bound unbelievably high. All reasoning went overboard now, and he wondered only how he could wait till tomorrow.

By the next day it had cleared, and the sun shone miraculously full and warm. Steven and Jessica cycled along the road to Nairn, where the Duke of Cumberland had stopped to celebrate his twenty-fifth birthday the night before he marched his troops to Culloden Moor to defeat the Highland forces led by Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the Pretender. They enjoyed the glowing beauty of the countryside and the air so fresh it seemed to fill the lungs and heart with too much life.

No mention was made of the previous day's visit with her father. But Jessica began asking him questions about the United States and his life there. Steven told her about Duluth and about the town in the southern part of the state where he'd be teaching.

He started to tell her also about the vast wilderness area on the north shore of Lake Superior, where his family had a summer cabin and where he'd spent so much time, where there were areas with no roads and where even aircraft could not regularly fly over the virgin forests. Her eyes lighted up at this; but before he could go on, they were interrupted by a girl friend of Jessica, who stopped by to visit them on the beach.

Steven waited impatiently for the friend to leave and, when at last she did go, they decided they might just have time for a swim. They rented suits at the bathhouse, but the water was icy, and after a few minutes of gasping and laughing they rushed out.

Then it was time to go, and they started out in the late afternoon back toward Inverness. They rode much of the way in silence, an intimate, enjoyable silence. A feeling of optimism grew in Steven, and in the back of his mind he began making plans: Tomorrow he would wire a cancellation of his cabin on the ship leaving Southampton; he would begin looking for summer work in Inverness; he would write to his parents.

As they neared the little city, Jessica suggested suddenly that they stop and make the climb to Culloden Moor. "I like to see it at this hour," she said. "Glowing soft red and mysterious in the setting sun."

Seemingly unaware of it, they ended up at the place they had met two days before—though to Steven it seemed he had known her for months, or years. Now the wind across the moor was muted and strangely haunting. Below them lay the dark forest slashed by the silver-frothing stream, and beyond lay the firth and the wooded shores of the Black Isle. They sat on the soft heather in silence for a few minutes.

At last Steven reached out and quietly took the girl's hand. He drew a deep breath and then began softly:

"An thou were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
An thou were my ain thing
How dearly I would love thee. . . .
Sae lang's I had the use of light
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in soft whispers through the night
I'd tell how much I loved thee. . . .
While love does at the altar stand
Hae, here's my heart, gie me thy hand,
And with ilk smile thou shalt command
The will of him who loves thee. . . ."

When he finished, there was a moment of silence, broken only by the drumming of a red grouse somewhere in the bracken behind them. Then suddenly Jessica withdrew her hand and turned away.

"Jessica, what's the matter?" whispered Steven. "What is it?"

At first she didn't answer, could not answer. Then she turned back to him and, though she tried to speak lightly, her eyes were dark and sorrowful like the moor when the sun has left it. "Ay," she said with a toss of her black hair, "an' you speak Scots unco guid for a stranger." Her voice dropped a little. "I dinna ken ony lines of Ramsay's I like sae weel. I thank you for them."

Suddenly Steven was beside her, holding her in his arms. "Jessica, I don't want to leave you now. I want to stay in Inverness all summer till—till ——"

"No," she gasped, drawing away from him. "No, Steven, we shouldn't let this go further." She got up suddenly and walked in toward the depths of the moor as if she were irresistibly drawn into it.

Steven followed her. "Jessica—why? Why not?"

She stopped and turned to him, her features glowing in the dim red mist of the sun, her eyes restless and uncertain. "If you stayed in Inverness," she began hesitantly, "and I were to come to—to love you, and I—I think perhaps I would—still ——"

"Still what?" pleaded Steven.

"Steven," she cried, "I tried to live in America this afternoon. I listened to you tell me about it, and I tried to live there, but—but how could I give up all this?" With a sweeping gesture she encompassed the forest before them, the stream, the moor and the hills. When she spoke again, her voice had dropped, and she murmured, "I think my father was right, Steven. He knew."

Steven gazed at her a moment. Then he drew a deep breath and stood up very straight. "No," he said slowly and emphatically, "he doesn't know. Nor do you. You listened to me, but you never heard the most important things about my life at home. Now I'll tell you."

All at once he seemed transformed, as he had at that moment with the girl's father. There blazed in his eyes the fierce bright light that was there when he struggled to pilot a canoe through the white rushing rapids of a northern river, or when he plunged through a primitive wilderness after a moose or bear, or when he stood on the shore of Lake Superior feeling the wild wind in his face and listening to the thunderous crash of the waves on the rocks and the moan of the wind in the pines behind him.

Steven began to tell her truly about this part of his life, this part of his spirit—to tell her about those things he'd not spoken of before and that he'd wanted to tell her father. Of that life that was in its way as wild and free and fierce as here in the Highlands.

"And Jessica"—he could hardly catch his breath as the words came tumbling forth—"that life, that wilderness will be almost at our doorstep. We'd go there often in the summers, take trips in the spring and fall—yes, and even in the winters. You'd find yourself there, Jessica. You would. I know you would. And there's a wind there also to ride into wild and secret places."

As he spoke now, she was hardly listening to what he was saying. Instead she was watching his face, watching his eyes, seeing for the first time what was really behind the quiet, studious features—finding there more even than words could tell her. She had seen in his eyes a light and what it reflected of his spirit and his own land. Her father *had* been wrong—and so in a way had she. The boundaries of the heart were not so narrow nor so rigid as either had imagined. The heart sought its own, strongly, urgently, and with a vision beyond the sight of mind.

Suddenly she tossed her black hair, lifted her face and moved toward him. "Do you remember," she said softly, "how I told you that if you were to stay in Inverness, and I were to come to love you ——"

Steven nodded wonderingly.

"Well," she murmured, "there's no need to wait. 'And with ilk smile thou shalt command. . . .'" The wind of the moor carried away the remaining words into the timeless hills. THE END

"All units are 'go' except I need some money."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Eyes that ask, "When is Mommy coming home?"

How could she know? To one so young, whispered words like *breakdown* and *collapse* hold no meaning. Only the dull, empty ache of longing is real.

No, a child can't grasp what mental illness is. Or care about the tireless crusade being waged right now by doctors and drug industry scientists in our medical centers and pharmaceutical laboratories to lessen the cruel toll in disrupted families.

Yet heartening progress *is* being made. From months and years of toil, far-reaching discoveries are taking shape. New drugs to reclaim wasted minds. New treatments that hasten recovery and reunite families too long apart.

So that, miraculously, the number of patients in our mental hospitals is at last decreasing! Since 1955, in fact, this number has been dropping at an average rate of about *five thousand* per year!

This is the challenge and the promise of drug research today: to go all out for better medicines, then make them available at prices that are bargains compared to the cost of illness in years gone by. Such a system succeeds because dedicated men and women make it their lives—knowing the rewards are worth the years of effort.

This advertisement is sponsored by a group of prescription drug manufacturers, members of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, whose aim is to create through research continually better medicines.*

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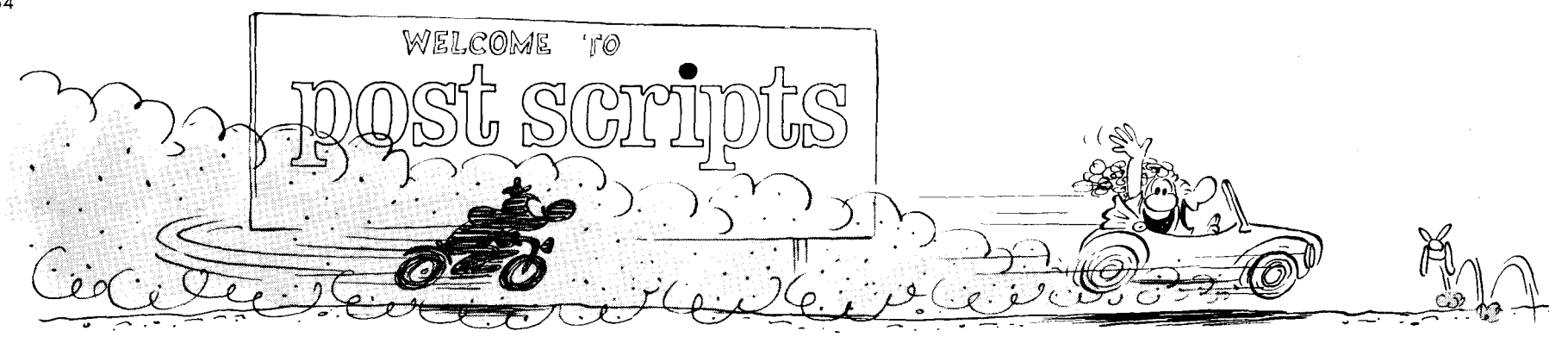


You Can Start Too Young, You Know

Mike is almost nine and so is Sandra because they're twins. And because Mike has decided to marry his schoolteacher, Sandra is interested in marriage too. Yesterday, mud-pies; tomorrow, wedlock. It's a small world.

Sandra usually decoys me into her room when she should be sleeping and gets me involved in discussions. The other night she called, "Daddy, there's an alligator *in my room*!"

I went in and looked around. Sandra smiled, her arms around a huge pink Teddy bear. She said, "It wasn't an alligator. I meant a moth. I get them mixed up."

"I know," I said. "They both fly, so naturally ——"

"Hee-hee-hee," went Sandra, her highest form of praise for a jest.

"Now go to sleep," I said.

Sandra sighed. "I want to quit school and get married."

"Whom do you wish to marry?" I asked.

"You."

"You can't marry your father."

"You married my mother," Sandra countered firmly. I glared at her. Sandra went, "Hee-hee-hee. It's a joke."

"And a very old one. You just eat your salads, stop climbing trees, don't get bubble gum in your hair, don't put popcorn under your pillow, stop punching Tommy O'Connor every time you see him and go to sleep promptly on time, and someday your Prince Charming will come riding on a white horse ——"

"It's not worth it," Sandra said, yawning. "And where would we keep the horse? I guess I'll just NEVER get married and I'll grow up and be an ugly old witch and turn cream sour."

"It sounds like fun," I agreed. "Marriage isn't everything. It won't buy happiness." I got wound up because Sandra's mother had just charged a fur jacket downtown. "Love is the stars we look up to as we walk through life. Marriage is the puddle we fall into. Ha-ha-ha."

Sandra scowled. "I'm going to tell Mummy."

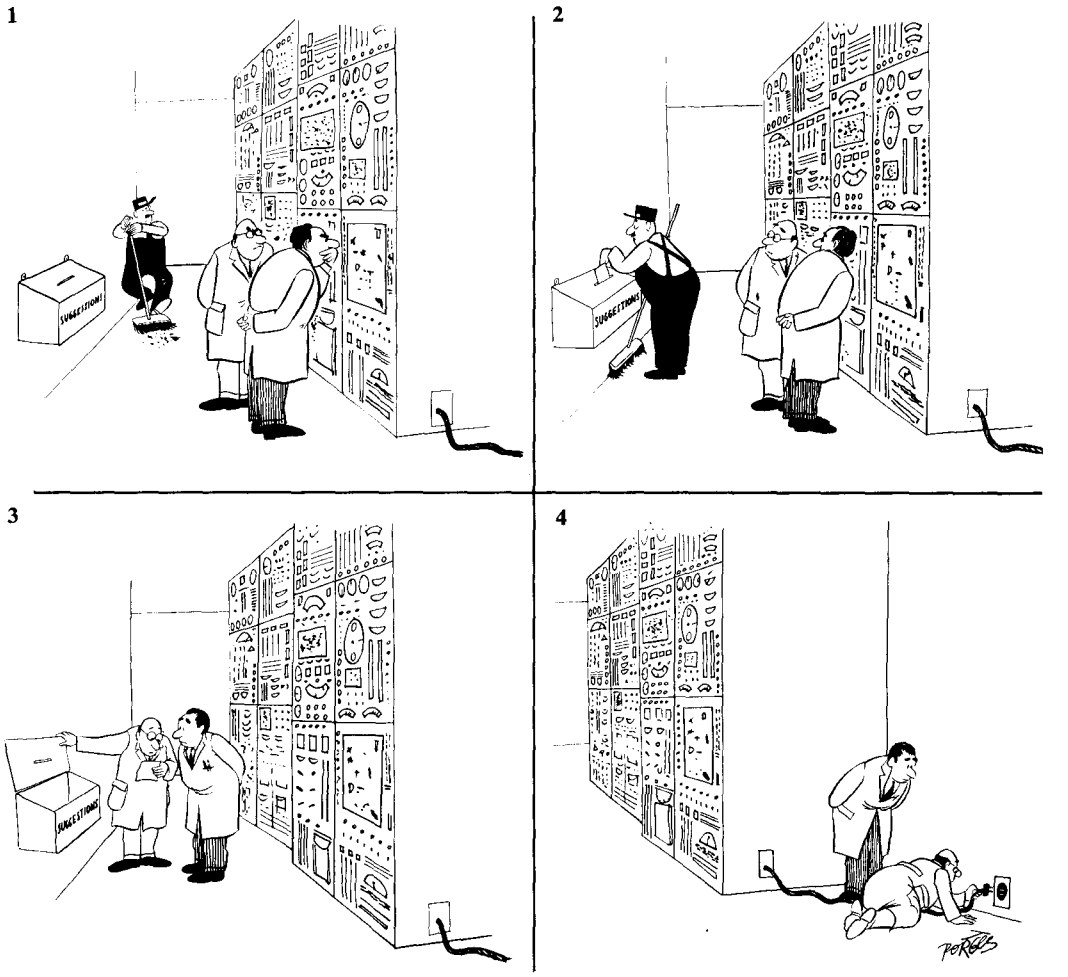
"Sandra, it's a joke. Look, Sandra, suppose I sneak you up a bowl of chocolate ice cream."

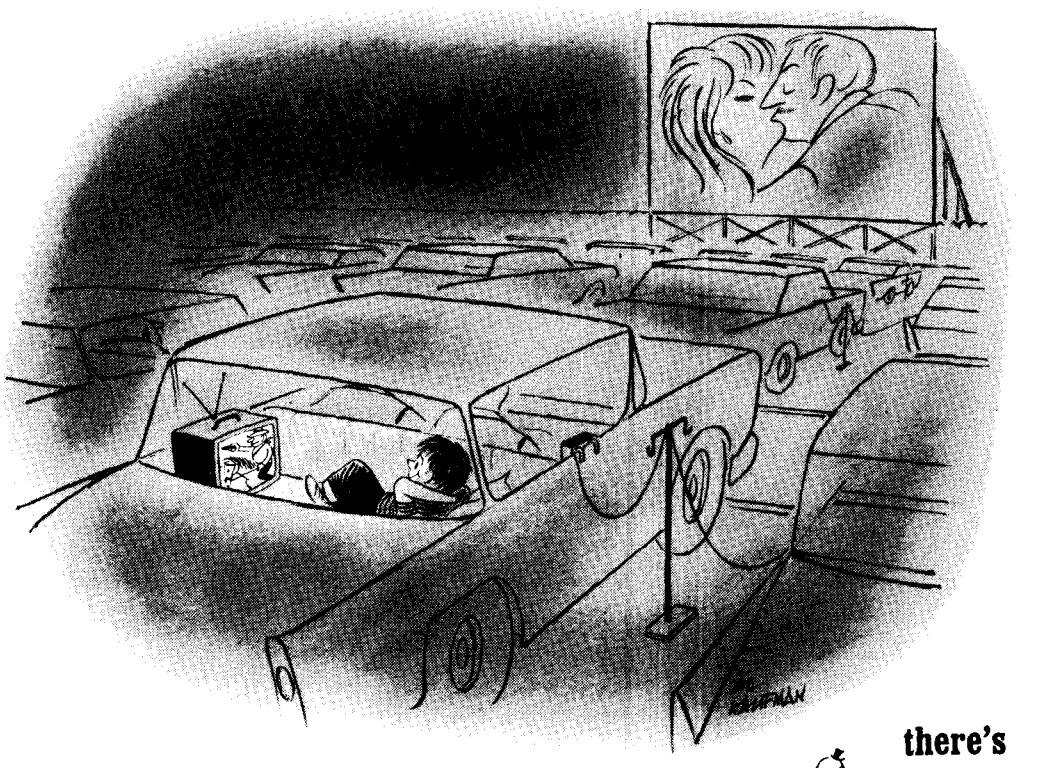
"With peanuts and whipped cream?"

"All right. You have your nightmares and I'll have mine."

As I sneaked down the stairs I heard Sandra's delayed reaction. It was, "Hee-hee-hee."

OLLIN





there's more

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Life can bloom after fifty

At a certain age a man and his girl should be able to find time for many of the things they have wanted to do together. A regular savings program at an Insured Savings and Loan Association can help you three ways: (1) as a safe, stable investment that isn't subject to market fluctuations, (2) by providing you with a second source of income through excellent earnings, (3) by enabling you to retire with a more comfortable income. Savings are insured by the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corporation, a United States Government agency.

Insured Savings and Loan Associations

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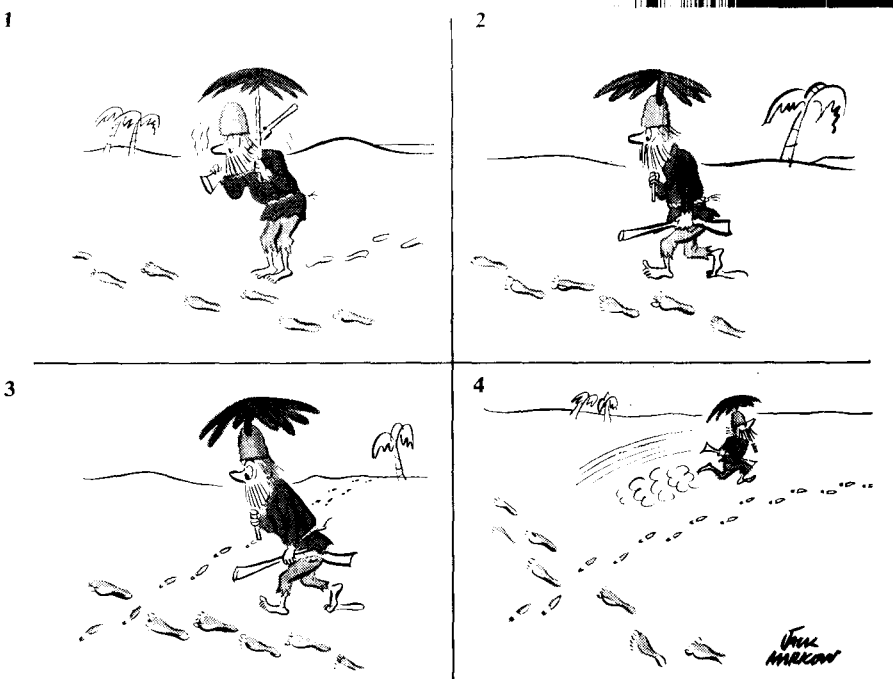
post scripts

"Are you far enough along so that I can start making some changes?"



"I'm beginning to worry about next semester."

Song Titles Usually Take Time

~~CLOWEY CLOWY CLOEY CLHOEY CHLOEY~~ CHLOE ~~(A Melody Tune Ditty Ballad~~ The Song of the ~~Bog Marsh~~ ~~Quagmire Slough Fen~~ Swamp)

~~FEBRUARY NOVEMBER AUGUST MAY APRIL DECEMBER JULY JANUARY OCTOBER MARCH JUNE~~ SEPTEMBER IN THE ~~DOWNPOUR PRECIPITATION~~ RAIN

~~YOU ARE YOU'RE YOU CERTAINLY SURE ARE~~ THOU ~~ARE ART TERRIFIC SENSATIONAL KEEN GINGER-PEACHY~~ SWELL

TO ~~EVERYONE EVERYBODY~~ EACH ~~AND EVERY PERSON THEIR~~ HIS ~~VERY~~ OWN

~~THEM THOSE~~ THESE ~~STUPIDIDIOTIC ASININE JUST PLAIN DUMB~~ FOOLISH THINGS ~~I SORT OF ASSOCIATE LINK UP WITH YOU MAKE ME RECALL THINK OF~~ REMIND ME OF YOU

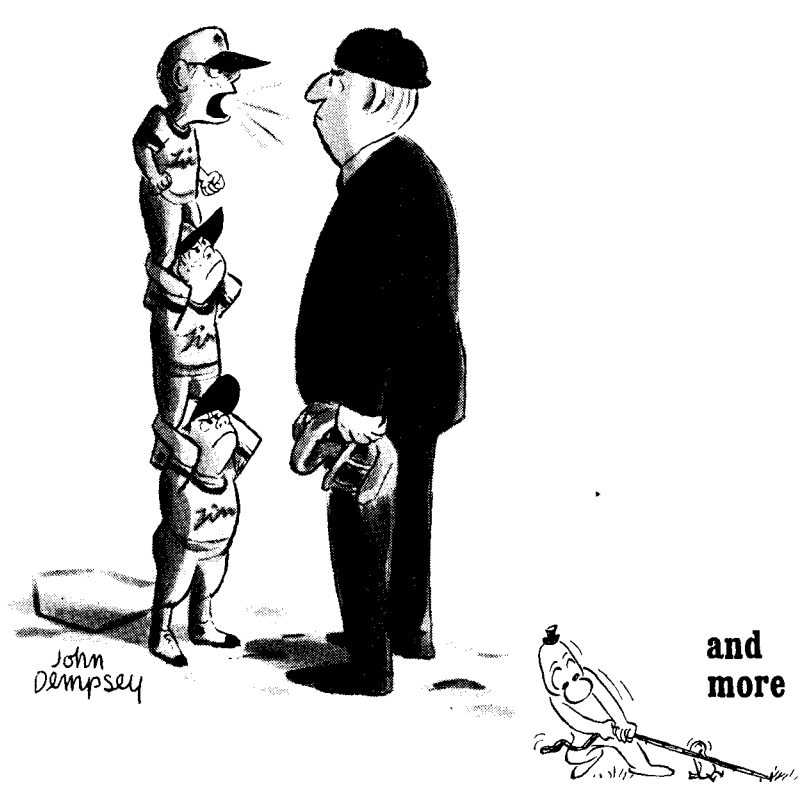
~~COFFEE JAVA ICED~~ TEA FOR ~~YOU AND I ME BOTH OF US~~ TWO

ROSES IN ~~MAY JANUARY JUNE NOVEMBER APRIL SEPTEMBER FEBRUARY AUGUST OCTOBER JULY MARCH~~ DECEMBER

~~LUMINARIES CELESTIAL SPHERES HEAVENLY BODIES~~ STARS ~~DROPPED CAME ZOOMING DOWN ON~~ FELL ON ~~MISISIPPI MISISSIPPI MISSISIPPI MISSI~~ ALABAMA

VERNON H. KURTZ

"Still mad, sweetie?"



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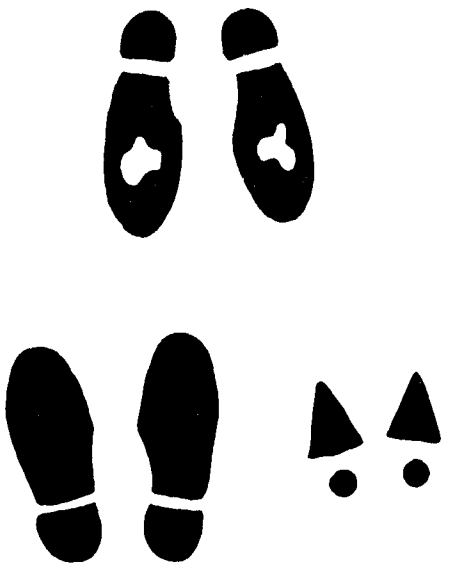
"Mr. Cannon is not with us anymore. He jumped ship two weeks ago."

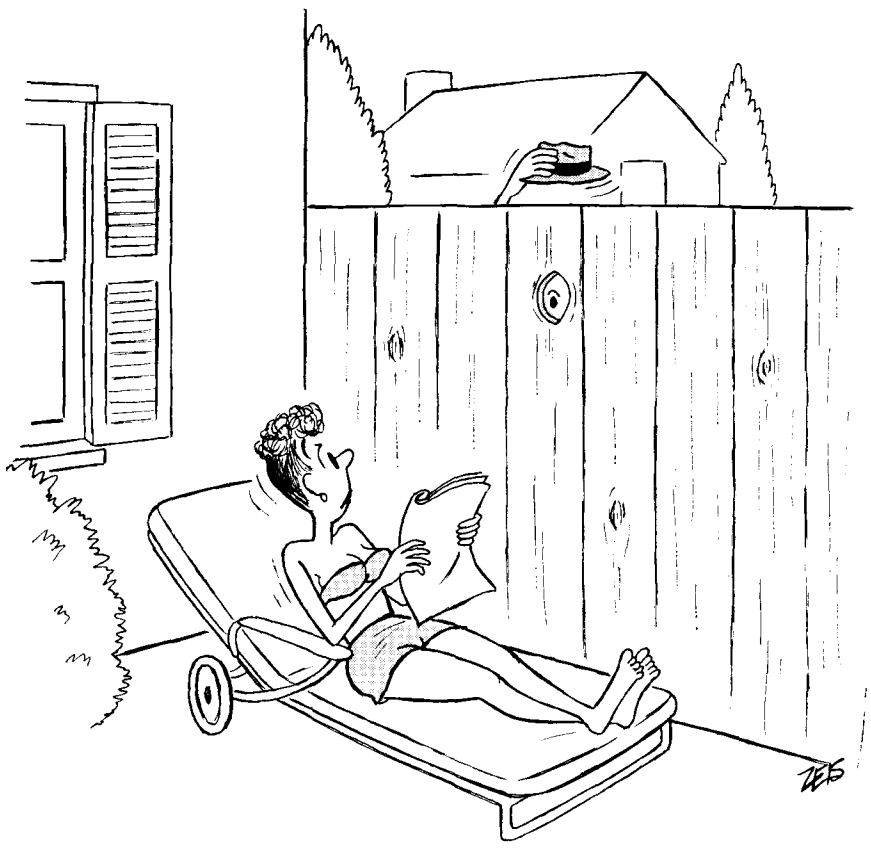
BILL SHELLY



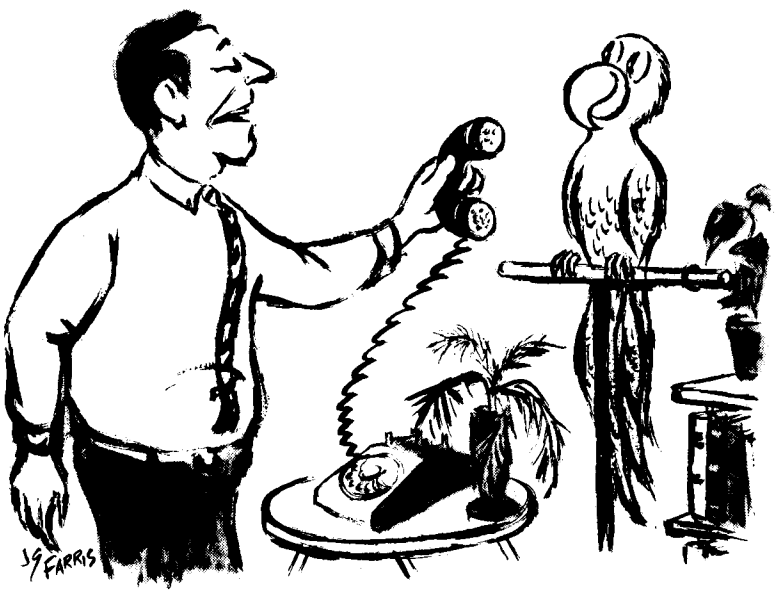
"Mildred, meet Fred Porter, an old classmate of mine. Fred was voted most likely to succeed."

"He's hitting .370, leads both leagues in runs batted in and has hit safely in 36 straight games. Let us pray."

"Mr. Jennings here is a famous scuba diver."



"Hi."



"It's for you."

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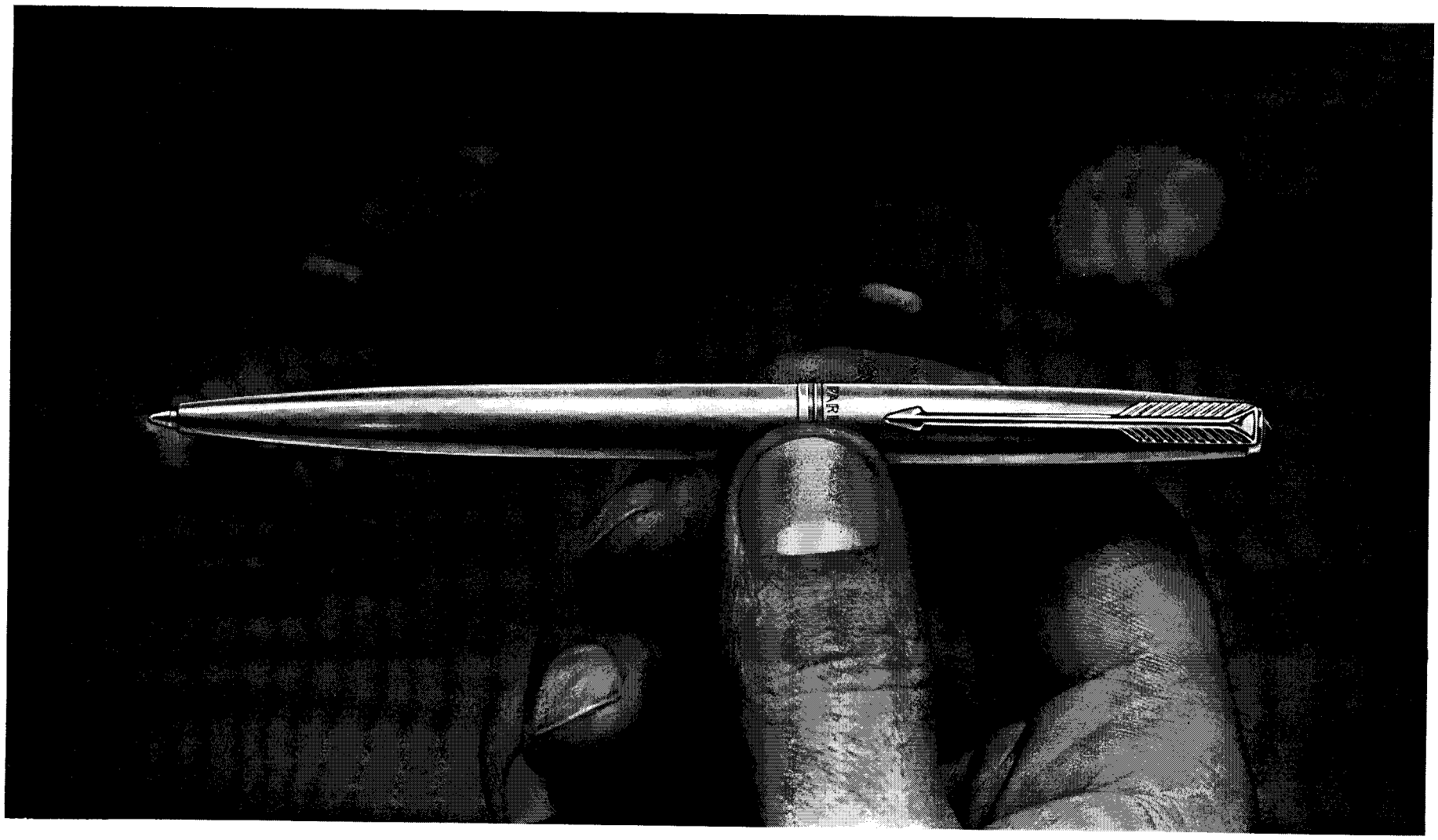

THE INTERNATIONAL FLIGHTER BALL PEN BY PARKER—$5

A little luxury that does a man a world of good

If you're looking for a gift that a man can cherish for a good long time, give him one of Parker's unabashedly expensive ball pens.

They cost anywhere from $5 to $75 and they're worth every penny.

They look as sleek and modern as jet planes. And, when a man takes one of these pens out of his pocket, his friends are properly impressed. Quiet good taste is quite evident.

If you want practical reasons for giving him something this luxurious, remember this: a Parker ball pen is *not* "just another ballpoint." It is a precisely engineered writing instrument.

It lets you write beautifully without bearing down.

It will write up to five times longer than ordinary ballpoints.

The ball is textured to hold the paper like a good tire holds the road.

The ball rides in a stainless steel socket (a new Parker development). Stainless steel keeps its shape almost indefinitely so the ball doesn't get stuck and start writing "broken English." It will write better and longer than any ballpoint you've ever owned.

For a luxury that will do your favorite man a world of good, give a Parker International Flighter ball pen, $5 (matching mechanical pencil also $5). Other fine Parker ball pens: The International Insignia, $8.75 in gold electroplate, The Presidential, $75 in solid 14K gold; matching ball pens for Parker fountain pens, $2.45 and up.

PARKER

Maker of the world's most wanted pens

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A loyal clerk investigates shipboard robbery and murder.

Gold and the Amateur Spy

On May 14, 1818, before the Circuit Court of the United States, District of Massachusetts, Boston, five seamen late of the barkentine *Undine* stood trial under the Eighth Section of the Act of Congress, of April 30, 1790, for piracy and murder. After terrible and indisputable evidence, four were found guilty and sentenced to hang. Of these four, the leader, John Foulkes, had professed five previous piracies; a second, William Doggett, had been in conspiracy with him; and the remaining two, Thomas Upton and Samuel Russell, habitual felons, had been eager recruits. The fifth man, Zadock Needham, captain's steward, state's witness, was held to have acted under duress and found not guilty.

Undine, out of Boston for Smyrna with a cargo of $42,000 in gold and silver specie and 600 bags of coffee, had been seized by her crew off the southern coast of Spain. The massacre which followed lasted two days. In the end, captain, mates, supercargo, two loyal seamen and the cook had been slain—seven out of a *rôle de l'équipage* of twelve. When it was over, strongboxes were looted, and Foulkes, staggering drunk, set a clumsy fire; the murderers then took to boat. Next day a cruising British ship of war, *Iris*, sighted the derelict and boarded her. The boarding party was shocked. Wreckage, blood and unsuccessful arson told its story.

The pirates were apprehended at Cádiz. Among them they had $7000. None of them, they asserted solemnly, knew anything whatever of any further moneys. Thirty-five thousand dollars had vanished, but the owners were fully insured. The prisoners were returned to Boston, and *Undine* returned also and was now berthed for repairs.

On June twenty-first, Foulkes, Doggett, Upton and Russell were hanged in the prison yard. Zadock Needham, released, had long ago melted into the waterfront squalor of Ann Street.

The owners of *Undine* were Hovey and Osgood. On the first Tuesday in July Mr. Francis Hovey, the senior partner, a tall elderly man of proud and ancient family, sought his noonday meal as usual at the little inn on Exchange Lane, just around the corner from his office. He joined two gentlemen, business acquaintances, at their table, and they arose and left without speaking, leaving their food half-eaten. On Wednesday morning a delegation of four insurance officials came to his office and formally and without excuse voided all outstanding insurance. Francis Hovey kept these incidents from his wife.

Friday night, as he lay in bed and his wife sat arranging her cap, she said, "I had an ugly experience today. A butcher's apprentice smirked and bit my coin in my face. What did he mean?"

Mr. Hovey said, "He meant we are not to be trusted. They think it was not only piracy but fraud. There is much anger about that missing thirty-five thousand dollars. They think we entered it on the manifest and insured it, but did not ship it. The insurance companies have paid us, but they think we've stolen it from them."

"You mean people think you fomented your own piracy?" Hovey's startled wife asked him.

"No. That would have been impossible."

"Then it makes no sense."

"This is the beginning. The beginning of creeping ruin. I can stand it, I think, and you can stand it. But what will it do to our daughter?"

"That is entirely up to her," said Mrs. Hovey.

"Ruin and disgrace," Francis Hovey said. "A great hand has stretched from the sea mists to strangle us."

The immaculate rose-colored brick building which was Hovey and Osgood headquarters was on Half-Court Square, close by the town's financial heart. Its two tall stories were warrens and labyrinths of counting rooms. There was a third floor, too, though few people were aware of it. This was a wide low garret, two feet high at the edges and a scant six feet at the roof ridge, dimly lighted by a small bubble-glass window at each end. Once it had been used as a storage space, and when rain was on its shingles, it became musty with the ghosts of Senegal and Tranquebar and Java, camphor and pepper and African palm oil. Here, between the rats under the floor and the pigeons on the roof, lived, and lived contentedly, Christopher Parker. He was eighteen, gaunt, expressionless and seething with energy. He was part-time porter, watchman and errand boy and full-time clerk, bookkeeper and engrosser. He was one of Hovey and Osgood's least important employees, and certainly its busiest.

More than anyone else, perhaps, he was aware of the consequences of the trial. Mr. Hovey, Mr. Osgood, the clerks, everyone, seemed on the verge of disintegration. He couldn't for the life of him see why somebody didn't do something—he didn't know what, but something.

About two o'clock one afternoon he came down the corridor with a sheaf of invoices for Mr. Osgood. The July sun, brazen on the brick, had turned the building into an oven; and people, nervous and irritable, had spent the day rushing back and forth through the halls on needless errands. Mr. Osgood's door was open, and he came through it, into a remarkable little scene, before his presence was realized.

Though Mr. Osgood was the junior partner, and his office was smaller than Mr. Hovey's, it was a good deal more magnificent, for Mr. Osgood had bought its paneling and English furniture from his own pocket. He was a big man, in his early thirties, clear-eyed—a little too clear-eyed, almost icy-eyed—with a big, pliable mouth. His clothes were humble in color, but elegant in cut. He was standing with his fatty hands spread in appeal, and before him stood Miss Martha Hovey. "What I'm saying is this," he said, "though shame and disaster should come to you, I still love you. It will make no difference."

She stared at him. "Then why mention it?"

She was a small straight girl, about Christopher's age, black-haired, in a green dimity dress. Now, because she was absorbed, and he had a good opportunity, Christopher inspected her.

She said, "Really, underneath, you think my father is guilty, don't you?"

Osgood looked outraged. "How can you say such a thing?" Observing Christopher, he glared and said, "Go away. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"I'll go with you," said Miss Hovey. "I think I'm busy too." She walked with Christopher down the hall. Gallantly he escorted her to the big front door. As they parted, he mumbled a few words.

He saw her gape, saw her eyes grow as big as saucers and left her.

Alone in the hallway his words came back to him in a horrible echo. He had said, "You mustn't worry. It's going to be all right."

Yes, yes indeed, someone was going to have to do some work on this thing. And it was going to have to be him, and it better be now.

The acquitted steward was the place to start, of course. He had told his story a hundred times—at the trial, to Mr. Hovey and Mr. Osgood, to insurance men—all to no avail, but he had been

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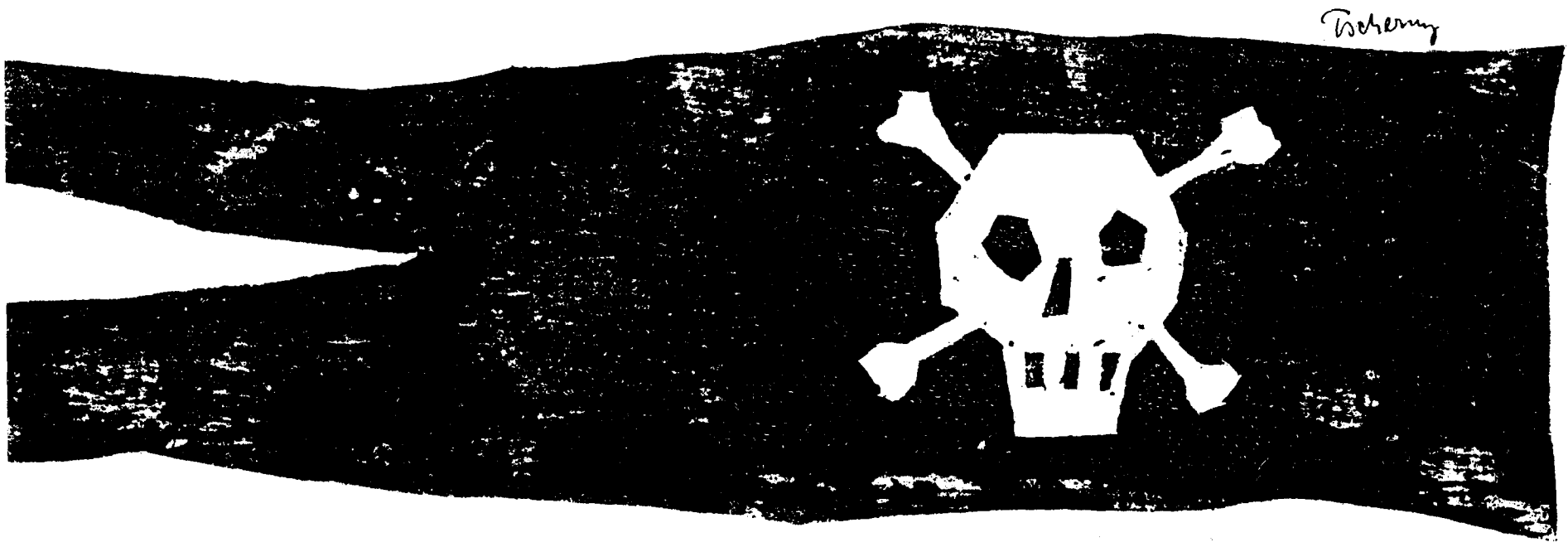

BY MERLE CONSTINER

present at the massacre and looting and must certainly hold a key. His address was in the company summary of the court records. *My name is Zadock Needham. Am fifty-one years old. Have followed the sea since I was seven. Reside at the moment at The Sign of The Turk's Head, Whipple Lane, off Ann Street.* "At the moment"—by now, no doubt, he was far away on some strange ship on some strange sea. But this was the place to start.

That evening, when the counting rooms were closed, after a meager supper on his stiltlike stool at his desk, Christopher put on his hat and went out into the streets.

This was the hottest hour, and the sun was like an ashy ember. He went east on State, a block and a half, then turned north into Merchants Row. He passed through Market Square, then Dock Square and came to Ann Street. Instantly he was in a world of oakum and anchors, of casks and street stalls and singing hawkers. Whipple Lane, branching off to the left, was paved with cobbles and lined with ancient high-roofed shops and taverns. It was a foul, ramshackle neighborhood. Above its sharp gables loomed the dockside forest of masts.

Among the ancient buildings, The Turk's Head was one of the oldest, with its second story jutting out old style, overhanging the window front and door below. Briskly Christopher entered.

A touch of briskness was always a comfort in a moment of difficulty. He didn't like this place and knew it wasn't going to like him.

The room was dim, and its imprisoned air reeked with the stench of sperm oil and ale and human sweat. Just within the door a staircase ascended, and seamen sat at tables, drinking. A man whom Christopher assumed to be the owner, an apish man with an apron tied biblike under his chin, stood by the newel with a tankard in his hand, chatting with a blowzy female. Phrasing his question carefully, expecting a hostile and perhaps violent response, Christopher said, "I'm seeking information about a Mr. Zadock Needham."

"First room at the head of the steps," said the man and ignored him.

This wasn't working out properly at all. Confused, Christopher mounted the stairs, found his door and knocked. A soft, honeyed voiced called, "Come in," and he entered.

It was a small room, astonishingly pleasant, with a big bow window at the front. Its woodwork had been rubbed with thin pea-green paint, and its pine floor was golden and dustless. The furniture was fine mahogany and new. In the center of the room a man sat at a table. He was a cadaverous man, vulture-faced and crop-headed, and sat with his left leg stiffly straight. Though Christopher had never seen him, he knew the record on him and knew him to be Zadock Needham. In his prime Needham had been a seaman and had fallen from the rigging and had become crippled. Crippled, he had still followed the sea, but as a steward. As a seaman he had earned fourteen dollars a month, as a steward he earned only nine.

He was eating, and on the table before him was a huge chicken pie, a lobster, pickled oysters, a pitcher of clove water, a pyramid of hot raisin buns and a bowl of brandied strawberries.

Christopher introduced himself and then said, "I scarcely hoped to find you. I thought surely that you would be at sea."

"I've give up the sea," said Needham amiably. "Sit down, boy. What can I do for you?"

"I dream about that piracy," said Christopher.

"Any boy would," said Needham. "But others do too, including me." He paused. "And it drawed you to me to hear it from my own lips? Well, I'm in the mood to oblige. How strong do you want it? I always temper it to the particular listener."

"Don't temper it for me," said Christopher.

"I truly believe I won't," said the steward, his eyes jelly-dull in reverie. "Foulkes claimed he'd done it five times, and I believe him. Him and Doggett teamed up ashore, Doggett wanting to try his wings. Upton and Russell came in at sea. Crake and Daniels, the other two seamen, stayed loyal, as did I, but we thought there'd be no real trouble and put them off." He talked slowly and carefully; and as Christopher listened, people and things became very real indeed.

"As you may or may not know, it's at the changing of the midnight watch that this thing most always hits. It ain't called 'the deathwatch' for nothing. . . ."

It was a dark night, a night of drizzle, and *Undine* was making almost seven knots. The first watch—Foulkes, Crake and Upton, under the chief mate—had been on duty from eight. The second watch—Doggett, Daniels and Russell, under the second mate—came out for the change. As the second mate came up on deck, Foulkes cried, "Sail, ho." The second went forward on the larboard side and the first went forward on the starboard side. They met at the bow and peered. Doggett, with an ax, killed the first mate, and at the same time Russell killed the second with a handspike. The two bodies were put over the side.

Loyal Daniels was at the helm, and Russell relieved him. As Daniels passed the mainmast, Doggett struck him with the ax and put him overboard. Meanwhile, Upton and Foulkes had rushed to the mates' cabins for pistols. They now had firearms.

"I learned all this later," said Needham, eating a bun. "I had locked myself in."

Now the crime was no longer secret. Mr. Whittredge, the supercargo, the company's business representative, an old sailor himself, came valiantly on deck and was shot down by Upton and fell by the bulwark. Now the captain came running with Crake, the loyal seaman, at his side, the captain armed with a pistol and Crake armed only with indignation. Down went the captain with Foulkes's ball in his belly, and across the deck skittered his weapon. Then, as all watched amazed, Crake put the captain over his mighty shoulder and carried him tenderly to the master's cabin. There he fortified himself.

"Then they came again to my door," said Needham. "Yelling that they had taken her. There was nought else to do, so I came out."

It was while they were making their first unsuccessful assault upon the master's cabin that Needham found Whittredge, the company man, slumped in the shadows. He brought him water and bathed his head.

"He wept in gratitude at my compassion and kissed my hand," said Needham. "It was very sad. I wept too."

"Did he say anything?" asked Christopher. "What did he say?"

"His wits had left him. He said we had been saved by Captain Webb of *Clarinda* and ordered me to bear this message to the owners, which I did. *Clarinda*, o' course, carries four guns, but, as we both knew, she was half around the world, at Whampoa, in the China trade."

Then Russell and Upton had appeared and put Whittredge also over the side. That was the end of the night's killing.

Three times next day they stormed the master's cabin, but each time Crake, with the ship's arsenal, repulsed them. That evening Foulkes, crazy drunk, killed the cook.

The final tragedy came next day at noon. It was Upton who thought up the

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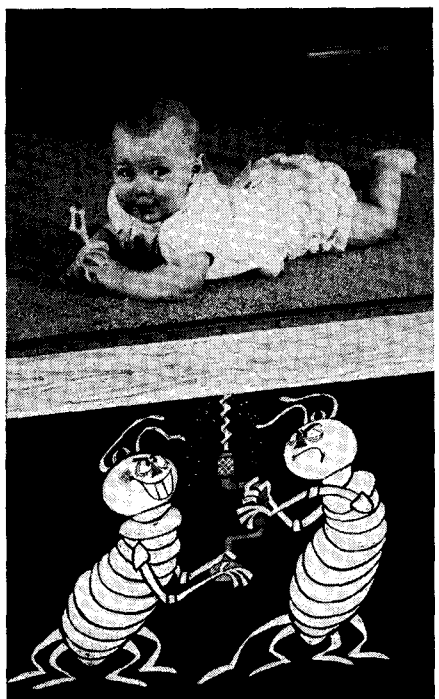
Amateur Spy

lethal lie, and Needham himself, with Upton's pistol at his head, who had shouted out, offering the wounded captain a bowl of broth. Crake certainly knew it for a deceit, but his captain lay in fever. He opened the door to gunfire.

"The strongboxes were then forced," said Needham. "There were two, not ten—about the size of a loaf of bread. The captain clasped them in death. They held seven thousand dollars."



What's happening under your floors?

You may have termites and not even know it!

If termites were this large, you would be forewarned of their attack. But they are so tiny (about ¼" long) that they can damage the structure, woodwork and carpeting in your home before you know it. Brick and concrete do not stop their hidden attack from underground nests.

$5000 Guaranteed Protection — Old homes and new homes may be safeguarded against termite damage up to $5000 under the Bruce-Terminix Plan backed by E. L. Bruce Co. Incorporated and Sun Insurance Office, Ltd. Terminix offers special low-cost protection for homes now free of termites. Have your property inspected.

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Phone for inspection—Look in your phone book under Bruce-Terminix or Terminix and call your local company. Or write Terminix Division, E. L. Bruce Co. Incorporated, Box 397-D, Memphis 1, Tenn., for free booklet.

Christopher wiped his parched mouth with his knuckles.

"You look a little pale," said Zadock Needham. "By the way, how did you find me?"

"I found The Turk's Head through our company records," said Christopher. "The man downstairs in the apron, the owner, told me which room."

"He's not the owner," said Zadock Needham. "He's my potman. I'm the owner. I bought The Turk's Head three weeks ago. And there's a lesson for you, boy."

"Lesson?"

"Yes. Work hard at whatever you're fitted for and hang onto your pennies. This represents my life savings—aided, of course, by a little gift here and there. I've nothing more to worry about."

"I've got to go now," said Christopher tautly. "Thank you for your time, but I've got to go."

Black sultry night hung low over the town as Christopher came out of Whipple Lane onto Ann. Do what you are fitted for, Needham had said, and Christopher had the sickening feeling that he alone, despite the verdict of the jury and the opinion of the judges, knew what this evil man was fitted for. Those jellylike eyes with their slippery glitter were the eyes of utter cruelty. He went southerly on Ann and turned west into Elm Street. Mr. Hovey had better hear about this, he decided.

If Foulkes had been six times a pirate, how many times a pirate was Zadock Needham?

Where Elm came to a dead end at Hanover, he went south on Hanover, cut north and passed along Bowdoin Square and turned into Temple Street. Here were some of the town's most imposing residences. The Hovey home, like its neighbors, was set in a lawn and flanked with rose gardens. It was three stories, of brick, cubic and clean and graceful, with a flattish low-hipped roof. For a moment Christopher stood in the shallow recess of its great front door, the fanlight and side lights staining him with opalescent color, then dropped the knocker on its shield. The humid night was vaporous with honeysuckle.

Mr. Hovey, frail and silvery in the lamp glow, opened the door. Elegantly he bent down and peered into Christopher's face. "Christopher Merriwether Parker," he said. Meticulously, Mr. Hovey always gave him the full volley.

"Yes, sir," said Christopher

"You're away off course, I'm afraid," said Mr. Hovey. "You've got yourself pretty badly lost. You're blocks and blocks from the office." In genuine concern, he added, "You'd better come in and rest."

"I'm not lost," said Christopher. "I want to talk to you."

Solicitously Mr. Hovey led him down a broad hall and into the family sitting room at the rear. Its four walls were papered in a continuous pastoral scene, ponds and trees and lambs and dainty shepherdesses, and just beyond the table lamp, on a gilt pedestal, was a large bird cage of exquisite brass-wire filigree containing a single tiny canary. Mrs. Hovey, a plump, motherly little woman in spectacles, sat reading a book in Greek characters, and near her, close to the lamp, sat Miss Martha, gorgeous in thin amber silk, at an embroidery frame.

Mr. Hovey introduced him, and they put down book and needle and smiled.

Standing stiffly with his hat cupped over his stomach, his face expressionless, he told them about his visit with Zadock Needham. When he came to the bloodshed part of the story, he tempered it, and tempered it a good deal, for the girl. They listened patiently.

When he had finished, Mrs. Hovey said quietly, "You're really distressed for us, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am."

There was a moment of utter, moving silence.

"It's been very kind of you to go to all this trouble," said Mr. Hovey gravely. "But I don't see how it's any help at all. We've heard all this before, at the trial."

"About what Mr. Whittredge said when he was dying? About *Clarinda* rushing up with her four guns in the nick of time and saving *Undine?*"

"Yes, we heard that, too," said Mr. Hovey. "To me, that was one of the saddest incidents in the whole affair. Mr. Whittredge was a personal friend of mine. His delirium must have been horrible."

"A dying speech is a dying speech," said Christopher doggedly. "Even the law says it's important."

"*Clarinda* was in China," said Mr. Hovey. "And nothing, nothing saved *Undine*."

"All right," said Christopher. "Now let's talk about Zadock Needham. Did you know he'd bought that inn?"

"No, I didn't. But I see nothing particularly incriminating ——"

"You know what I think?" said Christopher. "I think there's about thirty some thousand dollars of Hovey and Osgood money right here in Boston, right now, waiting to be uncovered. But we'd better not get our hopes up."

"We won't," said Mr. Hovey, wryly but affectionately.

"Well, good night," said Christopher.

Martha went with him to the front door. They stopped just within the doorsill in the great hall. By her shoulder was a long mirror framed in fretted gold, flowers and leaves intertwined, and behind her rose the circular staircase, up three stories in a shaft of shadow, ending in the bell of the cupola. "Listen," said Christopher, "just how was that money shipped? Down at the office we know it was, of course, but we don't know just how."

"It was shipped in small iron chests," she said, "like specie usually is. There were ten of them. Father packed and checked them; Mr. Osgood sealed them; and father rode on the car with them to the dock and put them into Mr. Whittredge's custody on the ship."

"And Mr. Whittredge stowed them in the captain's cabin?"

"Who knows? Mr. Whittredge was a very cautious man. Two of them went there, of course, because that's where the crew found them. But the others were never seen again. And how could that happen? How could eight little iron chests simply vanish?"

"They could have gone over the side, like Mr. Whittridge himself. Somebody could have looted them in secret, then slipped them overboard."

She listened in admiration. "My," she said. "When you set your teeth into something, you really toss it to death, don't you? Already I feel like a different person. Everything is going to be all right."

"We'd better not count our chickens before they hatch," he said. "I don't think we can say that yet."

"But you said it yourself, this afternoon. 'It's going to be all right,' you said. Those were your very words. What's the matter?"

"What do you mean, 'What's the matter'?"

"You're flinching."

"Not me. I never flinch. Well, I mustn't be keeping you any longer."

Half-Court Square was empty when he returned, and Hovey and Osgood was dark but for a little slice of yellow light from Mr. Osgood's office. Christopher fitted his brass key into the back door and entered. He locked the door behind him, put the key in his pocket and started down the corridor, his boot heels making ghostly drum beats in the silent building. He had nearly reached the stairs to his garret when Mr. Osgood's voice came to him, bodiless, calling, "Christopher, may I see you a moment?" He passed the stair well, continued onward and stepped into Mr. Osgood's office.

The fat little lamp on the desktop threw out a small tent of golden, moted light, scarcely reaching the blackness of the walls and ceiling. Mr. Osgood stood by the desk corner, waiting, goggling at Christopher as he entered. His big face was lumpy with anger, and his breath came in wheezes and puffs. He had never liked Christopher, and Christopher knew it, and now he made no pretense whatever. Christopher was so absorbed with him that it was an instant before he realized there was a second person in the room and saw with a shock that it was Zadock Needham.

He sat just beyond the lip of light, as seen through a smoky veil, not angry like Mr. Osgood, but radiating benevolence. This was the Zadock Needham Mr. Whittredge had made his dying speech to, Christopher decided, the benevolent Zadock Needham.

"Christopher," said Mr. Osgood. "This, as you know, is Mr. Needham. He says you visited him tonight."

"That's right," said Christopher.

"And when you left, he followed you, and you went to Mr. Hovey's."

"That's right."

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Mr. Needham has been tried in a court of law and found innocent. He is retired from the public eye and wishes to stay retired. He is disturbed and has brought his complaint to me. From now on, you'll leave him strictly alone."

"Alone," said Zadock Needham.

"Of course," said Christopher pleasantly. "And I might add, I didn't know you two gentlemen were friends."

"We're not," said Mr. Osgood. "Now get out of here."

That night, in his garret, when Christopher lowered the trap door in the floor, he pulled his table across it. He had never done this before. He told himself that he was just being careful, that he was excited. But he knew he was afraid.

Two weeks passed. Inside the brick walls of Hovey and Osgood things moved along in their same old way—except, perhaps, for a growing and indefinable air of listlessness and the vaguest hint of instability. The business was dying, Christopher knew, though you couldn't put your finger on any particular thing.

Mr. Hovey was still polite and absentminded and seemed to have completely forgotten Christopher's visit at his home

The only real change was in Mr. Osgood. He turned suddenly friendly—not much, just a little, but he was not a friendly man. It was almost as though he were fawning, and that didn't make any sense at all.

After the trial Christopher, like the people he talked to on the pavements,

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had wondered if Mr. Hovey really could have manipulated that thirty-five thousand dollars someway. It was a horrifying idea, but the way people put it, it seemed irrefutable. Then almost instantly, of course, he had realized that to steal you must be a thief, and Mr. Hovey was certainly no thief.

Next he had suspected Zadock Needham. Now, like a blow to the stomach, it came to him that maybe Mr. Osgood had that treasure and had had it all along, and Zadock Needham knew it. The thing, though, was to prove it. And to prove it, he had to figure out just what had happened.

One night, sitting on the edge of his bed, he tried it again. He put the whole thing through his mind, detail by detail, as he had done a thousand times before. He began with Mr. Hovey packing those chests, thought about Mr. Osgood sealing them and ended with their delivery to Mr. Whittredge on *Undine*.

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

But was that really the end? Mr. Whittredge, wounded on deck, had said they had been saved by Captain Webb of *Clarinda*.

All along this had disturbed Christopher, but he had passed it by. Now he took his candle and descended to the records room.

The records room was an enormous room at the rear of the second story, and Christopher was intimately familiar with it. Here were ledgers, old ships' logs, shipping lists and manifests and row after row of letter books. Every letter the company received was here, and every answer sent out was here, too, hand-copied neatly by Christopher or one of his fellow engrossers. He set up his candle and got to work.

Systematically, tediously, he ran down every scrap of paper which in any way referred to Captain Webb or *Clarinda*.

About four in the morning he found it. It was a letter from Mr. Whittredge to Mr. Hovey, from Sumatra. That trip, Mr. Whittredge was supercargo on *Clarinda*, which was taking on pepper. It was a friendly letter about ship's news, and in its center was a little suggestion Mr. Whittredge had made to Captain Webb.

Twenty minutes later he was hammering at the Hovey front door.

The predawn was gray above the dockside masts as they walked three abreast—down India Street—Mr. Hovey, Mr. Sprague of Atlantic Assurance, and Christopher. No one spoke. The talking had all been done. Even at this hour the dock was busy, and they wove their way through bales covered with straw matting and corded with raffia; casks and firkens, tea chests, Eastern crates reinforced with wrappings of woven split bamboo. After a long walk they came to *Undine*, snugly berthed, and lighted their lanterns though dawn was fast breaking. She had been repaired, refitted, painted and would soon be ready to sail again.

She was a beautiful thing in the translucent haze, and Christopher was proud of her. They boarded her just forward of the mainmast, Mr. Hovey in the lead, and made their way aft. In this dewy peaceful world it was hard to believe that carnage had once stained her. They passed her mizzenmast, descended the companionway and entered her cabin. Here was a small central room, in buttery pine, containing a table and chairs; four doors opened into it. Mr. Hovey selected a door, said, "This was Mr. Whittredge's cabin," and they stepped inside. Their lanterns brought it into bright illumination. "Where now?" said Mr. Hovey. Mr. Sprague said nothing.

"We'll have to look," said Christopher.

This room, perhaps eight feet square, contained a bunk, full-length on its starboard side, a table, chair and a slotlike window aft, outthrust in the vessel's stern. The bulkheads here, too, were of pine.

Methodically they began their tapping. It was Mr. Sprague who found it—the false bulkhead above the bunk. They lifted out the panel, and there were Mr. Hovey's eight little iron chests.

"Thank you, Christopher," said Mr. Hovey softly.

"Do you know whom I thank?" said Mr. Sprague, all twinkles and grins and jollity. "It gags me to my gullet, but I thank King George the Third, God bless him."

To Christopher, Mr. Hovey said, "Why not go back and have a little rest, then join us for breakfast?"

Every morning, Mr. Osgood paraded into his office in a trance of importance. This morning Christopher, with a letter book under his arm, waited for him by his desk. "Look at what I found," he said and pointed to the passage in Mr. Whittredge's letter. Annoyed, Mr. Osgood took the book and read.

. . . so when Captain Webb, sailing these dangerous Eastern waters, spoke the need of a hidey-hole of some kind, I suggested he construct one on *Clarinda* similar to the one on *Undine*, which he did. On my first trip on *Undine*, just after the war, back in 1816, I think, an old seaman showed me this place. In the larboard cabin there is a false bulkhead built during our conflict with England, for concealment in certain emergencies against impressment at sea. . . .

Mr. Osgood began to tremble.

"This is for us," he said greedily. "Just for you and me."

"I don't understand you, Mr. Osgood," said Christopher. "I don't understand your relationship with Mr. Needham, for instance."

"Needham is a swindler and blackmailer."

Christopher looked interested.

"He met me secretly right after the trial," said Mr. Osgood, "and began throwing out mysterious hints about *Undine*'s money. He said he'd need five hundred dollars to get to it."

"And you gave him the five hundred dollars?"

"But first he made me sign a little paper, and it was this paper that convinced me. It said that we agreed to share the treasure half and half. That looked as though he really had something and didn't trust me."

"I see," said Christopher. "And what he really wanted was that signed agreement. When he had it, he could use it as a bludgeon against you. He could threaten to show it to Mr. Hovey."

"That's how he bought The Turk's Head, with my five hundred dollars. That's what I got for trusting him. Well, what about it, Christopher? I'll make you the same proposition. We'll share half and half. Thirty-five thousand is a fortune."

"It sure is," said Christopher. "But Mr. Sprague has it, and he strikes me as a very stingy man, so I wouldn't worry about it any more. However, I'll tell him about how you worked it all out and about all your troubles and so on."

First, though, he told Mr. Hovey and the Hovey family, at breakfast in the rose garden. "Mr. Osgood's trouble," he said to them, "was that in spite of the fact he didn't have it, he was always dividing it up into shares with people. You might even call it the Osgood Curse."

After a bit the talk changed. Finally Mr. Hovey said, "Well, *Undine* is ready to try it again. Again Smyrna—with six hundred new bags of coffee and forty-two hundred different dollars in gold and silver specie. And you will be the new supercargo."

"Not me," said Christopher, alarmed at so much responsibility. "I'm only eighteen."

"I started at eighteen—as supercargo for my father."

"But you were smarter."

"As smart," said Mrs. Hovey. "But not smarter."

"It would be very important for you," said Mr. Hovey gently. "Think it over."

"He doesn't need to think it over," said Miss Martha Hovey excitedly. "He accepts right now." THE END

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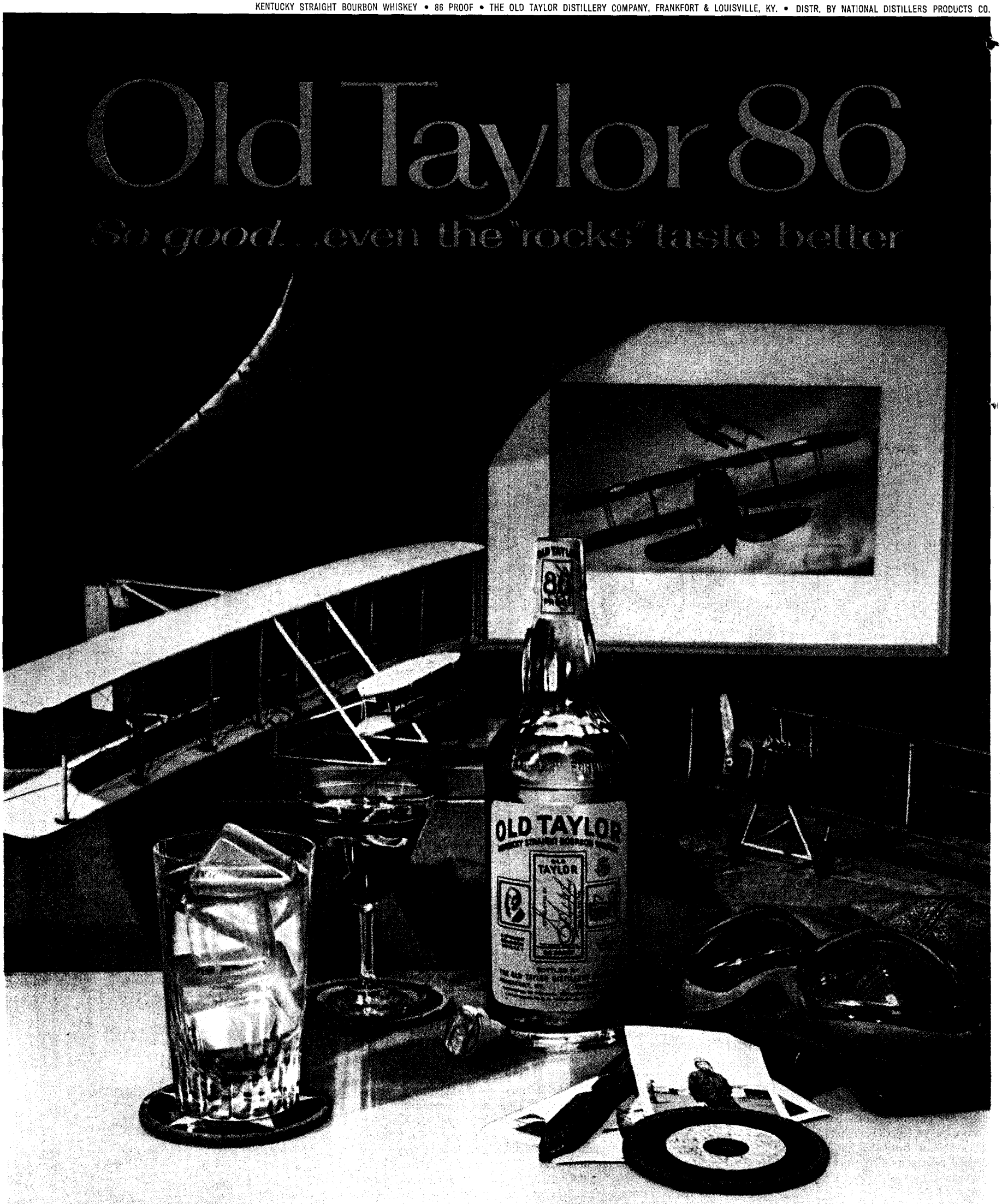

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Why Good Dogs Go Wrong

Man's peculiar habits can complicate even a dog's life. Many a befuddled pooch nowadays is seeing his own psychiatrist.

By TONI HOWARD

Everyone who has ever been around dogs knows that the dog population is divided into two great, easily distinguished categories. Leaving breeding aside for the moment, there are the conformist dogs who are respected, well-behaved members of society. (These are usually our own dogs.) Then there are dogs which are a public nuisance, a source of shame to their owners and of distress to the community. (These are usually other people's dogs.) It is these nonconformist dogs who dig holes in the neighbors' lawns, chase cars or bicycles, bite delivery boys, kill chickens or otherwise flout the conventions and give decent, law-abiding dogs a bad name.

What Makes a Dog Neurotic?

Although delinquent dogs have always existed, it is only in the past few years that the problem has reached such proportions as to enlist the serious attention of sociologists, psychologists and dog reformers on both sides of the Atlantic—in Britain and here in the United States. Today it is estimated that one dog in ten in the English-speaking world is maladjusted, unable to face up to the pressures of twentieth-century living, unable to find his rightful place. Is this the fault of society or of the dog? Although casual observers blame the dog, the experts disagree.

There are other questions too. What makes a dog delinquent—heredity or environment? Or a combination of the two? Are delinquent dogs neurotic, and if so, how can they be cured? The dog has always been known as man's best friend. If somewhere in the long line of dog-man relationships we—or the dog—took a wrong turn, is it not incumbent on us to try to rectify that mistake and help these poor bewildered creatures to adjust to reality as we know it?

One of the most encouraging steps in this direction has been taken in Great Britain by the charity-supported National Canine Defence League, which recently opened a rest-and-rehabilitation center for problem dogs in Watford, about fifteen miles north of London. Run by two former Scotland Yard police sergeants named Horsfall and Pettit, the four-acre Home for Recalcitrant Dogs is a kind of open-air mental ward, with sufficient kennel and pen space to handle as many as eighty emotionally disturbed dogs at a time. The atmosphere is, however, far from hushed. The day I visited it it was full to capacity with snarling, barking patients who obviously resented being isolated from society, even for their own good. Robert Horsfall and Frank Pettit, both big athletic men with a cop's self-assured walk, took me from cage to cage to explain their theories of therapy.

Here, for example, was a boxer named Rupert, a trained watchdog who took his job of guarding a scrap-metal yard so seriously that he bit everyone, man or dog, who came in sight. Only two-and-a-half years old, Rupert had allowed his feelings of hostility to develop into full-scale paranoia, to the point where he could not accept the fact that he was a dog. Found guilty of the willful murder of three other dogs, he was under sentence of death by a British judge and was here in solitary confinement until Horsfall and Pettit could determine whether he was savable—that is, whether he could ever identify with the dog group.

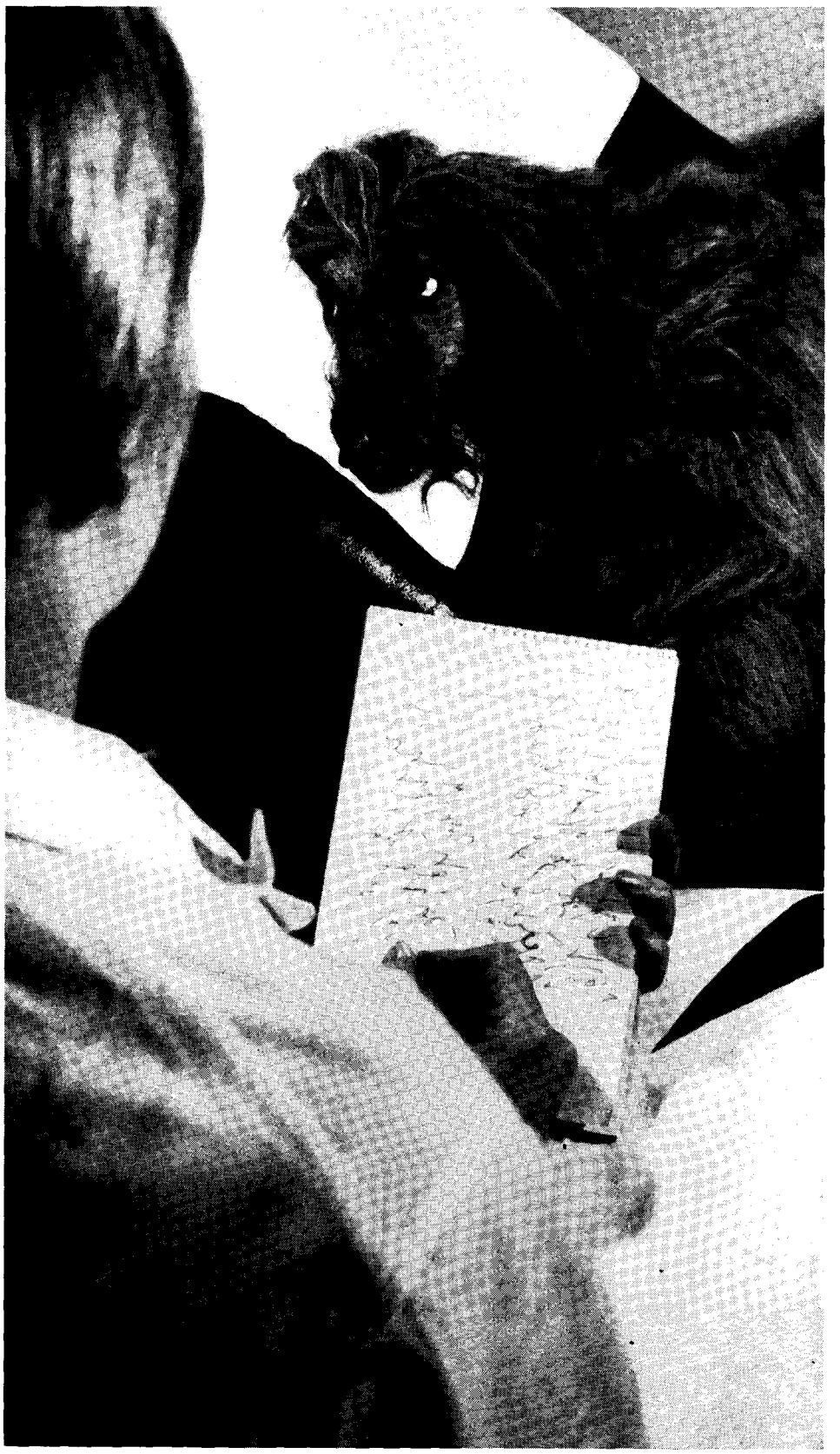
Here, in the next cage, was Bunkum, a golden retriever with a bite compulsion vis-à-vis children. An abnormally shy dog exhibiting all the symptoms of an inferiority complex, Bunkum had put in five weeks of rehabilitation, playing with children under the watchful eye of Pettit. He was to be released the next week to rejoin his owner, an old woman who feared people, lived alone and showed withdrawal symptoms of her own. "Bunkum may revert," Horsfall said, "but we've done what we could."

Gray Ghost of Hyde Park

In another pen, with two other bitches, was Shiela, a disoriented German shepherd who belonged to a prostitute who used to patrol Hyde Park with Shiela at her side. When the London police arrested Shiela's mistress for soliciting, Shiela bounded off into the night and for eight months ran wild in the park, living on whatever scraps of sandwiches the daytime picnickers left behind. Known as "The Gray Ghost of Hyde Park," she went on doggedly making her former mistress's rounds, nuzzling up to lone men but snapping at women, children and the police.

Farther down, racing wildly to and fro in his cage, was another German shepherd, named Barry. Barry was a convicted chicken killer, and Pettit had put him in a pen next to a coop full of chickens to allow him to reenact his basic conflict. Later, Pettit said, he would muzzle Barry and put him in the coop with the chickens until he found there was nothing to fear and so could reach normal chicken-acceptance.

In Britain a dog who has run afoul of the law can be sentenced to death by a judge, and many of the dogs here at the home have had their sentences suspended only because the Canine Defence League begged the court to let it take the animal



In a spoof on the state of canine mental health, a disturbed Afghan hound bares his soul on an analyst's couch. His difficulty is that he can't help wagging his tail as if he were an ordinary, bone-chewing dog.

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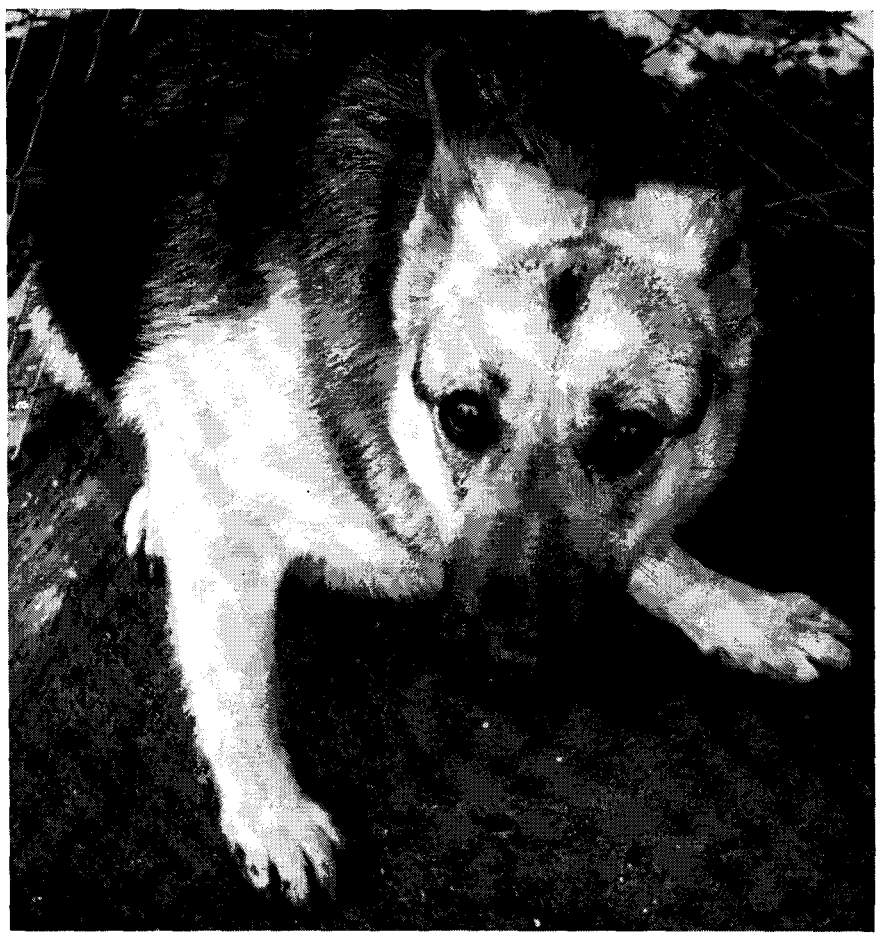
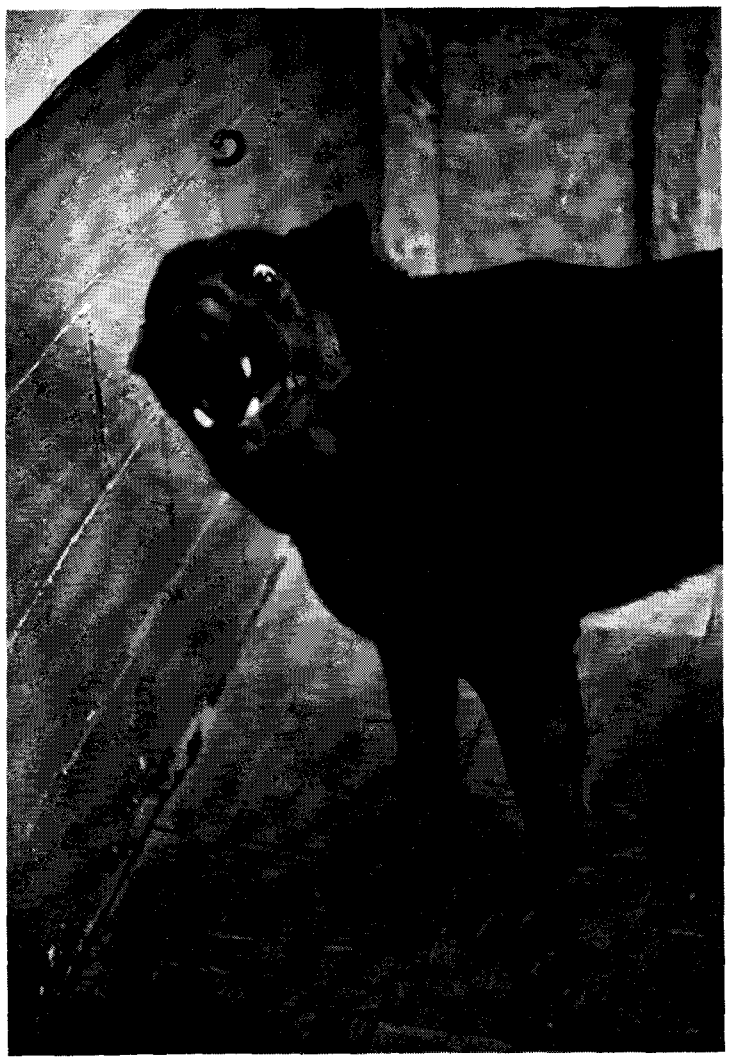


Humiliated by the arrest of her mistress by police, a German shepherd named Shiela cowers abjectly at a London rehabilitation center. The black shepherd (below) shows violent symptoms of paranoia for which he is being treated in a Connecticut kennel.



on probation for a year and try to rehabilitate it. Not all dogs under analysis and treatment here, however, have shown criminal tendencies. Many were sent by their owners to be cured of hysteria, neurasthenia, infantilisms (chewing, wetting the floor), car chasing, compulsive barking, escapism (running away) and other forms of antisocial behavior. Some were picked up by the league as strays; some were rescued, as Horsfall rescued Shiela in Hyde Park, to keep the police from having them "put down" or shot. If they respond to treatment—and 90 percent of them do—they are sent back to their owners or offered for adoption. If not, the league ships them to its delinquent-dog orphanage at Haywards Heath, where they are consigned for life.

Environment—or Heredity?

Both Horsfall and Pettit are behaviorists, which is to say they believe that environmental influences play a preponderant role in dog delinquency. Therefore, going Pavlov one better, they believe that if a dog's reflexes can be conditioned, they can be reconditioned. To prove this they took me to the far isolation ward to show me eight Huskies which had been imported from Alaska to play in a British movie titled *Savage Innocence* and deliberately encouraged to regress as far as possible into savagery. When his film was finished, the director decided it would be cheaper to have the Huskies "put down" than to ship them back to Alaska. And so the league had rescued them from the fate worse than pulling sleds.

When I saw them they looked as if they needed straitjackets, as if the one thing they craved was a good crack at all of us. But no, Horsfall assured me. Seven of them were already rehabilitated and ready for adoption as watchdogs. The only one they could do nothing with was the leader of the pack, an obdurate megalomaniac named Mush. No matter what they did, neither he nor Pettit could "get through" to Mush.

How do you "get through" to a delinquent dog? I asked.

"You beat him with loneliness," Pettit explained. "You isolate him from everyone but yourself and then you feed him, talk to him, sit up with him. The dog is by nature a pack animal and needs company, which is why you can train a dog. With the others it worked, because they were used to being under Mush's control. But Mush was never under any control but his own. As far as he's concerned he's still his own boss and theirs too.

"The average dog really wants to be led," he continued. "He wants a master. If a dog owner lets his dog become master—leader of the pack, so to speak—then he's got a big job ahead to retrain that dog to realize he's boss." He sighed as any analyst would. "That's what we're up against with Mush."

The startling increase in dog delinquency since World War II has Horsfall and Pettit worried for the future of dog-human relations. But they insist it is not the dog's fault; he is the victim of social forces beyond his control. Specifically they lay the blame for canine alienation on the dog owners—people who neglect their pets or bring them up badly, spoil them, treat them like children or transfer their own neuroses to their dogs.

It is interesting to note that in dog neuroses we in America are way ahead of the British. With a canine population of 30,000,000, against Britain's 2,500,000—around 3,000,000 troublesome dogs against Britain's 250,000—our problem is quantitatively much more serious. It is also more serious qualitatively because our dog-reeducation system, while more democratic than that of the English, is a great deal less intensive. Los Angeles has its K-9 University, where dog owners are taught dog psychology, and there are thousands of advanced dog-training schools throughout the country. But for the backward or neurotic dog, facilities are far from adequate. Nowhere in America did I find a rehabilitation center like the Horsfall-Pettit Home, with a dog psychiatrist like Pettit in residence.

The nearest thing I found in this country was the Canine College in West Redding, Connecticut, a corrective school which can handle up to 100 dogs at a time. It was founded seventeen years ago by a former state trooper named John M. Behan to train normal dogs for their obedience tests. But as dog delinquency in suburban Connecticut rose, the college began to take on troubled and aberrated dogs as well, until today one half its student body is normal and the other half delinquent. Unlike the Home for Recalcitrant Dogs, which charges only what the dog's owner feels like giving, the Canine College is a private institution where dogs with a problem pay $75 a week for room, board, psychodiagnosis and treatment.

No Barking on Camera

According to director John Behan, the average time it takes him and his staff to cure a dog of its neurosis is three weeks. In that time he cured comedian Shelley Berman's poodle, Demitasse, of an abnormal fear of boxes, and actress Nanette Fabray's dachshund Fritz of compulsive barking. Behan did it so well that Demitasse now travels everywhere with Mr. Berman without a whimper, and Fritz now refuses to bark even when he's on television with his mistress and the script requires it. More complicated cases, Behan admitted, may need an additional five weeks' obedience course, but even the most maladjusted dog seldom needs more than eight weeks of therapy in all.

Behan agrees with Horsfall and Pettit that dog delinquency is almost always due to environmental influences, such as a neurotic master or a traumatic experience as a puppy. "Certainly, too much inbreeding can produce a too highly strung, neurasthenic animal," he told me. "The poodle is a case in point. But the secret in curing a dog of a deep-seated neurosis is to change his environment and then apply what we call the three A's—affection, approval and authority."

"What we must remember," he went on, "is that to the dog we are all mother substitutes. Left alone as nature intended, the mother bitch would teach her puppies herself, train them to hunt, to defend themselves, to forage. Instead we take the puppies away and supplant the mother." Plainly it is a matter of what our own human psychiatrists would call "transference," what our social workers would call "absence of parental authority."

I asked Behan about some Dobermans I had once lived with, each of which had a neurosis I was never able to cure. The first, a male named Heine, had been a kleptomaniac. Each time he was let out of the house he would roam the countryside stealing lingerie and bed linen from people's clotheslines, doormats, discarded Christmas trees, galoshes, old inner tubes—an assortment of things he could neither eat nor use—and drag

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Dog educator John Behan **coaxes this love-starved animal to abandon its hunger strike.** *A few minutes later the dog gave in and ate.*

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In her Canine Styles shop Ursula Lehnhardt pedicures an old patron. Mrs. Lehnhardt is an authority on dog chic *in grooming and accessories. Her own poodle Peppy (below) displays quiet good taste in a cocktail ensemble chosen for an evening out.*

them triumphantly home and lay them at my feet. "Of course you couldn't cure him," Behan said kindly, "because you couldn't punish him seriously. You thought it was touching, didn't you?" I had to admit that I did.

The two other Dobermans were brother and sister, a male named Tito and a female named Trolli. Tito had an abnormal fear of loud noises, and Trolli had claustrophobia. Whenever there was a thunderstorm, Tito's big beautiful frame would quiver uncontrollably and he would make a dive to get under the nearest bed. Whenever Trolli was shut up alone in a room, she would literally panic and, in terror, rip up everything the room contained. Loud noises didn't faze her in the slightest, or thunder and lightning. And Tito you could shut up for hours; he'd simply go to sleep.

Behan made a guess based on his theory of puppyhood traumas—that Tito as a puppy had been frightened by some loud explosion, and that Trolli as a puppy had come near suffocation in some closed place. And he was quite right. Tito at the age of four months had been hurt by debris from a blasting operation, and Trolli at three months had been flown from Germany to France in a tiny wooden crate with insufficient ventilation. What I should have done, Behan told me, was to expose the dog over and over to the thing that had frightened him until he came to understand that his fears were groundless. It was the same theory Pettit was following when he put Barry the chicken killer next to the coop full of chickens.

Another renowned American expert in the field of dog therapy today is Mr. Carl Spitz of the Hollywood Dog Training School in North Hollywood, California, who has been in the business since 1919. Mr. Spitz, who trained hundreds of dogs for active battle duty in World War II and now trains dogs for roles in Hollywood movies, is not at all happy about the apparent degeneration of dog character in the U.S. in the past decade. Alarmed at the recent increase in canine mental and physical weaknesses, he puts almost equal blame on bad breeding and bad environment. Like other dog therapists, Spitz believes that dogdom's present mental troubles are all man-made, whether through man-imposed genetics or man-inflicted social habits.

A Dog Is Not a Toy

What particularly riles Mr. Spitz is the way Americans tend to spoil their dogs, to feed them chocolates and cocktail tidbits and bring them up "as though wrapped in cotton from the day they are purchased or born." This practice, combined with the owner's own emotional problems, very often produces a recalcitrant or mentally retarded dog. The dog, he sternly tells the chic customers of his chic training school, is an animal and should be treated as such.

In other words, most of our crazy mixed-up pets are the product, not so much of broken kennels, but of the affluent society. A cursory perusal of the Yellow Pages in some of our cities' telephone directories, or a ten-minute visit to the "Doggie Shoppe" of one of our big department stores proves the point.

Manhattan alone, with a dog population of less than 50,000, lists in its Yellow Pages 115 hotels, country clubs, bath clubs and beauty shops for dogs (Bow-Wow Glamour, The Poodle Boutique). These de luxe emporia feature not only board and room, clipping, bathing, grooming, "styling," and "artistic dog portraits," but also air-conditioned kennels, outdoor runs, hi-fi music and swimming pools. Los Angeles lists about twice that number, but with a California flair. Among these are doggie dude ranches, dog palaces and chateaux ("Where Your Poodle Is Majestic"), and dog beauty salons and boudoirs that advertise "Distinctive Grooming," "Coiffures by Fritz," and "Fabulous Color Tints." Such cities as Chicago, Detroit, Dallas, Houston, San Francisco, Miami and Palm Beach are not far behind in supplying new luxuries For the Pet Who Has Everything.

Pet furnishings and supplies in America are now a $3,000,000,000-a-year business, and pet foods annually outsell baby foods by nearly two to one. Last Christmas the gold rush in women's evening gowns and accessories doubled the sale of gold leashes and collars for dogs. A New York sporting-goods shop came out with a dog's perfume called KENNEL No. 9 ("Every Dog of Mine Loves Kennel Number Nine"), and a department store in Brooklyn sold hundreds of false eyelashes for dogs at $3.95 a pair.

Fido's Innerspring Mattress

At one Fifth Avenue department store you could buy your dog a custom-made gray chesterfield overcoat with velvet collar and top hat for only $33.50. Bitches had to be content with lace pajamas or a pink-satin evening gown, each a mere $25, or a rhinestone collar and lead for $36.75. Almost all department-store dog boutiques carried—as home furnishings—handpainted porcelain dog dishes and drinking bowls, dog beds and baskets with satin covers and innerspring mattresses. Also on sale almost everywhere was a fascinating book.

Perhaps this sentimental little book, more than anything else, explains what has been happening to our dogs. It is a wide, gold-lettered album titled *Our Puppy's Baby Book*, and it comes in pale pink for bitches, pale blue for dogs. Starting out with "This Book Belongs to ____, Who Belongs to ____," its pages are full of blanks to accommodate entries, comments and snapshots. There are pages for the pet's paw print, for his first bark, his first trip, his first fight; for his growth measurements and illnesses, his reactions to animals and people. Most ominously—to this writer at least—the book ends with "My First Birthday" and "My First Christmas"—with a large white space reserved for "Presents and Toys Received."

Those last pages make it crystal clear how materialistic our dogs have become, how few values they have other than their own comfort and possessions. Looking at those spaces left blank for "Presents and Toys Received," we begin to understand the early drive of our city dogs for status and identification, and of our suburban and country dogs for security. That these drives, when frustrated, often lead to delinquency should come as no surprise.

And yet there are indications that not so long from now the dog may have his revenge. In New York City last fall, before the sixty-ninth annual convention of the American Psychological Association, a clinical psychologist from Yeshiva University read to his colleagues a paper titled *The Dog as Co-Therapist*, in which he recommended the use of the dog as assistant to the analyst in treating disturbed and neurotic *humans*. If this suggestion is ever followed, it may finally, it seems to me, give every dog his day. THE END

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Frank Pettit of England's Home for Recalcitrant Dogs elicits a comment on dog neurosis from a healthy boxer named Doctor Johnson.

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The Meaning of Memorial Day

There was a time when Memorial Day meant more than it does today. We remember how the parade formed in front of the courthouse. Half the town was in the parade, and the colorful event seemed to confer a special importance on everybody.

The procession started for the cemetery before noon, with the Elks band in purple-and-white uniforms thumping and banging its way up the street. The drum major, strutting at the head of the column, was an automobile salesman in private life. He carried a glittering baton and wore a huge black bearskin that made him twelve feet tall.

Horses' hooves clattered on the black-tar street; spurs jangled and leather creaked as the National Guard field-artillery battery rolled by. Each of its four 75-mm guns was pulled by a team of six horses. Two soldiers in World War I uniforms sat bolt upright on each caisson. They wore campaign hats with the straps drawn tight under their chins, and sat with arms folded across their chests, staring straight ahead, looking as though nothing could prevail against such an awesome display of military force.

A number of Civil War veterans still lived in the town. Most of them rode in open cars, but half a dozen were spry enough to walk. The high-school band came after them, and the children followed. The girls wore white dresses, and the boys wore white shirts and white "ducks." Each child carried a basket of red, white and blue flowers; red roses, mock orange and blue iris, or "flags," as they were called. It was only six blocks to the cemetery, but the parade took an interminable time, starting off with a rush, but lurching to a stop half a block away and waiting for the tail of the column to catch up.

The procession finally threaded its way through a narrow iron gate, wound down into the middle of the cemetery and halted under tall maple trees. Then the marchers broke ranks and surged forward around a roped-off area at the base of a cast-iron Civil War soldier who stood at parade rest, gazing out over row upon row of gray-stone slabs where his fallen comrades were buried.

The ceremony varied little from year to year. The Presbyterian minister, who had been an Army chaplain in World War I, pronounced the invocation. Another minister read a poem about valor, and "Uncle Johnny" made a speech. "Uncle Johnny" was a veteran himself, who had been wounded at Gettysburg. His uniform long since had been riddled by moths, but he wore an ancient military cap and delivered a speech that was every bit as old. He praised the dead and extolled the matchless virtues of famous generals, while all the old veterans stood nodding their heads in approval.

The children half wished he would finish and half wished he wouldn't, because they knew that the moment the ceremony ended the artillery battery would fire a shattering salute.

At length "Uncle Johnny" wound up his peroration with an oratorical flourish. A bugler blew *Taps*, and as the last notes sounded through the cemetery, the children pressed their fingers to their ears and stood rigid with fear.

BAM!... BAM!... BAM! the guns went off. Children cried, horses whinnied and a veil of blue smoke hung over the cemetery. Then, the ceremony over, the children scattered among the rows of gray-stone slabs and decorated the graves with their flowers.

Every now and then the unexpected happened at one of these ceremonies. The signal to fire the guns was given by an officer of the battery, who dropped a handkerchief in full view of the gunners, because there was so much noise that they could not hear an oral command. One year it was so hot that the officer took out his handkerchief and started mopping his brow during the ceremony. Then, without thinking, he shook out his handkerchief and the guns went off before *Taps* had sounded. It scared everybody nearly out of his wits.

All of this was a long time ago. The soldiers who stood before their cast-iron comrade have been dead for many years, and a century has passed since the war that they fought threatened to destroy the Union. Since then millions of young Americans from the North and South have gone forth to defend that Union, and hundreds of thousands of them have not come back.

Now on Memorial Day of 1962 we wish that every American who grumbles about taxes (and who doesn't?) and the burdens of the cold war would pause a moment and remember that there is something worse than a cold war, and that is a *hot* one. There is something else that is worse than either of these things. It is losing the freedom that all those men bought so dearly.

What One Man Can Do

In the face of this world's surfeit of ugliness and terror it seems maddeningly difficult for any one of us to do much about it. The question is asked, "What could I do myself that might possibly make the slightest difference?" So often the answer seems empty and hopeless.

That is why the story of Edgar Buell seems to us particularly meaningful. As readers will learn from Don Schanche's report (pages 15–21) "Mister Pop" is a plain Hoosier farmer amply endowed with horse sense and old-fashioned gumption but unburdened by advanced education, exalted skills or high position. Nonetheless, he set out to do a job, and he is performing admirably. He is making an important dent on events in a vital sector of freedom's fight. The humble village people of northern Laos have good reason indeed to call him "Mister Sent From Above."

In the light of this it is disquieting to read another *Post* report (pages 34–38) about the call to duty. Doubtless Washington, as usual, has more than its share of eager job seekers whose ears are cocked in vain for a blast on the bugle. But some of the most privileged and talented people in the country, tapped by the Government for today's important jobs, have turned their backs and refused to serve. The sacrifice and the soundness of a patriotic Indiana sodbuster should cause some of these reluctant dragons to feel a twinge, at least, of guilt and shame.

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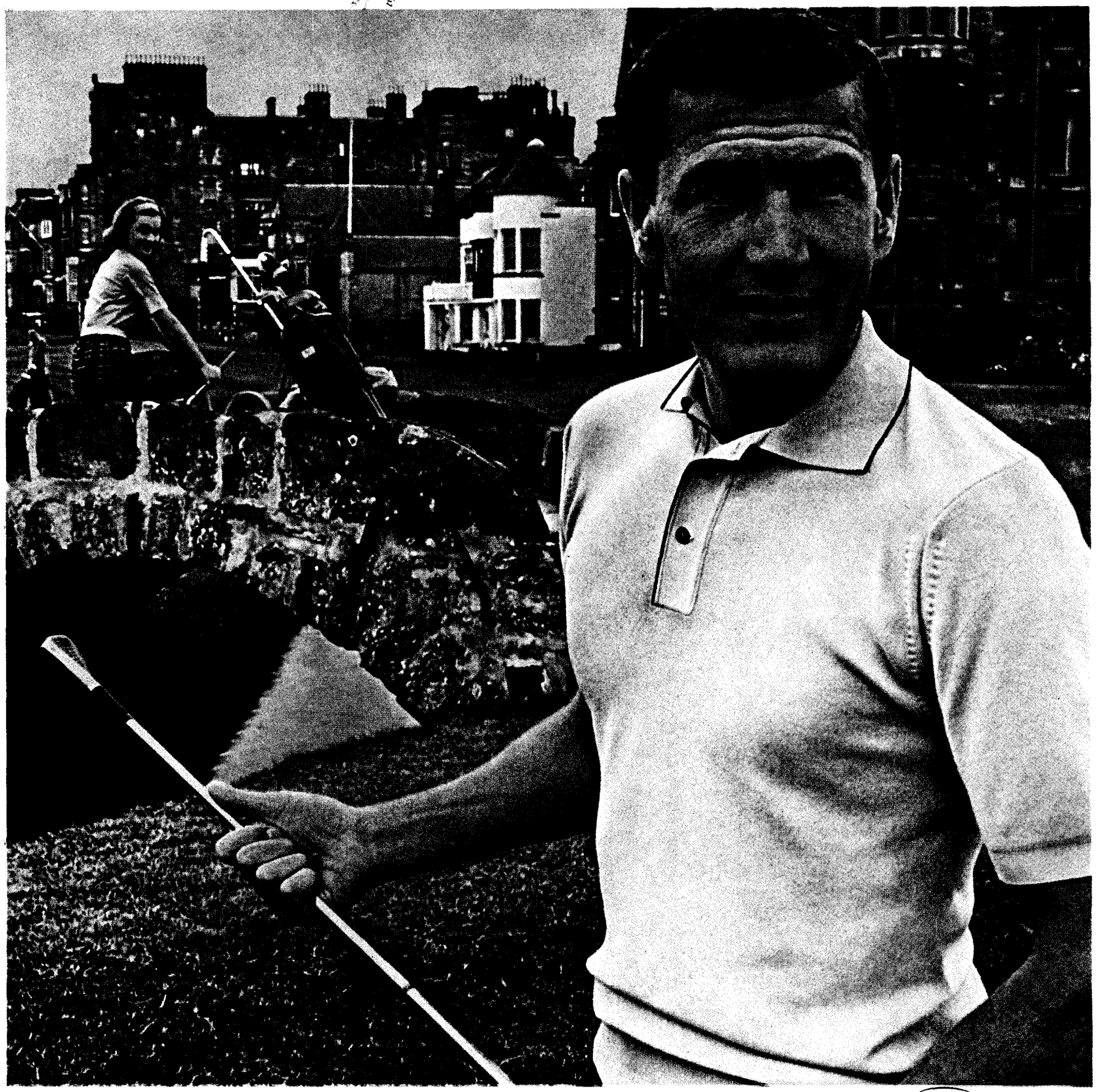

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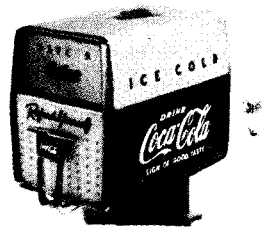

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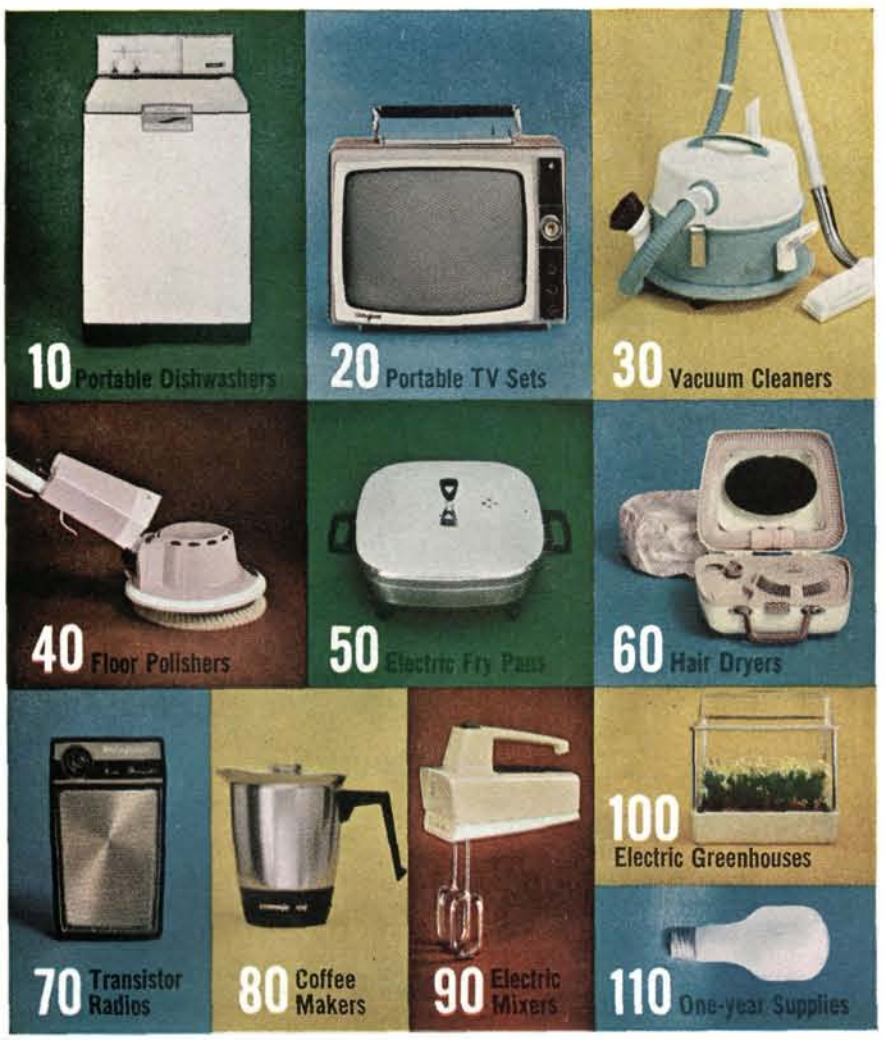

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